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SIX BOYS IN TROUBLE

A Sociological Case Book

WALTER C. RECKLESS, Ph. D.

Vanderbilt University

ASSISTED BY

MAPHEUS SMITH, M. A.

AND

E. H. HADDOCK, M. A.

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PREFACE

The six cases of boys included in this volume were studied according to research (rather than guidance) methods as reported on elsewhere. (1) Although done with a research point of view, the cases themselves are not presented as models of child study: they are simply the research work of sociologists with university facilities. The cases are not a testimonial of the attempts to readjust the individual boys. No follow-up reports are included.

The cases, however, do represent the results of our efforts to find out, if possible, the causes, the factors or sequences leading up to the behavior difficulty which brought each boy into court. It was on the basis of our findings that (in the absence of a child-guidance clinic) we made a summary report to the Court with recommendations. Our thought was that if we could get a complete enough picture of the child in his particular world, we could then really understand him. And we saw no way by which this insight into the child's life could be gained by short-cut methods.

The six cases themselves, while giving the sociological pictures of the subjects, show only a few of the "ins and outs" of juvenile delinquency. They were selected from among a number of other case studies on the basis of what seemed to be interesting and significant case stuff, without reference to any pre-conceived classification of types of problem children.

Just how unique these six boys are must be left for the reader to decide. Whether or not one would find similar cases in cities with many overlappings of nationalities and races is likewise a debatable question. Those who side with the uniqueness of these cases should know that they were studied in Nashville, Tennessee in 1927-28; that Nashville had an estimated population of 140,000 at the time; that it has a low per square mile density of population; (2) that about one third of its population is negro and that it has an almost negligible foreign-born population. And when the cases show a southern highland background, some might claim that that fact makes the problem of the family's or the boy's adjustment to city life altogether unique.

We have assumed that delinquency is a situational matter (i.e. the child, with all his traits and past experience, in the situation) rather than a direct expression of inner mental life. And our technique of interviewing and investigating was pointed up with reference to obtaining a detailed picture of the child in his world (the total situation). The "leading" questions in our interviews were aimed at getting the child and others to tell about the situation and the part he had in it. If greater emphasis had been

(1) See Walter C. Reckless, "Suggestions for the Sociological Study of Problem Children," Journal of Educational Sociology, November 1928, pp. 156-171.

(2) The corporation limits of Nashville as of Feb. 1, 1928 endorsed an area of 24.3 square miles.

placed on exploring the inner recesses of the mind, our cases might have had the appearance of being more complicated. But it is doubtful whether the soundings of the mind at "lower levels" reveal enough reliable information about mental factors having a direct bearing on the total situation, to warrant running the risk of pulling up fictions out of the depths. And furthermore one would not be justified in contending that the minds of delinquent children have more than their proportionate share of all that can be sounded psychiastrically in the deep and muddy waters.

Each case study consists of a brief introductory statement, the complete case record, the summary of the findings, and the sociological analysis. All but the first need a word of explanation. The "complete" record does not mean an exhaustive record in the sense of a model case studied intensively from all angles, psychiatric, psychological and sociological. It refers to the fact that all the data we obtained in studying a case are given and in the way they were obtained (with the exception of necessary changes in names and places to preserve case anonymity). No editorial restatement of the original data as given in the interviews and investigations has been made. The interviews and investigations follow in the order of the original case procedure, except for the medical and psychological examinations which were made at the beginning or toward the middle of these case studies.

The summary of findings is given instead of a list of causative factors, because it is thought that "findings" are a much better inventory of the facts than "causative factors" which are, after all, interpretations and are likely to reflect unwarranted biases. However, in the sociological analysis an attempt is made to weigh the causative factors and to show how they have operated in affecting the behavior of the child in the situation. This analysis is intended to be suggestive rather than final. If there is any theoretical principle of causation in studying cases of delinquency, it should be that we demand to be shown from a case reading of all the data and facts just how such and such a factor affected the child and how it had a bearing on the events leading up to delinquent act. In so many instances we seize upon "mental defect," "mental conflict," "broken home," "bad companions" and play up these much-talked-of factors in our analyses of causes without having enough data in the case study itself to prove the point. All too frequently it is a case of Willie's father died, Willie gets caught for stealing, therefore broken home is a major causative factor. And this may not be true. And all too frequently we must take the expert's word that mental conflicts had an unbalancing effect on the child, instead of being presented with the data which can demonstrate this conclusion.

If there is any moral in these case studies, it is simply that they support the growing notion that the juvenile offender is not an abnormal child. Our cases show, besides, that he is not necessarily a thoroughly bad child. (It is surprising that we find children brought before the Juvenile Court who really have few bad habits) In this respect at least the "six boys in trouble" compare very favorably with boys in general -- those who are not called before the court. More particularly it is our impression that the "good boy" in case III is better than most boys, that the boy in case V is

much tamer (even with a highly charged temper) than many boys would be in his situation, that the boy in case II in spite of severe mental and social handicaps is quite an innocent lad, and that the boy in case VI is so highly organized that he is his own worst enemy.

I am greatly indebted to my colleague Dr. E. T. Krueger for many valuable suggestions which have grown out of our joint undertaking in clinical sociology. Mr. Mapheus Smith and Mr. E. H. Haddock, research fellows in the Department of Sociology at Vanderbilt University at the time, did the actual interviewing and investigating in these particular cases under my direction. I wish finally to express thanks to the Vanderbilt Hospital for providing the medical and psychological service and examinations on these cases.

November 1929

Walter C. Reckless

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A STREET ARAB

Case I

Statement of the Problem

Stephen Mason, 17 years old, together with his brother Jerry, 18 years old, were brought into the Juvenile Court voluntarily by their mother. She complained of their incorrigibility. It developed that the boys had been loafing and running with gangs of loafers in the neighborhood. Stephen, whose case concerns us at present, stopped school over a year ago and while he worked for a short time, he was finally fired for staying away too frequently.

He has a passion for automobiles and so has his gang. Every once in a while a member of the gang "borrows" a car and takes his pals for a ride. Stephen was booked in court before for larceny. He claimed at the time that he was "just riding" in the car and did not know that his friend had "borrowed" it. The boy was placed on probation. Twice besides he has been ushered before the judge for disorderly conduct and each time he was probated. The present appearance is, therefore, his fourth time in court. The boys are beyond control of the mother who is away from home working, and they pay no heed to their step-father, who very early discovered this fact and resigned himself to let his wife handle her own children. Stephen is normal physically and mentally.

The Complete Case Record of Stephen Mason

Summary of Face Sheet Data. - Complaint: Incorrigibility, out of job at present, in Juvenile Court three times previously; Public Health nurse for mother; no other record for family.

John Barry, stepfather, 40, native white, truck driver, \$36.00 per week.

Miriam Barry, mother, 36, native white, Baptist Church, seamstress in alteration room of dept. store, \$15.00 per week.

Jerry Mason, brother, 18, out of work.

Stephen Mason, subject, 17, out of work; no others in the family.

Family has record of only a few removals.

Summary of Juvenile Court Record. - Mother complainant. Boy incorrigible.

Former appearances in Court:

9/29/26 Grand larceny; probated to mother

11/27/26 Disorderly conduct; probated to Dr. K.

4/20/27 Disorderly conduct; probated to mother

4/24/28 Present appearance

A follow up record of eight visits showed the boy to be out of work or home "sick".

Court Record of brother (Jerry Mason). - Mother complainant. Boy incorrigible (both boys brought in court by mother at same time and for same complaint).

Former appearances in Court:

7/30/26 Larceny; probated to parents.

4/20/27 Disorderly conduct, probated to mother.

4/24/28 Present appearance.

Record of Public Health Nurse. - Mrs. Miriam Barry, 4/6/28, treatment of epithelial cancer. No other record on family in Confidential Exchange.

Medical Report. - (a) Developmental History. - Past health excellent, no present illness or complaint. Has had measles, mumps, and scarlet fever during childhood. No operation or injuries.

(b) Summary of Medical Examination. - T. 98.4; Wt. 112; ideal weight 116.

Head -- frequent headaches 2 years ago while reading at school. Stopped school 18 months ago. Subject to headaches since that time.

Ears -- negative.

Eyes -- negative.

Nose -- negative.

Mouth and throat -- negative, tonsils slightly enlarged but not acutely inflamed.

Respiratory -- negative.

Cardiac -- negative.

General stomach condition -- negative.

Genitals -- negative, says no venereal infection.

Mental condition -- no paralysis or loss of memory.

Personal -- Uses tobacco, no alcohol. Fairly well developed, not apparently ill. Mental condition, cooperative. Good masculine distribution of hair. Skin slightly moist and elastic.

Reflexes -- superficial, present and active.

Impression -- Malnutrition (mild)

Chronic tonsillitis

Underdevelopment (small for age).

Report of Psychological Examination (Stephen Mason). - This boy has a mental age of 15 - 1/3 years. His I. Q. is 95. He is to be classified as a normally intelligent boy. He is capable of taking advantage of a better situation in life than he seems to have had. His only deficiency seems to be that of range of vocabulary, and this may be accounted for as due to his lack of stimulating environment. He seems to present possibilities of considerable improvement.

Report on Psychological Examination of Jerry Mason (Stephen's Brother). - C. A. 18-3; M. A. 13-9; I. Q. 93. Well within range of normality. Quality of abstract thinking somewhat retarded. Should not undertake academic work, but may, under proper supervision, be capable of becoming a useful citizen in the field of manual endeavor. The unsatisfactory early environment seems likely to be responsible to a great extent for his social maladjustment.

Observations and Impressions of the Boy. - This boy generally has worn good clothes whenever the investigator has seen him, and he is generally clean as to person. A degree of pride is exhibited in his personal appearance. In stature he is small and seems very much undersized for his age, giving the appearance of being about fifteen, though his features look mature and his eyes give the impression of experience, but not of adult stability. His body is slight but well proportioned and it is easy to believe his claim that he is able to run fast. He seems to be in good health. In appearance he is like his brother though smaller and less strong in every way. His countenance is not so open as that of his brother. Both boys resemble the mother to a recognizable degree.

During the interviews the boy seemed honest, though his answers were generally brief, and he never launched into a long story on any subject. He did not always meet the eyes of the investigator directly. He exhibited no nervousness or restlessness, and seemed fairly sure of himself. It was impossible to form an accurate opinion as to his mental ability; for, though he answered questions in good English, he talked in an unimaginative manner. He was sure of his ground in certain things, appearing rather stolid, and prepared for anything.

On one occasion the investigator saw him with his brother and another boy, and he took a leading part in the conversation. The three of them were intensely interested in automobiles, the whole of their conversation being on that subject. The brother had an automobile that belonged to the man he had been working for at odd hours and none of the boys seemed to bother about the next hour or the next day, but were satisfied with the present. They were very interested in the name of each automobile that was passing, and often got into mild disputes about the make. Stephen was not backward in making his claims. One time the other two were against him and he pretended to see a detail then that made him sure they were right and came over to their side. As he did this he glanced at them surreptitiously.

The boy is always courteous, and was quite willing to show the investigator the field where they played ball, which is just behind his house. It is a large lot and is evidently used a great deal by the neighborhood children. A group of girls were engaged in a game as were a group of boys in another part of the field. Stephen caught a few stray balls for the girls while we were standing there. He seems adept with his hands, and not in the least clumsy. The boys on the lot were known to him, and appeared to be younger than he but he went to play with them as the investigator took his departure.

First Interview with the boy. - The trouble I got in up here at court was taking a car and riding in it. But I didn't take the car really. I was riding in it with a boy named Bill Sharp. I didn't even know the car was stolen. They turned me loose without saying much of anything to me. The other times I have been up here didn't amount to anything much, fighting, or not obeying mother, or something like that.

I don't know what the trouble was that I just lost my job. Mr. H. was my sponsor in the X. X. Club. I worked down at the Y. Y. Bottling Company with him for about seven months. I liked it all right down there. Sometimes I drove to Murfreesboro on the truck. I was in charge of the bottling machine mostly.

I was born in Nashville, and we must have lived here only a little while after that before we moved to Mississippi. And we lived there until I was about five and then came back to Nashville. I have lived here just about all my life since then, but we lived in the country a while out in X. X. County (about 25 miles from Nashville). Papa was farming at the time. We have moved around quite a lot in Nashville, but mostly we have lived (in or near present neighborhood). We have lived in X. (part of) Nashville about a year, and that was not so long ago, but mostly we have been in (present part of) Nashville. Mother has had a sore on her mouth for about a year. It came on in last June, and we were in South Nashville at that time. This sore interferes with work on her teeth, and the doctors say it was caused by her bad teeth. Several doctors have examined her and they say it is a cancer. They are going to operate on her before long, I think. Mother has been working at Y's department store for a long time, up until the last three months, but she stopped then. I guess she will go back to work pretty soon. We lived on S. Avenue when my mother and father separated, and we were still living there when my mother married again, about two years later. My stepfather is a truck driver. He is about mother's age, she is thirty-six. My (real) father will be fifty his next birthday. I don't like my stepfather, because he don't like me and Jerry. He never does anything to us, but we don't like him. He tries to get mother to turn us out of the house. I don't remember much about him before he married mother. I used to see him, and knew he was going with mother, but he never gave us anything and I don't remember how I felt when mother married him. But he never was very friendly, and you can't expect us to like him when he don't like us. He never tries to punish us or correct us. We wouldn't pay him any attention anyhow. Mother and him fuss a lot, and always have. They don't actually fight but they don't get on very well together.

I didn't like it at school very well. The teachers were pretty good, but I didn't like to study. I got punished sometimes, whippings from Mr. B. and all that. I played truant sometimes, and they give you whippings for that out there. I guess I did it about once a week. Other boys would lead me off and we would go swimming out at a branch about five miles from town, that is now filled up. Or sometimes we would go to the park and just sit around. Or we might go to a movie. I don't think any of my studies were easy, but I liked history and manual training pretty well. English was the hardest subject. I think I got on all right with the boys and girls. I never did get in trouble with them. I just lost interest in school and decided to stop. I haven't been in about two years.

I learned how to swim at the Y. M. C. A. I used to go up there to the boys' club, and play games and swim but I don't go any more. I just sort of lost interest in it, and play around the neighborhood

now. And then you don't have much time to play when you work most of the time, and I have been working pretty steady up until right now. I smoke cigarettes but never use tobacco in any other form. I smoke a pretty good deal, and have been for several years. I started about three years ago. I guess I smoke about a package a day when I can get them. But when I am not working I don't smoke so many. I bum them now, from Jerry, or from boys I know pretty well. I never ask any others for them or strangers. I don't smoke butts any more, but I used to do that. I don't think smoking makes me nervous. I never drink liquor. (1) I got tanked once but that was enough and I don't want to drink any more. That was about two years ago. I drink soft drinks a little, but not much. I drank them a lot when I worked at Y. Y. Bottling Company.

When I grow up I want to be a mechanic. I can't think of anything else I want to be very much. I would like for Mr. W. (the chief probation officer) to get me a job in some machine shop or with some people where I could get a chance to be around cars. I like to ride, and work with cars. I have not had much experience with cars but think I would like to be a mechanic. I have not had any other jobs regular besides that one at Y. Y. I used to sell papers after school, for both the Banner and Tennesseean. I didn't have a route, but sold them on the street. I made pretty good at it. I ran with a bunch of newsboys and it was with these boys that I started to go to the Y. M. C. A.

My father was from C., Tennessee, and mother was from near D., Tennessee (also a village). They met when my father was living in the town where mother lived at the time. Their folks were all farmers. I sort of liked it on the farm when we were there. I wouldn't mind living on a farm, but I don't guess we will ever go back to farming now. I had rather be a mechanic.

Investigator's Impressions of the mother and the home. - After knocking a long time on the front door, the mother came and invited the investigator into what appeared to be the living room, or possibly the parlor. This room was sparsely furnished with a couch, two chairs, a small library table, a chest of drawers. On the floor was a linoleum rug. A few cheap pictures were on the walls. The room seemed clean and the appearance of the whole house was rather orderly. Behind the front room was apparently a bedroom, which seemed to have no windows, being dark, lighted by a doorway into the front room and one at the back that was probably the kitchen. This dark room had a bed in view and a chair. The bed was neatly made and the general impression was of orderliness. At another interview the back premises were seen and the place is rather well cleaned up. The family owns a Buick car and it was in a ramshackle garage in the back of the house. The house is a double one but the families are as separate as if they were not under the same roof.

(1) It may seem strange that we inquire about "drinking liquor". This pattern of male activity is more or less sanctioned in the "corn whiskey" belt. And the boys, especially from families of highland background, are apt to start indulging early in life.

The boy's mother was dressed in a clean house dress and appeared very neat and clean. Her age did not show in her face, she not appearing to be much over thirty, though she admits of being thirty-six. At the left corner of the mouth there was noticeable a peculiar drawn condition. This gave her face a twisted sort of look, and she did not open her mouth very wide as she talked, though no manifestation of pain was exhibited. A large part of the time she held her hand in front of her face, but appeared not at all nervous about anything, this action being probably a habit acquired since the trouble began to develop. She did not go into long explanations of points asked her, but generally answered rather shortly, though with courtesy. The husband was at home during the interview, and was to be seen occasionally in the dark room getting ready to take his run on his shift. He called on his wife twice for help, and she excused herself for that purpose. There was no tension in evidence at all. The presence of the second husband made it impossible to go much into family tensions with the first husband and much less so with this one.

First Interview with the boy's mother. - I think the trouble with Stephen's getting into trouble was running with a bunch of boys. He was in trouble once at the Juvenile Court for stealing an automobile, but I don't think he was doing anything but driving it with some other boys. He didn't even know it was stolen. He is the kind of boy that is easily led into trouble by others. He just does anything anybody tells him to, and never objects, that is, when he is told to do anything by boys outside of his own brother. Jerry tells him things to do, to stay away from certain boys, and things like that, but he seems to do just what the others suggest to him. He has always done like that. He runs with a bunch of boys around here, there are quite a few in it, but not so many as a dozen, I don't think so anyway. They are mostly older than Stephen, one of them, Charles Woods, being about nineteen. The others are younger, ranging down to Stephen's own age. Jerry is not in that group. I guess it is sort of a gang. "Lefty" McInnis and George Hopkins are the leaders, I suppose. There is a cheap movie house near here and there is a gang of boys that go there. Stephen goes a lot, and is with that crowd that is not very good. And he hangs out around the park. They also hang around a vacant lot near here some. None of that bunch works at all. They are just loafers, and dodge work. They might work a while but not for long at a time. I don't know how they live, but they are pretty worthless. Some of these boys have been in trouble. One has just come back from working on the County road. That same one has also been out to the Reform School. And several of them have been to the Juvenile Court. Stephen has been running with them for several years. When we lived in X. (part of) Nashville he would come over here to be near the gang. They may not even all live around here, but they hang out around here mostly.

Stephen and Jerry sometimes get home about nine o'clock, but they often do not get home until later and they sometimes are out until twelve o'clock or even until one. I try to talk to them about it, but I can't do a thing with them. I don't punish them at all. They don't mind me. I try to shame them but it is not any use. My husband don't help with them at all, for they wouldn't like him butting into their affairs. They just sleep here and eat some of

their meals here and that is all there is to it. I can't do anything with them at all. I can't just tell them they will have to get out; for they are my boys, after all their bad habits. They get up about nine o'clock when they are not working. Just lay around most of the time. Sometimes they get breakfast with me, sometimes they go out without it. They generally don't come back here for dinner, and often I don't see them until night. They are their own boss. I sometimes ask them where they have been, but they don't always tell me, and I have no way of knowing whether they are telling the truth or not.

I belong to the Baptist Church, but neither of my husbands did and the boys do not. They used to go to Sunday School and Church quite often, but they don't any more. I don't know if they tell lies very much, but they have been caught in them sometimes. Sometimes I think they tell things to shield somebody else. I don't think either one of them has ever taken anything but cars. They never have brought anything home that I thought might be stolen. And they never have taken anything around the house that didn't belong to them.

They each have a girl, and sometimes go with them to the picture show I told you about. They like the girls a lot, but they never got into trouble with any of them in any way that I ever heard of. Stephen has the worst temper of the two. He gets awful mad every once in a while. You just can't do anything with him at all when he gets mad. I don't know that he gets either white or red or shakes, but he looks mighty mad, and scowls. He always fights fair and never picks up things to hit people with. Jerry and Stephen would fight a lot if I didn't stop them. I just tell them they must not and I sometimes get a broom and hit them to keep them from fighting. Jerry doesn't try to hurt Stephen and yet wants to get the best of him, but Stephen doesn't care if he does hurt Jerry and sometimes get the best of it. Stephen is a lot harder to get on with. He has been sassy with me some lately. I haven't been able to do much with either of them for the last seven months. Both of them are mighty lazy and like to loaf better than work. Stephen worked pretty well at his last job and made more than Jerry did. He made ten dollars a week, and Jerry was only getting eight when he stopped, though he had been working for the people eleven months. But neither one of them gave me much of their money. I don't know what they did with it, but I heard that Stephen would pay a boy two or three dollars for the use of his car and then would buy gas and oil just so he could drive around. He seems to be mighty near crazy on the subject of driving. That is just about all he wants to do. He says he either wants to be an aviator mechanic or drive a racing car, things he will never be able to do. There are lots of mechanics but most of them can't keep in a job because there are not enough jobs to go around. I don't care what sort of jobs they go into, but I want them to do honest work and work hard and all the time. There are some chances for them on the Nashville Railway and Light Company, but they wouldn't make much. However, that would help, but they just will not try to get the job. They don't want to work and they won't if they can get on without it. I don't know what they would do, if they weren't allowed to stay at home, but I can't drive them out.

Stephen is a great tease to Jerry. He teases him about his girl, and that usually starts a fuss. I never know exactly how they get started, but they generally get mighty mad and I have to stop them. I don't know if Stephen teases anybody else or not. He never jokes much and has never tried to tease anybody else, as far as I know. I don't know how he acts when somebody teases him because nobody ever has when I was around. Jerry leaves him alone mostly. Of the two boys I trust Jerry the most. I believe he is the most honest. They don't do anything around here at all. They are not a bit of help.

The trouble about quitting school was simply that they didn't want to go and they stopped. I couldn't make them go at all. They got working papers, but they wouldn't work very well. They played truant a good deal, I guess. I know Stephen would do just about anything anybody suggested to him. He would take up with some other boy and not go to school, going to a picture show or something like that. Mr. B. (the school principal) had to punish them a good deal about playing hookey, but it didn't do much good.

They never have had trouble with neighbors any place we have been. They generally stay out of trouble with others. I don't even know where they stay, and who they are with any more. They may be almost anywhere at any time, for all I know. They used to go to the Y. M. C. A. and they used to belong to the Junior Optimists' Club, but that club seems to have broke up, since so many of the boys work late at night. The two boys used to get books from the Y. M. C. A. club, one a week, but they don't go there anymore. Both of my boys read a lot, everything from the newspapers to books. They read all sorts of magazines, and books, from the library and all that. But I don't know what sort they like best. I think they like war stories pretty well.

I married when I was not quite fifteen, and Mr. Mason was twenty-nine. His home was in C. and mine near D. at the time. We knew each other about two years when we were married. I heard later that he had gone off and left his first wife and a little baby. I don't even know if they were divorced, but I heard that the wife couldn't do anything about him marrying me because they had been separated so long. I never heard anything like that before. After we were married we lived a while in my hone and then we came to Nashville. Mr. Mason worked a while for the A. B. C. Company and then struck with the others and when the strike failed he went to work in the railroad yards, but he didn't work well and didn't really support me. Finally he decided to move to Mississippi, so we did. But he soon got restless out there and came back to Nashville to live, but we didn't come and he spent several years traveling backwards and forwards off and on. We lived in Mississippi about five years, and then I got enough of that sort of thing and came on back here. I have been here ever since, but only a little while after I got back here, he decided to leave, and said he was going away, and that I would have to look after the boys. He left and I have not seen him since. He never supported me at all. When he left I was working for the department store. I had been working regularly for a few months at the time. I never had any real training for it, but was always pretty good at sewing, though I

picked it up all by myself. I have been working right on through until about three months ago. I can do any sort of sewing there is, and do it as well as a real dressmaker. My work kept me away from home all the time, and the boys were in school. I told them to stay in the yard after school, and not to go out. I had the neighbors sort of keep an eye on them. But as they got older, boys would say to them to come on out anyhow, regardless of what I said, so they got started running around with these kids and have been at it ever since. You know how boys will come around and laugh at other boys that obey their mothers. I guess that is the way it happened to my boys. About two years after my husband left I married Mr. Barry. We have been married about five years, and are getting on pretty well. He makes thirty-six dollars a week, but that is not enough to do much good when you have two big boys laying around and living on you. I had to stop work because of my health. My face has got to be operated on. I have had three doctors working on it, and it has cost some money. I think it is a cancer. And I have had some work done on my teeth. All of it has cost a lot of money. I will be going back to work pretty soon, if I can get over the operation all right.

Mr. Mason had a good education. He was a college graduate. (2) I don't remember the college. It might have been in C., but I am not sure about that. And he could sing just fine. He was as fine a singer as you could wish to hear. But he wasn't any good as a person to settle down and make money. I don't know hardly anything about his family. I never saw any of them but one brother. He always said he was an orphan. This brother came in one day and said he was kin to me, that he was my husband's brother, but that maybe my husband wouldn't admit it. He seemed to be a sort of nice fellow, but I couldn't tell much about it. The parents of my husband and of me were all farm people. There was never any crime and divorce on my side and I don't know of any on that of my husband. No queer people were ever mentioned to me either. For the most part my moving after coming back to Nashville was in this neighborhood. We have lived in Y. (part of) Nashville once and in X. (part of) Nashville, but most of it has been right around here. I was a member of a large family. Some of them had education and some did not. I had not a bit of schooling but I was taught reading and writing at home and can read and write as well as anybody in my family. If I had as much education as my boys I would not stay in the sort of business I am. One of my brothers lives in Nashville, and he visits us and we visit him. He tries to help me with my boys but he can't do anything with them either. They won't pay him any attention. They will only laugh when he tries to advise them, just like they do when I ask them some things, or sometimes say "Oh, Boloney."

Second Interview with the boy. - There are about eight boys in the bunch I run with. They are all about my size and age. We don't have meetings for any club. None of them is the leader. There

(2) The mother overstates the amount of schooling of the boy's father. He probably had just a meagre education.

isn't any special one who gives orders, or makes up plans for things to do. They are all about equal. Some of the smallest and youngest do what some of the others say, but I never do. They don't boss me, and I am not afraid of any of them. I am not afraid of anybody in the neighborhood or any place else. I am not afraid of my brother, Jerry. I have been knowing the bunch for a long time, ever since we have been in this part of Nashville, it must have been six or seven years. Of course, there are some other boys that have not been in this neighborhood so long, only a year or two. The bunch just hangs out around the picture show. They don't get into trouble with the police. They don't steal anything at all but borrow cars and drive around in them and then leave them. Just about all of them work. Some work in different sorts of jobs from others. Some work in shoe factories, some are garage mechanics, and other things. But they do not all work. They play baseball here in the back a lot. I play with them too. I generally pitch. I don't think I could ever catch. I just can't keep from closing my eyes when the bat swings. We haven't a mask. But lots of other boys catch behind the bat without any trouble. We play with a regular baseball, but none of those who catch ever get hurt by foul tips. Most of them go away back over the catcher. The bunch I play with doesn't have a whistle to call them together. There are no regular meeting times. We just holler to each other when we want to get up a game on the diamond back here.

I have a girl now. She is about fourteen, I guess, and goes to school. I see her about every day, as she is going to and from school but don't go to see her more than about once a week. I don't hug or kiss her, and I don't fool with her. I never have fooled with a girl. I never asked a girl to let me, and none ever tried to get me to. I know other boys do it sometimes, but I never have. I have heard the boys in the gang talk about it, and some of them do it, but they don't know what I think about it and they don't know that I don't do it. I don't care if others do it occasionally, I don't do it. I don't know what the bunch would do if they knew I didn't want to fool with girls. And I don't know if Jerry does it either. I never handled myself much like you mention. I have done it some, but not much. The boys in the bunch don't do it much, either. There is a picture show near here that charges ten and twenty cents. I go to it pretty often. I have only been once this week (Friday afternoon was the time of the interview). I like western pictures the best, I guess. I read a lot, books, magazines, papers, and that sort of thing. We buy books and borrow them and buy magazines and all that. Jerry used to spend some of his money buying books. We read a lot. I like war stories, and western stories, and things about adventure. But I don't care anything about detective stories. I am not any good at guessing how they will turn out.

When I was working I made ten dollars a week. Of this about two and a half went to mother for my keep. I spent about seventy-five cents a week on cigarettes. The rest just was spent. I never did save any money, and yet I never did waste any money. I never did spend any of it for renting cars to drive around. I am going to try to get work down at the Y. Y. Company again soon. They may let

me on again. Anyway I am going to try. I think I would like to be a race automobile driver or a mechanic for one of those cars. But I don't know how to go about it. I have never been a mechanic, but I like machinery and would like to be a great racer some of these times. One of the big racers paid seventy thousand dollars for his special car. But he won many races with it. But that is sure a lot of money for one car. Mother owns a Buick that is paid for all but about two hundred dollars.

Jerry and I sometimes stay out pretty late at night. We hang around the movie until it closes and then we might walk around or ride around. We generally get up about eight or nine o'clock. I have stayed out all night, went to another boy's house, but that has been a long time ago. I haven't done it lately. I don't remember about the boys trying to get Jerry and me to go away and play when our mother used to leave us in the yard. We used to play in the school yard after school was out, but I don't remember the other. On Sundays we play ball in our lot here, and that is about all. We used to go to Sunday School and Church once in a while but we don't any more. There are no pool rooms around here that we hang out at. We sometimes hang around drug stores, but it's generally the movie house. The boys have not been chased by cops very much, though it happens once in a while. Generally for taking cars.

I eat almost anything. The only thing I can't eat is fat meat. It makes me sick every time. I like sweets and eat all I can get of them. But I hardly ever eat between meals. I don't do much around home. I help wash and wipe the dishes sometimes, and other things that mama asks me to do. Jerry never fools with the dishes. He just doesn't want to. Mama doesn't make me help her, she just asks me and I do it. She can't make me do anything at all. My stepfather never tries to make me or Jerry do anything. He just lets us alone. I don't like him because he don't like me, and never has. He never does anything we don't like, but we just know how he feels. I wish I had my father back. I liked him fine and he was mighty good to us. I like my mother best of all around home. I like Jerry all right but not as well as mother. We get on all right with the neighbors. I have never had any trouble with them any place. They don't bother us and we don't bother them. We have never had trouble in any neighborhood. The people living in the other side of this house were here before us and we have gotten on fine with them. But the woman next door on the other side don't let her little girl do anything at all. She is after her all the time. It don't bother us, but it just happens.

I don't dream at night as far as I know. I guess I talk a little in my sleep. The folks used to say something about it when I was younger. I day dream sometimes, but it almost always is about getting a racing car and driving on a track. I can't think of anything I had rather do than drive a car. I have never taken any very long trips but I have never been tired of driving, or being driven. I once started to make a trip into Kentucky, but our car developed trouble down about Tennessee River and we didn't get to finish. That was the longest trip I ever took in a car, about two hundred

miles altogether (really only 90 miles). I haven't been out of Nashville on a train for several years, I don't believe since we came back from Mississippi to live. I was down to Murfreesboro on the Y. Y. truck not long ago, the first time I have been away from Nashville for a long time.

They don't tease me at home. I had a nickname "Snow White" which my folks gave me. I don't know the cause of it unless it was because I got into some (flour) when small. It don't bother me to be called that, and so they don't do it much. They don't tease me about my girl either.

I like to play football as well as baseball. We played in the fall. Sometimes I used to go over to the Z. Park to play games, especially in the summer time, but not in the winter time. The whole bunch would go together. And we used to go out to (the) Hill (about a mile from his home) last summer and have big times playing on that hill. We would hunt rabbits and birds with rocks and flippers, but we never killed anything. We had some fun, however. I expect we will start going out there again soon. We sometimes get into fights with negroes. There are a lot of them down toward F. Street, about two blocks away and some south up an alley, but none anywhere else around. We generally have rock fights, if anything at all in the way of trouble. We generally get the best of it, but none ever gets hurt. Grown-ups of neither color ever get into it, but some pretty big boys sometimes are mixed up in it. It doesn't amount to much. The negroes are trying to rent the old A. A. building that is here by our playground, but it wouldn't do any good for them to get it, because all the windows would be broken out all the time by the boys around here. In our rock fights with the negroes we don't go and do any damage to houses. We just throw at people.

I have an uncle who is a taxi driver. He is nice to me and I like him. He goes by here all the time and sometimes gives me rides on the car with him. He has tried sometimes to tell me what to do and all that, but I guess I don't pay him much attention. We visit him and his family and they visit us sometimes.

Mother and my stepfather don't really fuss very much. They have little fusses but they get over them right away. They are generally about money or something like that. They never fight. None of them are about my stepfather running after other women. I don't know if he does that. I believe I had rather stay at home than go anywhere I know of. I like to play with the boys out there in the vacant lot, and I sort of like it at home. They don't bother me much, and I still like mamma. If I could just get a job in some place where I could learn about automobiles I would be all right.

Second Interview with the boy's mother. - The trouble I had with my first husband was mostly that he wouldn't work steady. He had plenty of sense and plenty of education but he didn't like to work. Of course, he would work some, and in spells sometimes, but not regular. And so we were hard up a lot of the time. I don't know

what he did with all of his time. I don't think he ran after other women, or anything like that, but just would not work. He treated me all right in every other way. I had no complaints to make about it at all. And he treated his boys fine. They were both crazy about him, but I guess he didn't really love any of us very well. Sure he didn't love us well enough to work steady and stay with us. Finally I had to go to work and pretty soon he got restless and decided to leave us. I didn't much care by then because he wasn't hardly any help at all. So I didn't try to prevent him leaving me at all. I never have seen him since. There were some fusses before we separated but not such very bad ones. I would beg him to get some work and stick at it, but he wouldn't do it.

About two years after my husband left me I married Mr. Barry. I got a divorce on grounds of desertion and non-support about a year after the separation. All this time I was working at sewing and making enough to get by on, but the boys were not doing any good because there was not anybody to look after them much. I went with Mr. Barry for a good while before we married. The boys were too little to understand just what was coming. They never did ask me any questions about the new man. John didn't pay much attention to them even then, though he would do little things for them. They didn't pay him much attention.

I didn't tell them I was going to get married. I didn't see any use in that. They didn't have anything to do with it. But they didn't like John at all from the first. They remembered their father and didn't want any other man coming in here. They didn't pay him any attention and he didn't pay them any attention either. There wasn't much in the way of a row but they never have liked each other. At first it seemed to bother John a little that he couldn't do anything with them. But he didn't try much. And I guess it was just as well. He would not have been able to do anything but stir up more trouble because they were both used to doing things for themselves and I wasn't able to do anything with them myself. They resented anybody bothering with them at all.

John and I get along together all right most of the time. He works and I work and we don't happen to be home together much of the time. I don't think he cares anything for any other women and I don't have anything to do with other men. We have quarrels sometimes but not much. We had one big fuss about the boys last year. He said he wishes I would do something with them, if I was going to let them stay around here, or else tell him to go ahead and do something with them himself. They had been taking the automobile without permission and going driving and not getting any more gas and John said they raced with other cars. So he flew off when I said there wasn't anything I could do, and that I didn't want to drive them away from home. We had an awful fuss but didn't fight. And he left but he came back at the end of about three weeks and said nothing about it at all. So we have been getting along all right together since, then, but still he don't like the boys and they don't like him and I don't think anything can be done about it. I sure don't know anything to do. There is nothing between us to make us mad about anything. I think he still likes me all right. We go riding on Sundays in the car, when it is pretty weather.

I don't know what to do with the boys. I am afraid they will never amount to anything. I haven't any plans for them in particular. I would like to see them settle down and get a job and keep working so that they wouldn't be a drag on us here, but they don't seem to want to and I can't make them because they won't pay me any attention. If I turn them out, I am afraid they still will not go to work and will just loaf until they get into trouble or might take to meanness.

Investigator's Impressions and Observations of the Boy's Step-father. - Mr. Barry is a substantial looking man of about thirty-five and during this interview seemed to be a person that holds a grievance but considers it hopeless to think of getting it removed. He looks slightly hen-pecked. But he evidently has a will of his own and ideas of his own, though he can rationalize well. He was positive in his ideas that the boys are not destined for any useful future, and positive about their present worthlessness, but he was not demonstrative or emotional about it all. He was very stolid in speech, merely making statements and speaking in a monotone, perfectly emotionless as if all irritability had been stamped out of his make-up. At first the investigator thought he would not be successful in getting the material but the man kept on talking in his slow monotonous fashion until the story of his trouble with the boys came out.

Interview with the boy's step-father. - I think you had better see the boys' mother about them. They don't belong to me and I haven't anything to do with them. I might offer some advice about them but it is really none of my business. You had better make arrangements to talk to her about it.

She has recently had an operation on her face and is now gone back to work again. It happened about a month ago and she is getting along all right so she went back to work at Y.'s. As far as I know she never has attentions from other men. (3) There may be some danger from her working down town but I never heard anything about any of it and I don't really think it happens. She tells me the first husband she had never supported her but never said he ran after other woman. And I don't think she has anything to do with other men. We get along all right together. We separated for a little while about a year ago. The trouble was about the boys. They couldn't be controlled at all and I got enough of it and left. But I decided it wasn't any use separating on account of that so I came back. We were only separated about three weeks. We had a fuss that time but it wasn't very serious.

(3) The bare data as revealed in the write-up of interviews make it seem that questions on marital infidelity and private conduct -- where it is necessary to go into them -- are dealt with rather boldly and unskillfully. In the actual interviewing, however, the expert advances toward and retreats from such questions. The unsuspecting and unknowing person, most assuredly, cannot be left "hanging on a limb" with suggested ideas which may later cause worry, suspicion, and turmoil.

The boys were small when I married their mother, but they were unruly then. She never has been able to do anything with them so long as I can remember. She has tried a little but couldn't manage them. And I never could do anything with them either. I never tried but very little and it looked like she didn't want me to do anything and the boys raised such a kick that I just stopped. I decided they were her boys and she would just have to tend to them. The older one is not worth anything at all. He curses his mother some and is mighty mean to her. He doesn't do a thing around here. He comes in late and sleeps late and then eats breakfast and is gone. He hangs around down there at that automobile place and makes only about thirty or forty cents a day, but that is enough for him to buy cigarettes and he is satisfied. He has a place to eat and sleep. I never do anything when he gets to using bad language. And I never try to get my wife to run them away from home. They belong to her and I just keep out of it. I can't do anything about it at all. They get my car whenever they can and burn up the gas and race with other boys in cars. It is that big Buick out there. I have always had a car since I had a good job. They take the car without permission. And the oldest boy even tried to make a key that would fit it. I can't do anything about it at all. There's not any use in saying anything. The boys don't belong to me.

The younger boy, Stephen, is not so bad. He helps around here some and is not so sassy to his mother and doesn't curse her. But he don't like me either and I can't do anything with him. He goes out riding with the boys too. But he don't run with exactly the same bunch of boys. He plays ball out here in this vacant lot behind the house. And the boys he runs with are not so tough as the ones Jerry runs with. But he is not dependable and will tell lies sometimes. And he was so lazy he wouldn't go to work and lost his job at the bottling company. He laid out so much that they fired him. I have to work hard all the time and they can always get more men if I lay out too much. These boys are just not any good. They loaf and eat and sleep and they make it sort of hard on us because they eat up a lot of food. It is not a very good situation but I can't do anything about it. I think I know what is going to become of them and what they will wind up as. I don't know that they ever stole anything, but they take things like my car and they will sooner or later get into some real trouble. They have already got into trouble at the Juvenile Court and more trouble will sure come. I haven't any idea what could be done with them to help them. But if I had any idea it wouldn't do any good to tell anybody. You had better see their mother about what she thinks needs to be done with them. I haven't got anything to do with them.

Third Interview with the boy. - I don't see how my stepfather gets it that that is his car out there. It's my mother's car. She has helped pay for it with her own money. She don't let us drive it much but she does sometimes. And we have never torn it up. I don't know if Jerry ever took it out without permission but I know I never did. We never do have any real races when we are out driving but sometimes we try to pass somebody and sometimes others try to pass us.

My step-father never tries to control us. I don't pay him any attention at all. I thought I would ask him to take me to see Mr. H. but I never did ask him. I don't think he would do it anyway. He never is kind or friendly to me. And I never try to do anything for him either. I just let him alone and don't bother him. This afternoon I am cooking supper for him. Mother went back to work again. She had an operation some time back and is about all right again. I think she will stay well now. So when she went back to (the store) I just had to help out by getting some supper ready for my stepfather. In a few days there will be a cook here, I guess, so I won't have to do this. I have done it before but not much.

My mother had some visitors when she was sick and after the operation, but they were neighbors and a few kin-people. She has always worked in the last few years except for the time she has been sick here recently. And so there are not any men hang around here. I never heard of anything like that anyway. (4)

Jerry is not home as much as I am. He stays out most all the time. He don't help around home as much as I do. He generally gets up and is gone and don't come back any more until night again. He never talks back to anybody unless they talk sharp to him. My step-father never has anything much to do with us and so we don't talk back to him.

I usually tell the truth all right. I used to tell little stories to get out of things but I don't any more. I never did take anything that didn't belong to me. If someone were to lose something and then stop looking for it and I found it, it would still not be mine, if I could find out who lost it. I would do the best I could to find the owner and then I would keep it, if I couldn't find out who lost it.

The reason I lost my job down at Y. Y. was that I had a case of "flu" and lost a few days. And when I went back they told me they wouldn't need me any more. I usually went to work all right when I was well.

You say the Juvenile Court lists a couple of cases of disorderly conduct. I remember the last one all right. It was about a year ago. Jerry and I were brought up to the court at the same time. We were in an auto with some other boys and were racing with another car, and were caught. The driver of our car was caught for speeding, and the others wouldn't have been bothered, if it had not been for one of them chirped up something about the cop. And he got us all for disorderly conduct. That was the only time I ever was in trouble with Jerry, but it wasn't either one of our fault. We were just enjoying ourselves racing with the other car. I guess we were shouting to the boys in the other car all right.

(4) The report came to the Court from neighbors that the boys were bad because the mother was "loose," but we were unable to get evidence for this. Here again this subject was broached cautiously and put aside carefully in spite of the frank statements in the write-up of the interview.

The other time I was up for disorderly conduct may have been for fighting. I don't remember exactly about it. I know I used to fight more than I now do. I was little and the others would try to run over me sometimes, but I would fight back at them, so I guess I got into trouble. I can't think of any other way it could have happened. I never was brought up for cursing or anything like that. The last time the trouble was that we couldn't mind mother. Jerry never has minded mother for a long time. That is about the only thing he does that is not right. He talks back to her sometimes, but not much. But he don't ever mind her. He just goes on like she didn't ever say anything to him at all. Sort of like she wasn't there and hadn't said anything. I don't know exactly what the trouble was with us, but she was having some trouble with her face in those days. It was bothering her a lot and she was short-tempered. I was not anxious to help around home much because we were having so much fun out playing after work -- for I was working then. And she just got too much and decided to take us up to the court. I don't hold it against her. The court has always treated us well. They have done everything for us that they could. And other folks have helped us when we were going to school. We were given clothes once and it was mighty nice of the people to do that for us.

I don't remember much about my life. I don't remember when we moved to Mississippi, because I was too little at that time. I remember a little about what happened out there but it didn't amount to much. We lived on a farm, but I was still pretty little when we came back to Nashville. One of the big things in my life was the trouble between father and mother. I liked father and mother both might well, but I guess mother did right to let father go away. I don't know if she did right in marrying again, but maybe she did. I just don't manage to get along with my step-father. Nothing very exciting has ever happened to me. But I am pretty happy, I guess. If I could just get a racing car, I would be all right. If I had all the money I wanted, I would buy me a racing car.

Interview with a neighbor and his wife. - (This man lived next door and had lived there some months. They seemed to be honest about their replies but not to know anything about their neighbors.) We don't know much about the Masons. I know that Mr. Barry, the boys' step-father is a truck driver. And the wife has lately been operated on for cancer. We very seldom see them at all. One time the woman came by the house and someone said that is the woman who has the cancer. She has been operated on for it a few weeks ago but we don't know how well she is getting along.

So far as we know they are good steady people. If any men come to see Mrs. Barry we don't know anything about it. (5) She works out when she is well. But we don't know where. We never hear anything of any trouble that they have at all. The younger boy plays games out here in the big vacant place. There are lots of boys out there most of the time. The boys in the family over at the Barry's used to work but we don't know if they still do. We just don't know much about them.

(5) See footnotes nos. 3 and 4.

Interview with the boy's former employer. - Yes, I have had several boys down here at the plant that had been in trouble at the Juvenile Court. There have been at least four of them. They have in some cases been sponsored by the X. X. Club and they formed a club called the Junior X. X.'s. Stephen Mason was my boy in that club, and not such a bad boy at that. But he was very undependable. He did his work all right and was willing enough, in spite of his small size and under-fed look. He ran the bottling machine some and he went to Murfreesboro on the truck sometimes in the afternoons. And he was generally willing about everything. But he was not very regular at work. He nearly always missed at least one day out of a week. Of course, we docked him and that didn't bother him, but docking him didn't make him come all the time, so we decided we could get on better if we had a boy who came all the time. And about that time he missed a whole lot, almost all a week. He came back the next Monday and said he had influenza. But I didn't think he was telling me the truth and decided to let him go. He didn't look like he had been sick at all. And since I had talked to him a lot about coming to work, I decided it was not any use to fool with him any more.

Observations on the School Data. - The investigator asked a few questions of two teachers who knew the boy and his brother and the answers were much like those of the principal and his principal teacher. The consensus seemed to be that both boys are bright, and that they were well-mannered, were not helped by their home life and that they would make good, if helped in the right way. The boy's principal teacher is the one teacher in this school that has kept the same class for several years, advancing as it advances. She has a number stay voluntarily after school for things that interest them, a debate being in order on this day. Stephen's grades are poor in the seventh grade, failed in many subjects in 7 C grade; failed all subjects the last term in school; had an average of six absences per term; deportment passing. Jerry's grades are good until he reached 7 A grade then failed in all but one subject; he left school the next term; his absences increase as his marks decline and his deportment grade declines with the decrease in his marks (a decline from good to passing).

Interview with the Principal of the boy's school. - I remember those boys as being both pretty bright, but Jerry, the older one, was the better in his work. They both had come to me several times for disorder, nothing serious, but they needed some correction. They were truant quite a bit, especially toward the last. And they finally got working papers, as I remember, though they were both pretty old before they stopped school. The trouble with them was mostly that they had no chance to have any home life. Their father was old and their mother made him leave, and then she married another man, a truck driver. I don't know if they let the boys live with them even. The boys probably have had to stay out on the streets a great deal, and that might have made them pretty bad. They were nice boys, but they had a "Don't Care" attitude when they had poor clothes. When their clothes were good, they were easy to handle. I think they would be worth-while men if they had a decent chance. It was their home surroundings that was the big trouble.

Interview with the boy's teacher. - It must have been about two years ago that I had Stephen Mason in my room. It was in the sixth grade, I guess. I had his brother, Jerry, also. They were both bright boys but Jerry was the brightest of the two. I know I thought Jerry had finer stuff in him. He was perfectly honest, and I sometimes felt that Stephen was not all the time honest. Jerry interested me because of his literary interest. He read books at the public library, and good, wholesome books, about animals, and that sort of thing. I was very much surprised, since I would not have thought his interests went in that direction. I found out about his interests by asking the librarian. He also wrote fairly well. Yet I didn't know him very well. He was too proud to talk about his family and his affairs very much. I remember they were both wearing very ragged clothes, and didn't seem to care much about anything. So I made an agreement with them to get them clothes, if they would work at my home afternoons and on Saturday until they had paid for the clothes. They agreed, and did work, but Stephen finally asked for some money beyond the payment for the clothes. But Jerry didn't make any such requests. I don't remember about their truancy, though I don't think they were truant very much. The grades of Jerry showed he was the smartest, I think, though Stephen was not dull. I think both of them have good stuff in them. They were never discourteous. I had to punish them very little and had to refer them very little. Their home surroundings were not very good. There was some trouble in the family, the mother being divorced and having married another man. But the step-father was rather tolerant of the boys. He didn't drive them away from home. Their behavior both on the recess yards and in the classroom was rather good, as I remember. They got on very well with the other students when they had good clothes, but they dropped back to their careless ways when their clothes got ragged. And they did get ragged again after I bought them the clothes, for they got no help in this way from their home. I don't remember them running with any bad boys. I should like to see them given every chance, for I think there is something in them both.

Observations and Impressions of the Neighborhood. - R. Avenue is one of the main thoroughfares in X. (part of) Nashville. The amount of traffic of all sorts is very large, and the locality is rather noisy. A large number of shops of various sorts are to be found along R. Avenue, and quite a great deal of commercial life is evidenced. The character of the population is laboring class, with a smaller number of middle class people out to the South. The families mostly rent their homes. Predominant dwelling is a one-story, brick house (usually a double house, that is, for two families). However, some smaller (single family) wooden houses; some larger (brick or stone front places). The houses are not in good repair, although not dilapidated. The locality is about half way between the slums to the North and the middle class area to the South. East is an area also midway between the two levels of social life. The men of the neighborhood generally are steady workers, but the young people are not the sort that like work. There is a great deal of loafing among the youths, and no serious desire for progress in the social scale. One gets the impression that the families of the neighborhood are struggling hard to hold their own in the

economic world. The area does not give the appearance of being highly disorganized, but, nevertheless, is a district of social disintegration of all sorts.

No large manufacturing plants or railroad yards are in or very near the neighborhood. Neighbors do not know each other intimately in this section, and the mobility of families is rather great, though not as great as in some sections of the city. No neighborhood conflicts are to be noticed. Two churches are within a block of the boy's home, a school within two blocks, two parks within five blocks, one of which has a library branch, and which has nearby a settlement house.

Consultation of the spot maps reveals:

- 13 negro v. d. cases (1 year)
- 5 white v. d. cases (1 year)
- 22 white dependency cases (1 year)
- 4 negro dependency cases (1 year)
- 14 white boy delinquency cases (3 years)
- 3 white girl delinquency cases (3 years)
- 5 negro boy delinquency cases (3 years)
- 4 negro girl delinquency cases (3 years)

The natural boundaries of the neighborhood enclose an area of about 1/8 of a square mile. The neighborhood is a little pocket surrounded by different racial and economic distributions. It is changing its complexion rapidly and will be taken over soon by small business places and negro residences.

Summary of Findings

Physical Traits: 17 years, 3 months; weight 112, ideal weight 116, practically normal weight; well developed but does not give appearance of being well nourished; no physical defects or ailments.

Mental Capacity and Intelligence: C. A. 17-3; M. A. 15-4; I. Q. 95; fairly bright; special abilities, defects, affectivity not tested.

Developmental History: Normal, no serious diseases noted; has had measles, mumps, scarlet fever, headaches.

Habits: Eats three meals regularly, but also eats some between meals, generally wholesome food, drinks coffee but not to excess; gets about eight or nine hours sleep, but gets to bed late and gets up late, sleeps by self; smokes cigarettes a great deal, inhales; elimination regular; no sex practices with girls; little masturbation; no dreams of importance, no nail-biting.

Character and Disposition: Not very self-confident, and seems rather unsure of himself; rather easy-going and may be led into trouble; lazy and careless about earning his living; not given to temper displays; not very stubborn; courteous; reticent; unimaginative except in quest for excitement and pertaining to automobiles; not given to pondering or brooding; somewhat of a brag when away from his companions but more quiet in their presence; not very difficult to manage at home, no teasing, no struggles with family.

School: Was in seventh grade, when he stopped one year ago; careless of lessons; depressed by shabby appearance so that his work was bad when he had poor clothes; truant many times; not as well thought of by his teachers as his brother; thought to have plenty of intelligence; failures not excessive; liked very well by schoolmates; generally quiet and orderly; courteous; liked history and manual training best; had to move from school to school too much to keep en rapport with teachers.

Participation and Social Status: Stays home very little, but on occasion helps prepare supper for his step-father, the mother being away at work; helps a little around home; runs with group of boys older and some younger; borrows automobiles for rides; in cars the range is wide; goes to picture shows about three times a week; reads books, magazines, and papers, western stories, no detective stories; no trouble with neighbors; doesn't hang around men; doesn't attend church; causes family less trouble than his brother, but the step-father would be satisfied to let him leave home; the mother, although realizing the boys' bad habits cannot bring herself to put them out; Stephen wants to stay at home; helped a little in support of home while working; was lazy about his job and could not hold it; status not high anywhere except with the boys, but he is not the leader among them.

Attitudes and Wishes: Wants to be a mechanic; this job but a stepping stone to owning a racing car and being a racing driver; would rather be riding and driving in a car than anything he can think of; has no other interests or ambitions; doesn't want to return to day school and doesn't care about night school either; is not anxious to leave home just now, as they let him alone and he has a place to stay; would make no changes if he could "run" the home; likes his mother very well, but dislikes his step-father and thinks he is disliked by him; has no desire to leave his present neighborhood.

Family: No defects or abnormalities noted in family history; boy's real father had some schooling; mother uneducated but now can read, write and figure; farmers on both sides; mother married young; the father wouldn't work consistently and was restless so the mother divorced him; in two years married again, this time a street-car motorman; mother employed as a seamstress in a dept. store; family rents home; pays cash for purchases; status average in neighborhood; mother had cancer short while ago and had operation; brother has no steady work, drives automobiles at parking places, about same type of boy as the subject; conflict subsides with step-father when boys are at work; step-father left home for three weeks once until boys got work then returned, will not support the "loafers".

Neighborhood: Area of workingmen's families; not a slum at present but a changing neighborhood; negroes and shops encroaching; a disorganized area as judged by concentration of social problems; few institutions and agencies nearby; moving picture theatre four blocks from boy's home.

Sociological Analysis

Stephen has taken on the color of the street. He runs with a gang, plays the vacant lot games, likes to loaf, goes home seldom during the day, and craves out-door excitement. He did not take to the streets "naturally" or because of unpleasant home surroundings. Rather he was left for the streets to claim. The mother's economic readjustment, following the father's desertion, necessitated her leaving Stephen and his brother at home during the day with only a neighbor's eye on them. They were finally baited away from the moorings of their social base and launched on their careers as street arabs.

The Mason brothers soon got beyond control of their mother and the older they grew the more unruly they became. That they are now completely above her authority and persuasion is evidenced by her appeal to the Juvenile Court for help. The step-father, still more so than the mother, is unable to do anything with them. They paid him "no mind" from the very beginning and he learned that it was hopeless to meddle in the affairs of his wife's children.

The particular neighborhoods in which the Mason boys lived, have fed their love for the streets. For it is just in such disorganized areas, embedded in and around the slums of a city, that youth can have its greatest fling.

Stephen's case cannot be chalked up to a lack of intelligence, since he tested quite normal. If he had been a dull boy or a moron, we might have been able to claim that he was "led" by his more mentally alert cronies. Neither can his case be explained on the basis of the operation of hereditary factors or abnormal physical traits, because there is no evidence for such a contention. (6)

Furthermore, it cannot be said that the boy's street life grew out of the step-father's invasion of the home. They had ventured far in street experience before the new parent came on the scene. Likewise, it cannot be shown that the active conflict with the step-father drove the brothers away from home. While step-son and step-father disliked each other, they tolerated one another's presence in the home. Although Mr. Barry made a grand gesture of protest against supporting his "sponging" step-sons by leaving home for three weeks, he came back of his own accord with conditions unimproved and has ever since resigned himself to the situation. Responsibility for Stephen's incorrigibility -- as well as for his brother's -- cannot exactly be placed on Mr. Barry because he was unable to control his wife's children. It is difficult enough for a beloved parent to reclaim a wandering son let alone a step-father.

The major explanation of Stephen's behavior is simply that he grew up wild, absorbing the atmosphere of the streets. He acquired habits and attitudes which directly conflicted with the demands of

(6) It does seem that the boys, like their father, lack stability. But this instability is due more to a scheme of life than to constitutional factors.



organized society -- the home, the school, the court, the factory. More particularly as a result of his street experiences, he became unorganized in reference to a scheme of life calling for obedience, restraint, regularity and orderliness.

And it was on the street also that he probably acquired his interest in automobiles. This interest got him into trouble at the Court as well as at home. At the same time his ambitions to become a mechanic or an auto racer made ordinary factory labor seem tame and irksome. A job in a garage, where he could tinker with automobiles, might bring his quest for excitement within limits and bounds of a more orderly existence.



A RECIDIVIST

Case II

Statement of the Problem

Edward Grant, age 14, was brought into court for "being along" with his brother and a chum while they stole some wearing apparel from a downtown workingman's store. He was probated to his father. Edward had three other appearances in court marked up against him within the last three years. His first appearance was for disorderly conduct; his second, for larceny. On both of these occasions he was probated. His third appearance was for taking an automobile without permission. The boy said that he and his brother got in a Ford which Herbert (a friend) was driving and went for a ride, that they got out after a while and Herbert went on. The three boys were committed to the Reformatory. Edward's present appearance in court, therefore, was his fourth.

Investigation showed that the boy comes from a poor family with a large number of children, that the father (an unskilled worker) lays off periodically and the family goes on charity, that the family has necessarily lived in unwholesome and disintegrated neighborhoods. The boy had reached the 3rd grade where he had been at a standstill for some time. He appears to be mentally defective, having tested 55 in I. Q. but is sound physically, except for minor conditions. He possesses no outstanding bad habits.

The Complete Case Record of Edward Grant

Summary of Face Sheet Data. - Complaint: Complicity in a gang larceny case; probated to father; three other appearances in J. C., once for disorderly conduct and twice for larceny; has been to Reformatory. Family has received aid from charities. No other record in the Confidential Exchange.

Lawrence Grant, father, 38, native white, unskilled worker, \$15 per week.

Harriet Grant, mother, 28, native white, Christian Church.

Edward Grant, subject, 14, attends school, 3rd grade.

Charles Grant, brother, 13, at the Reform School.

Mary Grant, sister, 11, attends school in 1st grade.

John Grant, brother, 7, attends school, in 1st grade.

Ralph Grant, brother, 5.C

Claude Grant, brother, 2.

Edgar Grant, brother, 6 months.

Family has a record of ten removals since Edward's birth. Came from farm and once returned to cropping. Other removals in the city.

Summary of Juvenile Court Record. - The proof in this boy's case shows that he was with his brother Charles and a friend, Paul Leonard, and that the last two stole a pair of shoes each, that Charles stole besides a pair of overalls from Mr. Bob Lathrop's on X. Street (downtown). Although Edward did not do any of the

stealing, he was in with the other two in spending the money obtained from the stolen articles. He is probated to his father during good behavior and must report to the court at least once every two weeks. Previous offences; three years four months previously he appeared in court for disorderly conduct. Probated. Two years previously appeared for larceny. Probated. One year two months previously he took an automobile without owner's consent and was sentenced to the Reformatory.

Summary of Charities Record. - Indicates five previous employments of Mr. Grant. Salary ranging from \$2.00 to \$2.50 per day. Unskilled work. This family has been aided twenty times in period 5-30-24 to 6-4-27. The aid was mostly in form of groceries and coal but some clothing was given. "Mr. Grant was either sick or pretended sick a great deal. He reported often that he was unable to work. He was only a farm laborer and could do only unskilled work. He was shiftless and didn't work consistently when well. On June 4, 1927, Mrs. Grant had two men at home when (charities) investigator made a visit. These men were without work and were playing musical instruments. They had been there all morning. Mr. Grant was not at home".

The record continues up to January 31, 1928 (the present).
Vermin in the hair of Mary. Mrs. Grant operated on for gallstones.

Medical Report: (a) Developmental History. - No data given on birth and earlier development; patient has had measles, mumps, whooping cough; has not had chicken pox; patient has scar from vaccination; diphtheria immunization; no history of patient having had diphtheria.

(b) Summary of Medical Examination. - height 62 inches; weight 104½ pounds, ideal weight 106 pounds, practically normal weight. Temperature 99.4. Appearance of well nourished, well developed 14 year old boy, does not seem to be very vigorous and active. There is vesicular-papular eruption on inferior labia to right of mid line. Eyes -- conjunctivae and mucous in normal color; pupils equal react to L. and A.

Ears -- no mastoid tenderness; no discharge.

Nose -- nasal septum intact.

Teeth -- dirty, good condition, gums normal. Pharynx -- reddened and shows mucoid exudate.

Tonsils -- not enlarged.

Lymph -- no GGE.

Neck -- negative.

Thorax -- lungs and heart, negative.

Extremities -- normal.

Abdomen -- negative.

Genitalia -- marked hypospadias; testicles in scrotum.

Diagnosis -- Vincent's Angina; hypospadias; naso-pharyngitis.

Report of Psychological Examination. - This boy (14-9 years) has a mental age of eight years and two months. This gives him an intelligence percentage of 55, and classifies him as defective in mental development. His capacity to think his way to the answer of simple questions is poor. He also exhibits rather poor memory span.

His present grading in school represents his present school capacity. It is not likely that he will go beyond this with success. He seems to have a good coordination for ordinary manual work, and he should be shunted as quickly as possible into some sort of manual training. It is useless to feature literary education in his case.

Investigator's First Impression of the Boy. - This boy had a clean face, so unusual a phenomenon that it attracted the attention of the Probation officer. He was wearing blue overalls, with a good brown sweater as additional protection against the cold weather. His hair was neatly parted and he seemed pretty well cared for. His shoes were not bad and he altogether looked like pretty good care was taken of him. He has a small head and not well shaped. His forehead recedes a bit and his features are sharp, reminding one of a mouse. But he has an honest eye, and showed no difficulty in meeting the eye of the investigator, though he did not look at him all the time the interview was going on. He seemed to have good hearing, and no physical defects were noticeable. He seemed to be fairly well-fed. He played with his cap a bit, but not excessively. He was not perfectly at ease, but not very self-conscious. At first his replies were in monosyllables, but toward the end of the interview he became more cordial and began to talk more connectedly. The investigator thinks this was partly because the investigator showed some interest in the boy's problems of work and school. It is likely that the boy will be led to reveal more in a subsequent interview. His memory of the places he has lived, his dull sort of glance, his slowness of answering some simple questions, give some indication that he may not be quite of normal intelligence. He had not the slightest idea of what he wanted to do when he grows up, but after some silence he mentioned about the store. (7)

First Interview with boy. - I have just come back home yesterday from working with Mr. H. D. Trimble. I lived with him and got my board and four dollars a week. My mother let me use the four dollars to buy my own clothes. Mother had me come home because she has just been home from the hospital for a few days and she needs me to help her around home. She has been operated on for gall-bladder and appendicitis. She is getting on all right now. She went to the hospital before Christmas.

I was out at Mr. Trimble's for about two weeks. He owns a dairy. We would get up at three o'clock generally and get started to town about four. He lives out on the X. X. Road. Sometimes I had to get up at one o'clock to feed the cows after they had been

(7) The first impressions and interviews in our cases were made and written up without knowledge of how the boy tested medically and psychologically. To prevent reading interpretations into the content of an interview -- interpretations biased by the knowledge of the results of the medical examination and psychological tests, it is well to have the first interviews proceed without this information. In later interviews, information gained from the "physicals" and "psychologicals" may be used as a basis to pry into additional facts.

milked. I had to help feed the men after they had finished milking too. The milk truck would take from about four o'clock till about eleven to finish. I would run in the houses with milk and get bottles. Mr. Trimble had only one truck. When we were done with the delivery, I had to sweep and help Mrs. Trimble around the house, wash dishes, and bring in coal and wood and all that. But I liked it on the farm and would like to stay there. If I could do just what I want to, I would stay out there right now.

I used to sell papers. I had been selling papers about a month when I was brought up to court with my brother and Paul Leonard. Since then I haven't sold papers. They didn't tell me to stop; I just did. They told my father to keep me off the streets. I sold both papers, and every afternoon, and on Sunday mornings. I sold all over town, not in any special place. I don't remember the first time I got into trouble at the Court, it was for disorderly conduct. The first time I remember was when we were brought up here for taking some wiennies. It was down at the market house. The Potter boy and I were passing up there and seen two wiennies in the street and picked them up. Some man seen us and turned us over to the man in the market house and he had us taken to jail, and then they brought us up here for trial. We knew it was wrong to take the wiennies, but we wanted to eat them. They weren't very big ones. We ought to have known we couldn't get away with it. The next time I got in trouble was when Charlie (his brother) and me got in a Ford with Herbert Butler and went riding in it. Herbert drove out the Murfreesboro Road and finally Charlie and me got out and came back, but he went on. The next day the officers came and got us and we were sent out to the Reform School. This happened about seven months ago. I was out there about seven months. My brother got out quicker. Mr. Trimble got him out to work for him and when he got tired of working for him, Mr. Trimble got me out to take his place. Mr. G. P. Moran owned the car that we took. Charlie and me didn't want to get into trouble about the car and so we got out of it.

The last time Charlie and Paul Leonard came to town with me to pay the rent. The man I pay it to -- I have forgotten his name -- worked in that building around the corner from Lathrop's. I went to pay him and left Paul and Charlie in front of Lathrop's. I was on my skates, and skated around the corner for a while after paying the money. Pretty soon Charlie and Paul came along. But Paul had some shoes and the man running the store next door to Lathrop saw him and took him back to Mr. Lathrop. Charlie came around the corner where I was and then he peeped out to see if anyone was coming. We went on home pretty soon. Paul told on us and we were told to come to court the next day. They sent Charlie and Paul to the Reform School. Charlie took some overalls. He opened up his sweater and stuck them in that. I didn't take anything. I didn't even go in the store.

My father hauls shavings and cleans up at Mr. T. L. Stimson's Mill. He didn't have much schooling, and don't make but about two and a half dollars a day. He is the only one in our family that makes any money and so we have a pretty hard time. My folks moved since I went to Mr. Trimble's. Father moved because he could get a cheaper house in the new place. All my brothers and sister must

change schools now. I never have been more than two years together in the same school, because we moved so much. But I don't know all the places we have lived. My brother John is in the first grade, so is my sister Mary, but she is eleven years old. She just can't seem to do any good at school. Ralph is going to start now. He is only five but tries to read in an old primer around home. Father says he is going to have more sense than any of the others. I will be in the 3 B. I think we will go to A. School. I haven't been lately. I was in the 3rd grade in the country and part of the fourth, but they put me back when I came back here. I just can't seem to get the multiplication table in my mind. I can't get those along six, seven, and eight. And I may have forgotten the first ones. It has been so long since I had any of it. I haven't failed so very much, but have had to stop a lot because we moved around so much.

I don't have any special playmates; I have to move so much. I like to play football, and basket ball and "cops".

My brother didn't get me into these troubles and I didn't get him into them. He is not bigger than me. This Paul Leonard is a bad boy and mama and me tried to get Charlie to stop running with him. He has never been in the Reform School before but is just bad.

When I grow up I sorter would like to work in a store. I don't think I would like to farm. But I haven't thought about it much.

Investigator's second impression of the boy. - Edward was dressed much as he was at the first interview. He was again rather clean about clothes and person, and exhibited some degree of attention from his mother as to personal appearance. He seemed glad to see the investigator, and talked pretty freely, but is apparently not the type of boy who launches into irrelevant tales of his doings. In the discussion about his place of residence he was not doubtful about his being right about the street number but was also not obnoxiously certain about it. It is likely that he made a mistake in the number, if not in the actual name of the street where he lives, since the investigator could not locate the family. The investigator still believes the boy may be appreciably below normal in intelligence.

Second Interview with boy. - I don't see how you missed finding my home out there. I am sure it is M- . Street, not J- . It is the next one over to the North from the A. School. And our house is away from the river with regard to the school. I'll be glad to show you where it is if you will come out there with me. I'll be glad to look again but I am pretty sure it had number 000 on the house.

My mother is not doing so well. Night before last she had a sort of spell and was just like she was dead for a little while, but she came to all right. She has a big knot on her side. (He showed me the place on the left side, about the lower part of the chest and toward the side of the abdomen). The doctor said she

had better see a surgeon about it, and that it might have to be taken off. She was operated on about eight weeks ago for trouble with her gall bladder. And they took out her appendix then. She was taken to the hospital. She has been up doing around the house. She has cooked and done around for the last few days. Daddy and me tried to get her not to, but she just did.

Yes, I have been going to school. I like my teacher all right and believe I will like A. School all right.

Last fall I went to B. School for a while and then to C., both before Christmas, and then I went to work for Mr. Trimble. A. School makes the third school I have been to this year. I used to get on all right at school as far as the teacher was concerned. And I never had any trouble with the boys and girls. They used to tease me some but not about being behind or being big. They used to give me nicknames, but I would nickname them, too. I never did tease them much. I believe I like Arithmetic best and then reading. I don't like spelling and language work at all. I believe arithmetic is the hardest but I made a good grade in it last time. Somewhere in the eighties, 84, I think. Spelling was 71 and I was low in something else, language, I think, or maybe reading. I guess I just didn't study enough. But now I am getting up my lessons. I take my books home and study at night now. If I didn't have to go to school right now, I would get some sort of work to do. I have been to town several days lately selling papers in the afternoon but I can't do that regular as long as mother is sick like she is now. I would like to work for Mr. Trimble some more. And maybe I would like to drive a milk truck when I grow up. But the store would be better still. I can't think of nothing else I would like to do when I grow up. Mother asked me the other day what I would like to be when I grow up. I believe I will do as you suggest and ask her if she has any idea what she would like me to be. Daddy has never said anything he wants me to be either.

I like to play marbles and baseball and football. But right now I don't play much. We move so much I have not got anybody to play with now. I played with some boys on the way from school yesterday. I think I will like the neighborhood all right. We never had no trouble in any of our places with the neighbors. But I liked the neighborhood out on H- . Street the best because there was more boys out there to play with. But I think I'll get on all right.

I like music but don't get to hear it much. I used to go to the picture show every week when I sold papers. I liked vaudeville best. I like to see them dance. I like the music they have. I don't read much. There is a little story book around home that I read sometimes, and I read my school books. I have to help clean up around home. Sweep, and wipe the dishes when Mary washes them. There is nothing else much to do. On rainy days I stay around home and read or play or just sit by the fire and talk. There isn't much to do. I don't know any boys or girls about sixteen or eighteen in our neighborhood. I have only been out in the new place about a week, but the folks have been there

pretty near a-month. I sometimes go to play with some cousins of mine on U- . Avenue, out near D. Park. But I don't get to go very often. I was over there last Sunday and we played outdoors, football. I like it better over there than I do at home, because I have somebody to play with.

There are no favorites in our family. Daddy and mother treat us all alike. And I like them all. I don't want to leave home. I like it there. And Mother and Daddy get on all right together. They don't have any fusses and seem to love each other all right.

I never drank any whiskey but took a drink of wine out in the country once. It was a long time ago. My uncle gave it to me. I have forgotten how much it was, but it didn't make me feel queer. I don't smoke anything. I tried it a little, but didn't like it. (asked about masturbation). I never did anything like that but very little. I don't know where I picked it up. I don't care anything about girls and never had anything to do with any of them. I eat about everything that comes along. I like most vegetables but don't care anything much for meat. I don't like pork meat hardly at all. I like light-bread better than biscuits or any other kind of bread. I like fruit very much. Mother don't let me eat between meals much. I like sweets. I sometimes drink coffee at night as well as in the morning. Only one cup is all they let me have. I don't drink tea. We don't have the blessing at our house. I used to say my prayers, but I have forgotten the prayer I used to say and don't say them any more. I sleep with my two little brothers. But we don't have any trouble and always have got on all right together. I go to bed about nine o'clock and get up about seven. I sleep sound. Mother and Daddy used to say I talked some in my sleep, but I have never walked in my sleep except once when I was working for Mr. Trimble when I woke up out on the porch without remembering how I got there. I don't hang around any men and don't have trouble with any neighbors. I have never been into anything like that (i.e. fights) at any of the places I have lived. I let them all alone.

Investigator's impression of mother, home and children. - The house appeared to have three rooms in depth and probably two bedrooms. The investigator went into the front room, which might be called a living room. It was not large, was dark, the shades being down almost to the windowsills. There was a fire burning brightly, fed by wood blocks, which might be some brought home each night by Mr. Grant who works at a saw mill. The room had little furniture in it. An old chiffonier was on one corner, and two chairs. An old packing box was doing service for a seat at one side of the fireplace. A large mirror was resting on the mantle shelf. There was a table in the room with some trinkets on it, but no sort of order was to be noted anywhere. The dining room appeared to be directly behind this front room. It had a table of poor finish and some split-bottom chairs. Edward brought one of these for the investigator to sit on, after some minutes of conversation had passed. The mother told him to do that. The kitchen probably was behind the dining room, but nothing of its furnishings was noted.

Mrs. Grant was a not unkind-faced woman of somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, but she must be nearly thirty, since Edward is nearly fifteen. She shows evidence of difficult living. She was unclean in person, probably not having been bathed well for some time. Her clothes were also unclean and slightly ragged. She had the six-months baby in her lap while the investigator was present. He does not seem to be as fat as he should be. He was not clean either and of course would get his mouth over all the dirt on his hands and on his mother's dress.

The two-year old boy was also there and he was also very dirty as to person and clothing, but a fine looking little fellow, as was the baby, both having better shaped heads than Edward. The mother, save for high cheek bones, which make her face appear angular, is not an ugly woman. Mrs. Grant launched into an argument with Edward almost the very first thing. And he showed little respect for her, much less than he had told the investigator he felt. She did not say anything when he talked to her rather short, so the investigator concludes that it is customary, and that probably the mother nags at him somewhat. Mrs. Grant also showed a lack of co-operation with the Court, in not sending her boy to have the medical examination finished, as the hospital authorities requested. She promised to send him Saturday, but complained that the probation officer should not expect her to send her boy to town all the time, that she needed him at home to help her with all the work.

Mrs. Grant showed very little gentleness toward her children, but this lack of gentleness may have been the usual stern treatment of children before visitors.

Interview with boy's mother. - I didn't let Edward go to the hospital yesterday because I didn't think they had to have him, and I need him all the time. I wish they wouldn't ask him to report to the court once every two weeks, because I sure do need him here. He is the only one I can leave the little ones with when I leave home. I had to take Mary out to the Vanderbilt Hospital myself Tuesday. And they want her to come back Saturday, so I will let Edward take her, if that would be all right. I don't know how my boys got into this last trouble. I have only been home from the hospital from an operation a few days. I was at the hospital going on nine weeks. And this all happened while I was there. I haven't been to see Charles yet. He's been out there (Reform School) pretty near a month too. When he and Edward were out there the other time I used to go and take them things to eat every little while. I would save the things from these other little 'ns and take it to them. But I am not going out to see them this time, not Edward either if he gets out there again. If they can't be good boys and mind their mother, I want them to go out there and don't want to go to see them. And if Edward is bad any more and I can't do anything with him I am going to ask Judge Brown to send him out to the school (the Reformatory).

. My husband is working regular at Stimson's mill. He works harder than any of the men over there. He works harder than them

that make forty cents an hour. A lot of them have told him they wouldn't do the work he does for that much. And he only makes twelve dollars a week at the most.

Just this morning Edward almost went off to school without washing up. He don't like to keep himself clean. And he went off without his cap. I had to call him back to get it. And I expect he got there late. I don't know what is the matter with him lately. He seems like he don't pay attention to anything and always forgets things. I haven't washed up Claude today. I have just been too busy to get all the things done around here. And I have not been feeling well and the baby has been fretting.

I don't let my boys run around the streets. I don't want them downtown. I wish Edward could get a job, but he was not big enough to hold down the job his daddy got him out at the mill. They said he was small for his age. I hope the court can do something to help him out. I don't have no plans for Edward. I don't know what I want him to do when he grows up. Larry (the father) hasn't said anything about it either.

Investigator's second impression of the mother and the home. - When the investigator came in sight Mrs. Grant was standing on the porch of her house with Claude. The street had several people in it, children and grown-ups. Mrs. Grant didn't seem to be talking to anyone. But she may have been waiting for someone. The investigator thinks it is a remarkable fact that this day she was dressed up quite a bit, was washed, and Claude was washed up and dressed in fairly nice clothes. The fact that her husband was to come back late, and that she was on the porch in a silk dress -- not stylish, slightly torn -- and silk stockings, somewhat darned, showed that she might be somewhat of the type described by her former neighbors. The investigator had told her the day before he would be back in a few days, but did not name this day, and since her attire was so different, she did not fix herself up on such an indefinite proposition as this. She may have been expecting someone else. Or maybe someone else had been there. This latter observation is made in view of the fact that Edward was due to get home from school near the time the investigator left. The house was also somewhat cleaned up since the day before. The same fuel was being used, wood blocks. A coal wagon drove up while the investigator was there, a sort of wagon that peddles coal, selling any amount however small, to anyone wishing some. Mrs. Grant said she needed some coal but couldn't get any. Mrs. Grant held her youngest child during the interview. She talked fairly freely, and is capable of carrying on a fairly intelligent conversation.

Second Interview with boy's mother. - I don't know all the places we have lived. We have been in Nashville a long time. But we have lived on T- . Avenue, on S- ., on H- ., and on F- . Street, besides Ho- . I don't remember how long we lived at each place. Then we lived out in the country for one year, on Mrs. Tim Smith's farm, down near S- .

Edward sleeps plenty. He goes to bed about seven-thirty and gets up about five-thirty in the morning. He sleeps with two of his little brothers, and we never hear a sound out of them all night. I don't think Edward dreams much. He never tells us about any of his dreams. He used to talk a little in his sleep, but not much. He never has walked in his sleep. They sleep in another room separate from the rest of us. Edward eats just about anything we have. We don't cook but two meals a day. He eats vegetables and some meat and bread. But we don't have much variety. He never had any habits of finger-sucking, or biting his nails, except just like little babies do. And that was only when he was a baby. He never has had a very bad temper. He never is cross with any of the other children. Sometimes I have some trouble with him minding me and he sometimes shirks his work but not much. He has never been interested in girls. The Jones girl was down here last night and she was afraid to go home by herself and we tried to get him to go with her but he wouldn't do it. He don't care anything about them at all. I think his birth was normal. He weighed eight pounds as I remember it. I nursed him myself. I have nursed all my children, except this last one when I had to go to the hospital. Edward cut his first teeth early, about four months. But he was slow sitting up and he didn't walk until he was about a year and a half old and didn't talk until he was about two years old. I haven't noticed his voice changing yet. He had measles when he was about twelve. He has had mumps too, and I think whooping cough, but I am not sure about that. When he was about five years old, he had "flu". We all took it at the time it was going all around. And he had a sort of fever when he was small, I don't know whether or not it was Scarlet Fever. I don't remember if he has had chicken pox. He had mumps when he was little. He has been worried with headaches some. But I don't think he has them so much now as he did have. We try to keep him at work, but we can't find anything for him to do regular that will help us much. He wanted to work for a farmer, but he was only going to pay him a quarter a day and board, and we wouldn't let him stay there. They didn't pay anything at all for the two weeks or so that he was there. That was last summer. He sold newspapers for a while but he couldn't make much at that and I don't like for him to be down town so much. It was always when he was running around town that he got into trouble. Charles was the same way, always getting into trouble down town.

I think Edward likes all of us all right. We don't have any trouble with him. He never nagged any of the little ones and they all like him all right. He and Charles used to scuffle, but they would not fight. When they got to getting mad, we would make them stop, me and Larry.

Edward and Charles were kept nice and clean and fed well out at the Reformatory. They taught them at school and they taught them a prayer, but they forgot it when they were home. He don't have any playmates now. I won't let him play around this neighborhood. He played with boys out on Ho-., but the neighborhood is so bad here we wouldn't let him play with any of the children. He likes to play with his cousin who is about his age and who lives in South Nashville. They play every time Edward can go over there to

see them. But that is not very often and Edward don't get to play much. I punish him by whipping. And when he wants to do something like going to town and we don't want him to we tell him to sit in the chair and not get up. He acts mad for a while but not long.

Larry and me get along all right. I love him and he treats me fine. He will do anything for me. The children all love him more than they do me, but Lord knows I do the most for them. Oh, me and Larry have little fusses sometimes but we get over them all right. I pout sometimes and he gets mad sometimes but we get along better than lots of folks. We pay cash for our groceries. It is a lot better not to have any bills against you, because sometimes you get sick or out of work and you never catch up when you once get behind. And I don't like to be unable to pay a bill when it is due. Larry has a mighty hard time where he works. The man just over him treats him fine but the boss of the whole mill is mean. All of them just hate him. But they can't stop because they have got to have work. Jobs are scarce. And they have to work overtime every once in a while. They don't get anything but regular pay for overtime. But they have to work or lose their jobs. Larry won't be home until nine o'clock tonight. He has to go to work at seven and works ten full hours. He ain't very strong and he came home last night worn out. Even when he works all the time he can't make more than twelve dollars a week. He only gets 22 cents an hour.

Mary can't seem to learn at school either. She is still in the first grade. She and Ralph and John are all in the same grade at A. They go to school at 11:30 and get out at 2:30. Charles is the smartest one. He was in the third reader the last I heard of him. Whenever we move around they always put the children back a grade. Charles is a good boy. I haven't been to see him and he has been out there a month today. I am going to see him Sunday and take him some things to eat. I just said yesterday that I wouldn't go to make Edward want to mind me better.

Yes, we have had some help from the charities. When we were out on Ho- . They gave us a load of coal one time. But as long as Larry can keep in work we will get along somehow. We just need a job for Edward mighty bad. Larry was sick one day last week. He just couldn't help it. He has a sort of heart trouble that bothers him. And he used to have a headache lots but he is not worried much by that any more. I sometimes go out to my sister's in the country, but we never all go at the same time. My father was here for one night just last week. Some of them come in to see us every once in a while. Larry has had almost no schooling. He can't read hardly at all, but he knows figures pretty well. I only went through the third grade. But I married young, at fourteen. Larry wants his children to have a better chance than he did and get more schooling. He tries to get them to do good at school. Edward is not much good in any of his work, but he is best in arithmetic.

This is a bad neighborhood. We are going to move at the end of this month, if we can find another place. We can't get far away from where Larry works. But this is the very worst neighborhood I ever heard of. I don't let my children play with any of these

people's children at all. I keep them in the house all the time. The men around here won't work regular. Almost all of them loaf. And they will come and take clothes off the line. And they will even come around here when we are eating and come in the house and stand around. They will come up to the table and help themselves. It is the beatingest thing I ever saw. They eat up a lot of food that would do us for other meals. They drink and fight and curse. It is a very bad neighborhood. A lot of the women are separated from their husbands, and living anyway they can. Some of them are bad women. I don't know any of them but the Jones and they lived in the same neighborhood with us once. Nobody ever heard of Mr. Jones ever working. They just go around and get anything at all. And they don't pay house rent or anything. They will go around and borrow anything they can get. I don't see how they get along at all. Most of the folks around here dip snuff, all but the little baby in the Jones family does. And the girls smoke cigarettes. It is a very bad place to live.

Observations on the boy. - Later the investigator was making a survey of the neighborhood of the boy and was near the school when he saw some of the boys and girls passing. He reached the school just as the boy had gone. Edward was walking with another boy of about his own size who turned off just a block before Edward reached home. As he turned off Edward took up with another smaller boy and as this one too left he saw the investigator who had followed along to find his home and to observe him with his schoolmates.

He seemed glad to see the investigator and was not diffident about taking him to his home. He showed him the number on the house and pointed out the one across the street. But he forgot that he did not call the number xxx, but rather 000. He was wearing the same clothes he has had on every time the investigator had seen him, and was gradually getting dirtier all the time. He was carrying two books, one a speller, and the other a tattered arithmetic. Once during an interview with the mother, which was carried on in his presence, as the investigator was merely intent on establishing rapport with the mother, he was evidently not paying good attention. When the mother told of being in the hospital going on nine weeks, he corrected her as saying nine months. It was he who made the mistake. She referred to this and told the investigator that he was getting so he forgot easier all the time, and that she didn't know what was the matter with him. He had nothing to say when she said she would send him to the reformatory if he did not mind her.

Third interview with the boy. - That man who used to visit home was a cousin of my mother's. He was sort of nice to me, and he brought us some things to eat just once. He didn't seem to like mother so well, not any better than anybody else around there. He never did come very much, and he was sometimes there when father was at home, too. I just guess he hasn't any folks of his own and likes to come to see us. Sometimes father has one or two of his friends come in at night and play the guitar and sing and talk. I like it pretty well.

I have headaches every once in a while. And my head just feels like it will bust open. I can't hardly see and it hurts too bad to think. I used to have them at school and still do, but they don't come very often. I don't think I go to sleep at school much, but I do like to sit up before the fire and drowse off when I am at home. Especially when it is cold weather. I never did play hookey much from school. I was mighty near always there. I might go off and play with some boy once in a while but only in warm weather.

Mother and father never fight. They get into rows once in a while and fuss a pretty good deal but generally about little things. Mother will complain about not having anything to eat and father will snap back at her that he can't help it, that he is working as hard as he can. But they get over it mighty soon. It don't bother me any more. It used to but I got over it.

I don't play around in the new neighborhood much. Mother always needs me at home and she tells me I must not play with the bad boys around there. I don't know many of the boys around there and don't play with any of them except on the way from school and at school. And mother wants me at home as soon as I can come, so I can help her. I like to skate and that is what I always do when I am down town. I don't go to movies much. I never have any money to go with. I like to go, but never can.

I never did have any nicknames but one and that was "Toby". I don't know where I got it exactly. Most boys call me by my own name. They call me "son" around home, that is mother and father do. My brothers and sister call me my own name. I don't know who I was named for. Nobody but mother and father ever call me slow or careless or forgetful or lazy. I don't know whether they are right or not. I just don't know.

Third Interview with the boy's mother. - Edward drinks some coffee, but I only let him have one cup at breakfast and one at supper. We just don't have enough to go around for everyone to have much. I let the little ones have some sometimes too. We never do have tea. Edward likes sweet things all right. We don't have candy and don't have any money to give him for it, but we have preserves and things around here and he likes them on bread and he likes jam, but he don't get very much of them either. We don't have as much to eat as we ought to, but we just can't help it. We have been helped by the charities some. Larry has been unable to work and I have been sick a lot and we just had to have help. But they haven't helped us much. They have sent us coal a time or two and something to eat every once in a while.

Edward never has been any hand to tell lies. He used to tell them when he was little but he was generally caught and so he just stopped. I whipped him and told him it was wrong. It has been a long time since he told any lie about anything much. He is pretty honest, more honest than Charles. He told me all about the trouble he was in this last time, and I think he told it straight. He never did take anything around here that didn't belong to him, and I never saw him with anything that he might have stolen. He has taken things to eat a time or two, but any boy will do that.

My family were farmers, so far as I know. But they never owned any land. They just worked on other people's farms, made crops, and cut trees and made railroad ties, and hunted and fished. I think Larry's folks were pretty much the same way. I don't think there were any queer people on his side and I never heard of any on our side. But one of my brothers was sort of slow. Slow in his mind, I guess he was. I never heard Larry say anything about his family in that way. There has not been any divorce in the family at all, neither side, so far as I know, but Larry is not much hand at talking about such things, and I don't never ask him. Both of us were brought up in the country, near where we were born. We have moved a lot since then and we have moved several times around Nashville. Generally we don't manage to live in very good neighborhoods. We moved over here because Larry found out he could get this place cheaper. But it is not as good a neighborhood as the last one we were in.

That old woman don't know much about what she said. That man that used to come to our house over on Ho- . didn't come every day. He didn't come but very seldom. And he never brought us anything to eat but once. That was when Larry had been sick for a while and we didn't have anything to eat. He is my cousin. He still comes once in a while but he never brings me anything. I never done anything wrong with him at all. Sometimes Larry has other people come here, some friends or something and they play music on a guitar or something and talk but that is all.

Observations of the A. School. - After going to the address where the Grant family last lived and finding that they had moved, and since the nearest neighbor didn't know where they were, I went on to A. School to see if I could get some information on the whereabouts of the family, and also to interview the boy's teacher. Mr. N., who is principal of this school, was much more courteous than on a former occasion. He had some information on the whereabouts of the boy, since the family had moved back in the neighborhood from which they came. He very kindly phoned C. School, to which the Grant children had returned since moving back to the neighborhood, February seventh. Mr. N. did not object in the least to an interview with the teacher of the boy, Mrs. O. This young woman has been to Peabody College getting preparation to teach. She now has had a regular position only a few weeks, her former experience being in the form of substitute teaching. She likes the work, but sees that equipment is not sufficient and that the mentality of certain students is a handicap to all. She would be happy to have some plan of sectioning by ability worked out.

A. School is one of the best Junior High Schools in Nashville. It is housed in a modern plant and is much better equipped than most of the schools. It has all grades up through the ninth. This makes for a queer sort of organization. The grafting of the Junior High School idea onto the grade system has probably caused the condition that sees very little shift among the students, many of them being taught all classes by the same teacher, which is distinctly an unusual feature for Junior High School work. The books are given to the students in this school, or rather loaned to them for their

period of usefulness. This is a good plan for certain classes of the population, possibly for all, but the feature where it handicaps them in not having supplementary books is not good. Thus, in reading, the pupils devour their books at home and are not interested in reading the same in school.

Interview with boy's teacher at A. School. - Yes, I had the little Grant boy. But he only came here one week and three days. He was present every day but has not been back this week. He didn't give me a bit of trouble. On the contrary, he was very easy to manage. He didn't have much to say and didn't seem very smart, but he answered questions sometimes. He was doing passing work in arithmetic but didn't do much good in reading. Some of the children told me he had a brother in the Reform School, but he never said anything about it to me, and none of us knew he had been to the Reform School himself. I don't think he ever set up and went to sleep, and he always paid good attention.

Observations on C. School. - This building is old, built in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It is of brick, two storied. It is in a fair degree of repair and is rather in good condition for a school of the older vintage which has had few alterations. One of the great disadvantages is the absence of a central heating plant. Stoves are placed in each room and hall. These cannot be perfectly satisfactory, and probably lead to a degree of discomfort. The school is divided into a number of rooms that seat about forty children. There is a main hall on each of the floors. The school runs a cafeteria, where the pupils can get their noon lunches for a few cents a day. There is little space for playground purposes. There is small facility made for recreation in connection with the recess period. School was just out before the investigator reached the building. A large group of the children were met at the nearby corner by the investigator. They varied much as to cleanliness, and quality of clothes, a fact noted in all public schools. But they seemed to be a representative group for all city schools in any average city. The staff of the school were for the most part gone when the investigator reached the school, including the boy's former teacher. The principal, Mr. E. and another teacher were in the main hall downstairs trying to find some shoes in a collection that would fit a small boy. It seems that the schools make an effort to provide shoes for those who need them in so far as they can from those donated to them. There were some teachers in evidence. Most were elderly, though by no means past the age of tolerance toward and interest in children. One rather young woman was seen. All were anxious to depart as it was pay day. They completed arrangements for going to town in an automobile belonging to one of the number, and made off. The principal of the school did not know much about the boy or the family but seemed willing to do what he could. The investigator was referred to the boy's teacher for a record.

Investigator's impression of boy's former teacher at C. School. - This woman seemed to be about forty years old and rather kindly. She spoke in a positive manner but her eyes were kind. She seemed to have no trouble in recalling the boy and was able finally to locate the record, which was not copied verbatim by the investigator. The

grades were all very low and failures were registered in every subject but arithmetic, which was barely passed. His deportment was satisfactory and his absences were only three or four a term. No record was made of his former teachers or his removal from that school.

Interview with boy's former teacher at C. School. - I know the Grant family well. It is a large family of small children, mostly boys, I believe. Two of the boys were in my room, but one of them got into some sort of trouble and didn't come back any more. It seems to me like I heard he was taken to the Juvenile Court. Edward was with me for about a year. He was a very poor student, though easy to manage, and never discourteous. He used to have headaches sometimes. He didn't miss school very much and didn't play truant very much but he just couldn't learn anything to speak of. He was dull, and slow, and lacked energy. I think he may have gone to sleep a lot in school. It was generally not much use in asking him anything at all, though I guess he was about as good in arithmetic as anything. But his memory was very poor. I really don't think he has intelligence enough to do much in school. His family is very poor, his father being only an unskilled worker. But I don't know anything else about them; or the reputation of any of them. I think the boy tried all the time, but he just couldn't make any progress. He paid attention all right.

Interview with Mrs. Evans, keeper of neighborhood grocery store. - Yes, I know the Grants. They used to live just across the street there in one of those houses. I don't know very much about them. They traded with us some, but not much because we don't give credit. There is a large family of children, I believe, and one of the boys is in the Reform School. Maybe it is the oldest. I think Mr. Grant used to work pretty regularly, but he lost his job and was out of work for a while. It seems to me that any man could manage to get along on what he made, if the wife was any good. But he wasn't so much good either. He came here one or two times when he had been drinking. But his wife is not any good at all. They were near here for about five months and every day just after Mr. Grant left another man came and stayed with Mrs. Grant every day. This man was the one who fed them. He would bring groceries in his car. And he took Mrs. Grant to the hospital when she went and he was the one that got them the new place to live and took them to it. I don't know who he is, or what he does. I don't know if Mr. Grant stays around this part of Nashville any more. I haven't seen him since the family moved away. Those children should all be taken away from that woman and sent to the Reform School or somewhere. That is no place to bring up children. They learn all sorts of badness from their parents and from their mother and that other man. The City of Nashville ought to take the children away from her. She will ruin them all. Both of the older boys curse like I don't know what. They used to come around here some. In fact, they lived right behind us. We live on F- , and their house was right around the corner so that the backs of the houses were pretty close. And the girl curses and uses bad language just like the boys. Even the little fellow three years old uses mighty bad language. They are just a bad crowd. They haven't had any raising. Their parents are

to blame. They didn't have anything to do with the church, but there are three churches near here, over to the South. The neighborhood over that way is much better. The standard of people rises all the way over to the South. This is a pretty bad neighborhood. There is one other woman that I think is not living right. And several men don't work regular. And some drink a lot. But this neighborhood is not as bad as that over under the viaduct. They are mostly white people over there but they are just trash. To the East beginning right across the street are negroes for about five blocks. And then a mixture of negroes and whites and then a white settlement. To the north is the railroad and this is the last street before you get to the railroad. Across the railroad the people are pretty much like they are around here, some good, some bad. Mostly poor white people. Down to the west are the same sort of people that are right here by us. And a little further on are factories and things. Most of the people around here work at the shoe factory or at the furniture factory. There is a good school over on W-., about four or five blocks away. I think it is D. School. I don't know of any moving picture shows closer than town and not any poolrooms either. There are three or four negro bootleggers close around here. One comes in here and uses our 'phone. He will say, "Send me out one or two" or something like that. I think he is connected with some white man higher up. (This is a report on the neighborhood in which Edward was living at the time of his last delinquency.)

Observations on boy's former neighborhood. - (This is the neighborhood in which family was living when boy was brought into court the last time.) The community is not very desirable. The houses are practically all of frame construction (single family dwellings, one story) and show no signs of recent painting. Few are in good repair. Across the street from the Grant's former residence (on Ho. . Street) is a small dumping ground. The negro houses in the vicinity were in as good repair as the whites. A number of children could be seen playing along the streets. They were not well cared for; their clothing and persons were dirty.

Railroad tracks, flanked by coal yards and small industrial plants, comprise two boundaries of the neighborhood; low-lands over which a viaduct has been placed forms the barrier to a much better area on another side of the neighborhood; and finally the main thoroughfare of this section of the city makes the other boundary. On the other side of this thoroughfare is a much higher class residential area.

Spot maps reveal:

- 12 white boy delinquents (3 years)
- 4 white girl delinquents (3 years)
- 1 negro boy delinquent (3 years)
- 0 negro girl delinquent (3 years)
- 0 white v. d. cases
- 4 negro v. d. cases (1 year)
- 4 white dependency cases (1 year)
- 5 negro dependency cases (1 year)

No churches, schools, parks or agencies within this neighborhood. Some a few blocks away.

The natural boundaries of the neighborhood enclose an area of about 3/10 square mile. Population density not given. But neighborhood is sparsely settled because of waste lands and vacant lots.

Summary of Findings

Physical Traits. - Age 14 years, 9 months; height, 62 inches; weight 104½ pounds, ideal weight, 106 pounds, negligible deficiency in weight; well developed and well nourished; not very vigorous and active; no serious diseases; diagnosis at present includes Vincent's Angina, being treated; hypospadias; naso-pharyngitis, mild case; otherwise normal.

Mental Capacity and Intelligence: C. A., 14 years, 9 months; M. A., 8 years, 2 months; I. Q. 55; boy is mentally defective; will, temperament, affectivity and special abilities not tested.

Developmental History: Normal, no serious diseases noted.

Habits: Eats regularly but family has only two meals a day, vegetables and some meat and bread; elimination regular; gets nine to ten hours sleep, sleeps with two little brothers; no disturbances at night, doesn't dream much, talks in sleep a little; little masturbation, never interested in girls; coffee morning and night, not excessive; does not smoke.

Character and disposition: Good-humored, easy to control, occasionally shirks his chores, courteous, quiet, unenergetic, somewhat absent-minded around home, straightforward, appears honest, peaceable, tends toward inertness, not quick of response, likes to sit and look in fire.

School: 3 C grade, can't learn lessons, has had to change schools lately on two occasions, can't learn multiplication tables; failures not excessive, been out of school a great deal on account of family moving, gets on well with teacher and schoolmates, likes arithmetic and reading; arithmetic hard but makes fair grades in it, language and spelling hard for him; says he doesn't study enough; called inert by teachers; unresponsive, but quiet and orderly in school.

Participation and Social Status: Stays home large part of time, especially on rainy days; likes to sit by fire and do nothing; no special playmates, plays football, basketball, "cops", marbles; doesn't go to "movies" now but used to when he was selling papers; no trouble with neighbors, plays with some small cousins in another part of town, which he visits about once a fortnight; not interested in doings of older boys and girls; reads very little in a story book at home; is treated well by his family, mother relies on him for help with her large family; status no cause of tension.

Attitudes and Wishes: Is satisfied to stay in school but would like to get some sort of work to help his family, either newspapers or something else; likes other members of his family, schoolmates and teachers, likes his present neighborhood less than the last one he lived in because he had some playmates in the former one; liked the dairy work he was engaged in formerly; wants to clerk in a store when he grows up, no other occupations appeal to him.

The Family: Both sides of family are rural stock and of lower class, to be styled as "croppers"; no definite data on possible existence of hereditary defects or abnormalities in family tree (mother's brother reported as being "slow in his mind"); parents of boy married young, the mother being fourteen, the father twenty-four; the father had no formal education, the mother went to the third grade before she was married; moved a great deal since boy's birth, a total of twelve times being given; father unskilled workman, has never earned much, makes only twelve dollars a week; mother fully occupied with family of small children; family in want, has been helped by charity a number of times, husband not able to do heavy manual work, wife has recently had an operation for gallstones and appendicitis; rent home, pay cash for groceries; low status in neighborhood, no contacts in immediate neighborhood; home poorly cared for, fair supervision of children when mother is well; no family tensions noted.

The Neighborhood: A deteriorated section pocketed between two railroads, flanked by industries, a sort of low lands, interpenetration of races, no agencies and institutions, a relatively high concentration of social problems for the low density of population.

Sociological Analysis

Edward has been the victim of background, both biological and social. His endowment in intelligence is low, and at the same time he is passive and unaggressive. We strongly suspect that he follows along with other boys who take the initiative and supply the ideas, and either does not foresee the outcome or is unable to extricate himself. In the last three instances of the boy's delinquencies he was merely in company of other boys and apparently did not even play the role of accomplice. Edward seemed to be the boy that was along -- a sort of "yes man" for the others...

The boy's family is of rural heritage. The father is totally unprepared to meet the competition for jobs in the city. He has only his hands and is thoroughly unskilled. He made very little headway as a "cropper" and in the city he has difficulty holding his own as a laborer. His lay-offs from work have thrown the family into primary poverty on numerous occasions. Even where he is working steadily the family has suffered from insufficient income.

The low economic status of the father has forced the Grants to sojourn in the slum. They have moved from one slum area to another and have never been able to shake loose from its environs. And it was slum contacts which led Edward into difficulty.

The family is not merely unequipped to provide the children with the minimum advantages and a wholesome neighborhood but also is unable to give them proper attention and care. They went dirty and ragged. The oldest daughter (age 11) was even reported to have had vermin. The home is disorderly. The mother with her large family has had too much to do to oversee all the children. And it was just in a period of illness while she was in the hospital that Edward and Charles (his brother) got into their last difficulty. The father returns home at night tired out after long hours of toil and seems to take very little hand in governing the children.

While the parents are incompetent of caring for their children, the Grant home is after all a home of peace and contentment. The family is a fairly happy one. No tensions between members were discovered; no gnawing unrest or dissatisfaction with conditions was uncovered. The mother did express her dissatisfaction with the neighborhood the family lived in but that was because it was so "bad". The boy registered no complaints about his home life. Neither he nor his brother, both of whom have been in difficulties, ever ran away from home like many boys do to escape unpleasantness.

And in spite of his inferior and inadequate mental and social background, Edward is not a demoralized boy. Indeed, he is quite free of the usual bad and "pernicious" habits, although he is by no means orderly. He is not a difficult boy to control, if proper control could be exercised. But proper control in his case can not be exercised under the circumstances. His outlook is certainly not bright. He will probably drift along, become the victim of stronger-minded associates and be led into more and more trouble.

A GOOD BOY SLIPS ONCE

Case III

Wallace Kitson, age 13, (almost 14) was brought into the Juvenile Court on charge of petit larceny. It appeared that he, in company of his pal took tools and other articles out of an automobile belonging to a man in the neighborhood. The boy was apprehended three weeks after the offense had taken place, when his chum tried to dispose of the stolen goods. This was Wallace's first appearance in court. His chum, however, had a court record and was considered a bad boy in the neighborhood. Investigation showed that Wallace had never been in difficulty before, that he had always been a "good", orderly boy, that he and his brother are left all alone all day while the mother is at work, that the mother and father are separated, that the boy gets along well at school (he is in the eighth grade). He is sound physically, except for one minor condition, and has an I. Q. of 104.

The Complete Case Record of Wallace Kitson

Summary of Face Sheet Data. - Arraigned in J. C. along with pal for stealing tools from automobile; first appearance in court; given suspended sentence, probated to mother.
No record on this family in the confidential exchange.
Harvey Kitson, father, 47, native white, Methodist, -- Department of City, \$150 per month.
Emma Kitson, mother, 36, native white, Presbyterian, works in a factory, \$13.00 per week.
Wallace Kitson, subject, 13, attends school.
Edward Kitson, brother, 12, attends school.
No other persons in the home.
Family has lived at present address ten years. Only one removal prior to this location.

Medical Report: (a) Developmental History: Family History. - Father, 47, living and well. Mother, 36, living and well. Pregnancies - (1) Boy, 13, patient, (2) Boy, 12, living and well. Past History - normal delivery, breast fed, has had measles, mumps, chicken pox, and whooping cough, had acute tonsilitis four years ago, forearm broken when small, sinus trouble two years ago.

(b) Summary of Medical Examination: T. 99, Wt. 93 $\frac{3}{4}$; well developed and nourished.
Skin and mucous membrane clear.
Head has good shape.
Tongue O. K.
Left tonsil slightly enlarged, no infection.
Teeth in good condition.
Conjunctinae and sclerae in good condition.
Motion of eyes good.
Cervical and axillary glands palpable.
Thorax symmetrical, expansion and excursion good.

Lungs clear.

Heart well inside of normal limit, sounds good, no murmurs.

Liver and spleen not felt.

Extremities normal.

Reflexes present and active.

Marked phimosis.

Impression: patient is physically sound, phimosis.

Report of Psychological Examination: The boy has an intelligence level of 14 years and 7 months, with a consequent I. Q. of 104. He is therefore slightly above the average in mental development. Mental deficiency must therefore be ruled out as a factor in his behavior difficulty. His precocity may, however, be considered a possible cause of delinquency provided his school work and classification are not adjusted to his interests and capacities. No pathological emotional reaction tendencies were noted in his case during the examination. There does not seem to be (any obstacle in the path) of success for this boy except educational mishandling.

Investigator's first impressions of the boy. - When met in the Juvenile Court by the investigator, Wallace was very neatly dressed in a gray suit. He carried a straw hat in his hand. His shoes were well shined, and it seemed that he had dressed his best to go to the Court. His face and hands were clean and his hair nicely combed. The investigator's eye was attracted by a big red rose which he wore on the lapel of his coat.

Wallace says he is only thirteen years old, but he looks to be at least fifteen. His manner also would cause him to be considered older than he really is. The investigator was impressed by his aloofness. He seemed not to want to be questioned about things, and gave his answers as briefly as possible. When the investigator would not understand what he had to say -- his enunciation was not very good -- and would ask him to repeat, he would do so in a somewhat abrupt way. Throughout the interview he did not seem interested in the questions asked, and at no time did he tell a connected story about anything. He had to be "pumped" for all information gained. Wallace does not appear to be timid; rather he seems to be somewhat retentive, and doesn't want to "give himself away".

The investigator and the boy sat on a lounge for the interview. The investigator sat down first and the boy sat some distance from him. However, the boy did not seem to tire as the conversation went on, and remained in an erect posture, holding his hands in his lap. Occasionally he crossed his legs. Once or twice he reached around and picked up his hat which was beside him, as though he were getting ready to leave.

Wallace seems not to let the trouble he got into with the Court bother him in the least. He speaks of his stealing as though there were nothing serious involved. His trying to keep the matter to himself was not due, the investigator thought, to his being ashamed. He looks upon his delinquent act as being nothing more than an ordinary prank.

The boy seems to have an alert mind. He did not have any trouble in understanding the questions asked him, and did not have any trouble answering when he tried. He has more knowledge of things in general than a boy of his age and advancement in school would ordinarily have. Practically no errors in speech were noted, and he used words that were to the point in expression.

When the investigator told him to appear back at the Court at a certain time he wanted to know the object of his having to come back. The investigator expressed a desire to talk to him again, and he promised to return.

First Interview with the boy. - They brought me into Court for stealing some stuff. Another boy and I were in it together. His name is James Conover. We took several things out of an automobile. I think we got a pump, some patching, a pair of pliers, and maybe some wrenches. I don't know why we took them. I don't have an automobile or bicycle or anything like that. We didn't think about selling the things when we stole them. We took the things just to be doing something. We didn't think we would get caught. But I didn't think very much about anything before we took the tools. I never did try to sell them myself. When we first got them we took them to my home and put them in a tool box that I have there. I keep my tool box out in the barn. My father has a lot of tools out there too. I never would have tried to sell the tools. It was James that tried to sell them. He took them down to a garage and thought he could sell them to the garage man. But the regular garage man wasn't there that day. The man who was there thought something (wrong) and asked James where he got the tools. James didn't tell him right at first, but the man kept on till he found out that he had taken them. Then they swore out a warrant for us and had us to come down here to the Court. It was the first time I had ever been down here. The other boy, James, had been down here twice before. Once he had been down here for throwing a rock and hitting a little girl in the head. They did the same thing to him that they did to me -- let him go back home. He is at home now, but I don't have anything to do with him. He lives about a block and a half from home. My mother stopped me from having anything to do with him. She thought he was the cause of me getting into the trouble. She stopped me from going with him, though, before they caught up with us. She knew he was a bad fellow before they caught up with us. It was about two weeks after we took the things from the automobile that my mother stopped me from going with James, and it was about three weeks after we took the things that we had to come to the Court.

James and I never did get into any trouble before. I never did steal anything before. That might not sound like the truth but it is. I never did take anything at home. My mother wouldn't allow me to take things. I am sorry I took the stuff out of that automobile. I wouldn't do it again. I guess I took those things that time for a thrill. I had thought before that I would like to take something.

I could have used the tools, but I didn't. I don't work with tools so much. Sometimes I work with my father's tools. I do a lot of work in manual training at school. Some time ago I started to make a radio. I had a book telling how to make one, and I was going to go by what the book said. I could have made it all right if I hadn't got tired of it and broke the thing up. I got tired working on it. I have a little crystal set at home and I listen over it some. You can get anything over it that is broadcasted right here in Nashville. A crystal set is not supposed to get things from far off. I don't use a horn with the set I have. I just use head phones.

I go to A. School and am in the 8 A grade. I haven't been going to A. so long. I used to go to B. School. I like to go to school. Wouldn't stop now if I could. I am going to finish at A. and then I am going to high school. When I get through there I am going to Vanderbilt, if I have the money. I would like to go to Vanderbilt. The boys over there have a good time. Don't know yet what I want to do when I get to be a man. I haven't thought much about it. I've got a plenty of time yet. I make good marks at school. Most of the time I make from 95 to 100. Believe I like manual training better than anything else. But I like literature too. I have several teachers and they all treat me all right. I have been sent to the principal several times but never got a regular whipping. All he would do was to whip me in the hand. The most that I get into trouble for is talking in school. I can't keep from talking. My teachers send me to the principal for that most of the time. None of my teachers have spite at me. None of them ever petted me. They like me all right but they don't like me any better than anybody else.

We have recess at school, but I don't play very much. About all I do at recess is to eat lunch and walk around. We don't have much room at school now to play. They have taken up all the room we did have to build that annex round behind the part of the school that you can see from the street. There was a separate building that the school was using, but it is not using that now. They are going to use the annex they are building now for class rooms. The whole building is going to be a big one when they get through with the annex.

There are several boys at school that I like. I don't know who all they are. I would have to think a while before I could name them. None of them ever poke fun at me, and I don't poke fun at anybody else. A lot of the other boys have nicknames, but I don't have one. Except they do call me Wallie. But people have always called me that. I have got used to it now, and it seems queer for anybody to call me Wallace.

There are not any boys around home that I chum with. I did chum with James Conover, but I hardly ever see him now, since my mother stopped me from going with him. I have a little brother twelve years old. His name is Edward. We play together a good deal. We get into fusses sometimes, but we don't fight. I wouldn't fight him. He is too small. He just catches up to my

shoulder. When we get to fussing my mother usually makes us stop. We don't fuss about any one thing. We just fuss about whatever comes up. My mother likes one of us as well as the other. I'm the oldest, I know, but she doesn't think any more of me than she does of Edward. My father thinks as much of one of us as the other. He doesn't make any difference (between us). My mother doesn't switch me now. She used to, but I can't remember now the last time she switched me. She still switches Edward. My mother used to switch me for going away from home. I wouldn't run away, but would go off down the street. My mother was afraid I would get with bad boys, or get hurt. My mother and father didn't try to whip me when I took those things. They just talked to me about it. My mother cried about it. I told her I wouldn't do anything like that again. My mother was afraid I was going to have to go to the reformatory. I didn't want to go there. I would rather stay at home any time.

I sleep by myself and in a room to myself. My brother sleeps by himself too. Sometimes when we have company we sleep together. I go to sleep about eight-thirty or nine at night and get up at seven-thirty in the mornings. I have to get ready and be to school by fifteen minutes to nine. I don't have any trouble sleeping. I never do dream any. I sleep on my side. If you sleep on your side you won't dream any. I sleep on my side. Sleeping on your back is what causes you to dream. No sir, I don't wet the bed. I can't remember the last time I wet the bed; it has been so long ago.

I can eat almost anything. I eat more vegetables than sweet things. I don't like sweet things. They make you too fat. I never do drink any coffee or tea. I drink milk when I drink anything. Sometimes I drink a coca-cola but hardly ever. I drank a good deal of coca-cola when I used to work in a drug store. I don't work in a drug store now. I don't do anything except go to school. I never have smoked. I have tried it, but I never have smoked for a regular thing. My mother wouldn't let me smoke if I wanted to.

Investigator's observations at second interview. - In the early afternoon the investigator went to the Kitson home for the purpose of having an interview with the mother. No one was at home at the time. Next door someone was playing a piano, and the investigator went over to inquire when Mrs. Kitson would be at home. When the doorbell rang the one at the piano ceased playing and a young negro woman appeared at the door. She said she has been living next door to the Kitsons for several years, and that Mrs. Kitson has been a wonderful neighbor to her. The investigator told her he wanted to speak to the mother about her son. She seemed very much interested in the boy and wanted to know if he had been back in the Court. She testified that he was a mighty good boy, and that Mrs. Kitson was a good, hard-working woman, and said she felt sure Mrs. Kitson would be anxious to talk with anyone about her children. She promised to tell Mrs. Kitson when she came home from work, where she happened to be at the time, that the investigator would be around to speak to her in the evening.

About eight o'clock in the evening the investigator returned to the Kitson home. Some distance down the street from the home he

passed a boy who was about the size of Wallace and spoke to him, but did not recognize the boy to be Wallace himself, as it was rather dark at the time. After passing the boy, however, the investigator happened to look around, and the boy was following at some distance. The investigator thought the boy might be Wallace, but did not stop in order to see. The home was in darkness, and no one responded to the door bell. However, the boy who had been following came up on the porch, and who was it but Wallace.

The investigator sat down on the steps with him and began a conversation with him by bringing up the matter of his mother's work. His mood and attitude seemed wholly different. He appeared to be glad to see the investigator, and didn't mind talking about anything. Some few questions had to be asked to direct the conversation, but the boy spoke freely, narrating first one thing and then another. There was just one matter about which he was "closed" and that was the trouble between the mother and the father. He did not appear to be "tender" on the subject, but perhaps did not want to let an outsider "in" on his mother's and father's affairs.

The investigator talked to the boy for some time, but the mother never did appear. Whereupon the boy was told to tell his mother the investigator would be around to talk to her on the following evening. The boy seemed perfectly willing for an interview to be had with the mother, and promised to tell his mother of the investigator's plan to make another visit to the home.

Second Interview with boy. - (Eight o'clock at night) Mother hasn't come home yet. She is supposed to be here by this time. But I think she went from work over to my aunt's and I guess she is over there. Did you want to see her? She ought to be here in a few minutes. My mother works in a factory. She works all day. She leaves soon in the mornings, about seven o'clock, and doesn't get back till late in the afternoon, about six o'clock. She gets off from work at five-thirty, but it is usually six before she gets home. Sometimes it is later than that. Sometimes I go over town in the afternoons and meet her over there and we eat supper up town. I don't do that very often.

We are going to move from out here. I don't like this community at all. There are too many negroes living in it. There are only a few white families on this street. Negroes live in the house right next door over there. They are pretty good negroes but I don't like to live so close to them. I wouldn't want to live next door to any negro. I don't like the white people on this street very well either. They are all kinder religious. Most of them are "holy rollers". They have some kind of meeting on now, and they all go about from one house to another praying. That is what they are doing in that house across the street now. The families around here don't get into any fusses. We don't have any trouble with any of them. Everybody in the community treats me all right. When we move we are going over to East Nashville, I think. We haven't decided exactly where we will go yet. We have the house for sale. There's the sign tacked up there. (A sign was tacked up on the weather boarding, offering the house and lot for sale). We have been living

here a long time. When we first came here this was a good community. There weren't any negroes living here then at all. The white people moved out and the negroes moved in. The white people ought to have kept them out. What we are going to do is to sell this place and take the money we get to buy another. The place belongs to us.

There are not any boys around here that I play with. Only a few boys live on this street and I don't have anything to do with them. There is a gymnasium around the corner on S- that these boys gather at. I went to it a few times, but never do go now. I just don't like those boys. A girl's home is also round there where girls board who don't have anywhere else to go. The girls' home is on the other side of the gymnasium.

No sir, I don't find it hard to pass my time off. You see, I go over to the Y. M. C. A. every other afternoon. I get out of school and get over there by three o'clock. I usually stay until five-thirty, and then come home with my mother from over town. I like to go to the Y. M. C. A. I haven't been going down there so long, only about three months, and I don't know many of the boys over there. Oh, I know a few of them, but none of them are my close friends. Some of them are boys I go to school with. But you know, boys go over there to the Y. M. C. A. from all over the city. There is a big crowd of boys there every afternoon. We play basketball, handball, indoor baseball, and all kinds of games. I like to play games. Then too they have a swimming pool and we swim a lot. The pool is a good one. It is sixty feet long. We play water polo in the pool, and have speed contests. We don't swim the two-twenty or four-forty. We just have speed races. I can swim very well. I learned how to swim a little over two years ago. We have directors down there at the Y. M. C. A. to show us how to swim. And if you listen to them they can show you how. I used to swim over at the Southern Y. M. C. A. College. There was a class of us boys who went over there. I haven't been to the Y. M. C. A. College now in a long time. I would rather go to the City Y. M. C. A. anyhow.

Some of the afternoons that I don't go to the Y. M. C. A. I go to the library over town and read. I also go to O's Book Store to read. I like to read almost anything. I like Zane Grey, and I like to read Popular Mechanics. I like any kind of magazine. I have read quite a few books. Most of them were story books. I don't care so much about reading history. That's too dry. I am not taking any history at school. I've already had all I have to have at A. I am taking civics this year instead of history. They don't let us decide what we are going to take at A. They make us take what they want us to.

Sometimes I come on home from school in the afternoons. When I do I just stay around the house here, and cook supper by the time my mother gets here. Yes sir, I can cook. My mother makes me clean the house, make the beds, cook, and wash dishes. She makes Edward (the younger brother) help me. I don't mind doing it. You see my mother has to work all day, and she doesn't have time to do

the work here in the house. School doesn't begin until fifteen minutes to nine in the mornings, and I don't have to leave home as early as my mother does.

My father doesn't stay out here. He works for the-----Department and stays over there most of the time. My mother and father don't have a divorce; they just separated. They have been separated now about two years. Don't know why they separated. They just couldn't get along together. They fussed a lot. My mother wouldn't take anything off my father and he wouldn't take anything off her. Each of them is stubborn. My father doesn't come out here to the home, or he hasn't been out in a long time now. He helps to support us. My mother has some kind of an injunction against him, and he gives \$35.00 every two weeks to support us. He gives us (Wallace and his brother) the money and we bring it to my mother. He gives me extra money to spend sometimes. I spend it for socks and little things like that. Sometimes I buy candy and things to eat. But I don't care very much about candy. My father also gives Edward money. He likes Edward as well as he does me and likes me as well as he does Edward. He likes both of us. I don't know whether I like him better or my mother. I guess I like both of them the same. I didn't take sides with either one of them when they would get in a fuss. I don't know which one was in the wrong. I don't know what all they fussed about. They didn't fuss about money. My father belonged to the Methodist Church when he was a boy, but he didn't go to church when he lived with us. My mother is a Presbyterian. She used to go to church and still does. My father didn't fuss with her about going to church. They would just fuss about little things. They acted like children, I think. My father still likes my mother, I believe, but he just won't come back to her. He doesn't want her to think he is giving over, and my mother won't give over to him.

My mother likes Edward and me the same. She doesn't take up for him, and she doesn't take up for me. When we get into a row she stops us. We row about just little things. Sometimes I might want a thing and he might want it and we will have a fuss. I don't fight him because I am a lot larger and stronger.

I take a lot of exercise. I don't have any regular time of the day to go to the toilet, but I always go one time each day. Some days I go more often than that. I never do have to take any medicine. I had to have an operation two years ago for sinus. I was out at Camp Y. and went in swimming soon every morning and that is what gave it to me. The doctor said that the cold water early in the morning caused me to have it. But that water was cold all the time. It was two summers ago that I went to Camp Y. There was a lot of boys up there, but I didn't know any of them so well. There must have been about a hundred and fifty of us in all, because we had twelve bunk tents, and from ten to twelve boys stayed in each tent. We did almost everything while we were in camp. We played all kinds of games, went swimming, and a few times we went fishing. I like to go fishing, but I never do go fishing on Cumberland River. I have fished some in that little lake out in Shelby Park.

They let people fish in it at times. I only stayed at Camp Y. a week. I have also been on other camps. One summer I went to a camp out here on the other side of C. D. E. We stayed out there only a few days. Then I have been out to G. H. on the Cumberland River. That is not much of a place out there.

I like to get out in the country. It's so quiet out there and cool in the summer. I get tired of staying in the city. I never have lived on a farm. I wouldn't want to go to the country to stay. I just like to go there and for a short while at a time.

I like any kind of sports. I don't know which I like the best, to read or to play games. I like to do both. When I am reading I guess I would say I like that better, and when I'm playing some game I like that better. I wouldn't like to camp all the time. Guess I would get tired of it.

When do you want to see my mother? If you come out tomorrow night about seven or seven-thirty o'clock she will be here. If you come later than that she might be gone to church. They are having a meeting at the church. I will tell her you are coming then at seven-thirty.

Third Interview with the boy. - I told my mother you said you were coming tonight, and she said she would be here. You can come in and have a seat. I guess she will be here in a few minutes. She usually gets home from work a lot earlier than this. (The time was seven-thirty in the evening). I am the only one at home. I didn't go to the Y. M. C. A. this afternoon. I came right on home from school, and have been here ever since, just bumming around. I did read some and went down to the drug store, the one down there on C-Street.. Edward is not at home. He is over town with my mother, wherever she is. He goes to school and is in the eighth grade. When he got out of school this afternoon he went on over town. I don't think he went to the Y. M. C. A. because this is not his regular day to go. We always go to the Y. M. C. A. together. We went yesterday and will go again tomorrow.

I don't get lonely in the afternoons. I always have my dog there (the dog was stretched out on the floor) with me. He is not good for anything except to watch around and bark at things. It doesn't matter what time anybody comes inside of this yard you will hear him bark. I have had him ever since he was a little puppy. He was the cutest thin little thing you ever saw when I first got him. A lady that used to live across the street gave him to me. She has moved now. He has got some good blood in him. His mother was a full-blooded spitz. I don't know what his daddy was, just an ordinary cur, I guess. I want me a German police dog. I think they look better than any other dog, and they have got more sense. You can train one to do anything. They have schools for them in some places. There used to be a man who passed here every day. He looked like a negro, but he was not. He was an Indian. He said he came from India, I believe. Anyway, you could tell he was educated. He had travelled all about. And he was telling me about these schools where they train German police dogs. I believe he said they

have some of them in Germany. He says they have those dogs in grades, and put them up from one grade to another, and finally the dogs graduate. A German police dog is mean, but you couldn't make one fight his master for anything. They will fight anybody else that bothers with them.

No boys don't come to see me in the afternoons now. James Conover used to come right often, but he hasn't been here since my mother stopped me from having anything to do with him. I think he is mad with me now. The other day I passed him on the street and spoke to him, and he spoke back. I stopped a little while, and he said "you think you are better than I am, eh?" And then he wanted to know why I never did come round to his house. After a while he said, "well, you need not get 'hossy,' I'm not afraid of you." He wanted to pick a fight, but I just walked on off from him. I guess he could beat me all right if we were to get into a fight, because he is about sixteen and a lot larger than I am. I am not ever going to have anything more to do with him. I don't guess I ought to talk about him since we broke up, but he always was a kind of bad fellow. When I used to go with him he carried an old pistol round with him. I don't think he ever wanted to shoot anybody, but he just thought it was big to carry a pistol around. I don't know where he got the pistol from. I think though he got it from another boy. It would shoot all right. There used to be a girl over there close to where he lives that he went with. He would go to her house to see her. She was crooked, I think. He said he got it from her when he wanted to. I guess he did. He tried to get me to go with her, but I wouldn't do it. I wouldn't want to go with a girl like that. One like that will get you in trouble. What is that? (This was the boy's reply when asked if the Conover boy ever masturbated. He did not know what the word "masturbate" means). Yes, I know now what you are talking about. (This reply followed when the investigator explained what masturbation is). I never did see the Conover boy do it. I have heard him talk about something like that. He never did try to get me to do it. No sir, I never have done it. I have heard a lot of people talking about it. They say it will run a fellow crazy. Will it? My father has talked to me some about things like that. He says it will ruin a fellow.

Yes sir, I like my father. He likes me. I didn't feel bad when my mother and him separated. You see, I was a lot smaller than I am now, and I didn't pay so much attention to it. Yes, I wish they hadn't separated. I don't know what made them separated. I know they fussed a lot, and that is about all. If you ask my mother she will tell you why they separated. She won't mind telling you.

You want me to tell everything I ever did, or you just want me to tell you some of the things? Well, when I first remember we lived over here on S- Avenue. I was just a little fellow then. I can remember the War was going on. There were some families over there who were American Germans. I used to play war with the children of those families. They would play like they were Germans and we would play we were Americans. We used sticks for guns. We would line up and make out we were shooting at each other. We had

some forts that we stood behind sometimes, and then we would run out from behind the forts at times. We would fall down when we would get shot and make out we were dead. That is the most I remember of doing while we lived on S-. Then we moved from S- over here. We have been over here about nine years. When we first came over here I didn't know anybody. But after we had been here a little while I got in with some boys. They were all good boys. We used to play all kinds of games. There were a lot of boys living on this street then, a lot more than there are now. When I was about six years old I got hit under the eye with a baseball bat. And it was a terrible lick. But the place finally got all right. About that time I started to school. I liked my teachers and got along fine. They always did treat me all right. When I first started to school I started in at B. School. I went there until I went to A. After I started to A. I got a job to work in a drug store in the afternoons and on Saturdays. The first drug store I worked in is on S. I worked there until I went to camp one summer, the same camp I told you about. When I came back from camp the man who runs the drug store told me he didn't need me any longer. I stopped working for a while but finally went back and got a job again at the same drug store. They paid me six dollars a week, and I liked the job. I worked at the fountain jerking soda, and then I sold stuff from the shelves. But when the next summer came I went to F. to spend a while with my aunt. I was to be gone only a week, but when I got down there I stayed three weeks, and when I came back my job in the drug store was gone. Another fellow had it. So I went and got a job down here in this drug store (in the neighborhood). I worked there as long as they needed me and then stopped. I never did get into any trouble at all until I took that stuff and was carried to the Juvenile Court. I did break a show glass in the drug store one time but that was an accident. And I lost some valentines one time that got me into trouble at the drug store. (At this time the mother with Edward came in from town, and the talk with Wallace ended).

Investigator's impression of the mother. - It was seven-thirty in the evening when the investigator went to the Kitson home. From a distance it could be seen that the house was lighted. On approaching nearer, Wallace was seen standing on the steps which go down from the yard to the sidewalk. He invited the investigator into the home, took his hat, asked him to have a seat, and began playing the phonograph. He said his mother was not home from work yet, but he felt certain she would be there in only a few minutes. The investigator took the opportunity to talk to Wallace, and waited for the mother to appear. One matter discussed was the way Wallace was keeping the house, since it seemed the mother had made him a housekeeper. The parlor was fairly well furnished, having a lounge, several chairs, a large Victor phonograph, a table in the middle of the room, and several rugs on the floor. Everything was neatly arranged.

After a while the mother came in with Edward. She had several packages in her hand that she put on the table, and sat down to talk to the investigator. Mrs. Kitson is rather low in stature -- says she is five feet and two inches --, is fairly stout, has a plenty of pep, appears to be in good health, and is a fairly nice looking woman. She had her hair fixed behind her head in somewhat

conservative style, wore a black dress, a light brown spring coat, and black patent leather slippers.

Edward is a slender blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked lad, and appears to be very lively; although he is somewhat timid, and only speaks when spoken to. He and Wallace sat together on the lounge while the investigator talked to his mother. Wallace participated in the conversation only once of his own accord, and that was to discredit a statement which the mother made to the effect that Mr. Kitson did not care for his children.

Mrs. Kitson seems to have her whole life wrapped up in her two boys. She was very anxious to find what Wallace had made on his examination at the Hospital (medical and psychological examinations), and seemed willing to give what information she could regarding Wallace's offense, past record, habits, etc. It was evident that she did not care especially to discuss her relation with Mr. Kitson, but this was perhaps due in some measure to the fact that Wallace and Edward were present. The investigator thought it was wise to wait until he could gain more rapport with her than was had at the time, and until he could interview her privately, before sounding out the matter of her trouble with the husband.

Mrs. Kitson is not nervous. However, the investigator thinks it would not be a hard matter to arouse her anger; for in the interview there were certain hunches which suggested she has a good share of temper. Her eyes are not suggestive of any great patience, and she is somewhat abrupt in conversation. She speaks well and perhaps has a common education.

Interview with the mother. - I am glad you have been talking to Wallace. I am willing for anybody to help me with my boys. They are not bad, but they just have to be watched. It was the funniest thing in the world that Wallace had to go over to have his mind examined. He came back and told me about it. I just had to laugh. I told him yes, that everybody thought from the way he acted that he was crazy. I still tell him he was crazy. If he had been in his good mind he wouldn't have taken the things. No, I'll tell you -- and I don't say this just because Wallace is my own child, anybody would tell you the same thing -- it was that James Conover that got Wallace into trouble. Wallace never would have dreamed of taking those things unless that boy had led him into it. He is a bad boy. And, you know, his mother is a good little woman. She is a widow lady and has to work hard. This boy had been going with Wallace or they had been going together for some time before they got into trouble. I knew all the time he was a bad boy, and tried my best to keep Wallace away from him but it just seemed that it was impossible. In the afternoons when I would be over town working he would come up here to see Wallace and Edward. Wallace went over to his house some but I tried to keep him away as much as possible. I told this Conover boy -- it was one evening when I got home from work and found him here -- that I wanted him to go home and stay there, that I didn't want him up here with Wallace and Edward. He said, "well, Mrs. Kitson, why don't you want me to come up here?" He knew why I didn't want him well enough. I told him I didn't want Wallace and

Edward running around in the afternoons, that I had given each one of them half of the house here to keep and that I wanted them to stay here and keep it. He left and went home, but who did I find here the next time I came home but James Conover. Oh, he is a terrible boy. I didn't say anything to him that time, but he finally took the hints that I kept throwing out and started staying away. I was so glad I didn't know what to do.

But some days later when I came home one evening I found this old negro round in the back yard at the back door. He said, "Mrs. Kitson, Wallace has been arrested, he and that Conover boy, for stealing an automobile." I didn't know what in the world to think. I thought I had broke them from going with each other. Wallace wasn't at home and I didn't know where he was. This old negro told me he thought Wallace was over at the Police Court. I had my mother's pension money in my hand and several packages I had brought from up town. I just dropped everything and started out to the Police Court. When I got over there I found that sure enough they had arrested Wallace and the Conover boy. But they had not arrested them for stealing an automobile; they had arrested them for stealing the tools out of a man's car. When I came to find the truth about the thing I found that they stole them several weeks, about three weeks, before the time they were arrested. They had stole them and put them away. They had left some of them over at the Conover Boy's home and brought some of them over here. But I did not know there were any tools on the place that had been stolen. Of course, the policemen made the thing a lot worse than it really was. There were some other tools already here and some at the Conover boy's house, and they (the policemen) just got everything they could find. The boys didn't take near all of the tools they were accused of taking.

The thing worried me so that I couldn't sleep at night, and I just had to cry all the time. Wallace had never done anything like that before in his life. He had always been honest and perfectly straight in everything. I have taken a lot of trouble to teach Wallace and Edward what is right, and when they do what is wrong, anybody can say they are doing what I taught them not to do. And above all things, I have told them to be honest, and never to take anything that didn't belong to them. I still think Wallace must have been crazy.

I want to get my boys out of this community. There are not so many bad boys right around here for them to go with, but there are a lot of negroes in the community, and I don't like to live among them. Most of them are all right but still they are negroes. Wallace just can't stand a negro. When we bought our place here this was a very good community. Nothing but white people lived in it. The white family that lived next door was the first one to move out. When they moved they sold to negroes. Then a family over the street moved and sold to negroes, and now there are as many negroes round here as there are white people. I wouldn't have lived here this long if it hadn't been that we own this place. Then, too, I'm willing to make any sacrifice for my two boys. Getting the house we live in without having to pay rent allows me more to put on them. I have to pay extra for their gym courses at school. But I like to do the best by them I possibly can.

I work in the factory every day. Thirteen dollars a week is my regular salary, but I usually make more than that by working over time on some days. It seems mighty good on Saturdays to have some extra coming in. The manager says my salary is going to be raised to fifteen dollars per week, and then I'll still get something for working over time. I don't have to work at all unless I want to. I like to work so I have more money to buy the things I want. Mr. Kitson gives us thirty-five dollars every two weeks and we could live on that. He works for the-----Department and makes one hundred and fifty dollars per month. He has a good job all right.

He doesn't care anything for the children. If he did he would want to be with them and take care of them. Why doesn't he get them and take them out to ride some time? Why doesn't he take them to a picture show some time? It is because he doesn't care for them that he never does do anything for them and doesn't want to be with them. He never gives them anything extra. I buy their clothes with the money he turns over, and then some of it goes to feed them, but he doesn't care whether they have any comforts or not. They just don't cross his mind.

Mr. Kitson has the name of belonging to the Methodist Church, but he doesn't go to any church. He goes to the X. Theatre (downtown) every Sunday I think. You know, they have a men's Sunday School class that meets at the X. and that is what he goes to. I am Presbyterian. Wallace is also Presbyterian. He went to Sunday School one Sunday about four years ago, and when he came back he said he had joined the church. When I came to find out, he sure enough had. He goes to Sunday school regularly, now. He hardly ever misses a Sunday. We have a good Sunday school -- seven classes in all.

I have some trouble with Wallace and Edward. Sometimes they get into fusses and begin fighting, and I have to separate them. Of course in a few minutes after they have a fuss they are as loving as ever. I give them both work to do here in the house. I think it is good for them. They ought not to have time to loaf around. I think it is good for anybody to work. I wish Wallace had a job he could work at in the afternoons after school and on Saturdays. He is a good housekeeper. But you can see from the room here that he is that. He also knows how to cook. I just like to sit down to a meal he has prepared. He knows how to plan a meal, and he can cook about as well as I can. Eat? I wish you could see him eat. He never knows when he gets enough. He eats almost anything. He always has had a good appetite. He never has been what you would call really sick. He did get hit with a baseball bat under the eye when he was only six years old, and that caused some trouble. It caused him to have to be operated for sinus about two years ago. The doctor said he never would have had the sinus trouble if he hadn't got hit with the baseball bat. He never has had any bad accidents. When he was a baby he had whooping cough and chicken pox. Neither of them made him very sick. He never has had any other diseases. He was quick to learn how to walk and talk. He was one of the brightest babies I ever saw. He was breast fed all the time until he got to where he could eat. Guess you have noticed there is something wrong with one

of his eyes. I thought at first when he said he had been to the Hospital that the Court had sent him there to have his eye treated. I think that lick he got with the baseball bat was the beginning of the trouble with his eye. Then this sinus trouble seemed to make it worse.

Wallace sleeps well. You would say he slept too well if you knew how hard it is to get him up in the mornings. It is the hardest matter in the world for me to get him up. Of course it is not absolutely necessary for him to get up as early as I do, but it is good for a person to get up early in the morning. I always tell him that if he wants to amount to anything he will have to rise early in the mornings.

Second interview with the boy's mother. - Wallace is not at home now. He just went to church a little while ago. You know, we are having a little meeting now and have been having preaching every night this week. I have been going regularly, but didn't go to-night because Wallace told me you were coming out to talk to me some more about him. I am glad you are taking an interest in him. Still I can't account for his taking those things. It was just the devil I guess. He never took anything before in his life, or if he did I certainly didn't know anything about it. Of course it is hard to tell what he and that Conover boy might have got into. That Conover boy is such a bad one. Why, do you know I had to insult him about a half dozen times to get him to stop coming here to see Wallace. One time I just told him to leave and go home. I told you about that last time. I couldn't stand for him to be around with Wallace; for I knew what kind of a boy he was. What in the world Wallace could see about him is more than I ever could understand. But he would get with Wallace and tell all kinds of ghost stories and everything like that. He tried to make out that he was a man. You should hear him talk. He thinks he knows everything. Oh, he would tell Wallace about all kinds of things, the things he said he had seen. And the fact is he never has seen anything. He has been in the Reformatory, and to that other school where they send boys, and goodness knows how many times he has been to the Juvenile Court. He ran away from home twice, I think. He was gone each time for only a short while. It is a pity he hadn't stayed gone. But his mother I think is a good woman. I didn't know her until Wallace and the Conover boy had to go to court together. She was down at the Court, and I talked with her some down there.

Wallace has never been the kind of boy to have close chums. He knows a lot of boys, and they like him all right I'm quite sure, but I have always watched him mighty closely. He did get in thick with one boy over here a few years ago. The boy has moved out of the community now. His name was Joe Phelps. He was a good deal larger than Wallace, but Wallace liked him and he liked Wallace. He would come here to the house a lot of times. I didn't mind his coming at all. He was a good boy. He liked to go to school, studied a lot, I think, and everybody gave him a good name. A lot of times he would come over here and he and Wallace would sit around and read the paper. I like for Wallace to go with good boys, and

those are the only kind I will let him go with. He was a little kid when we lived over on S- Avenue. There were some Germans who lived over there behind us. He used to play with their children. There were a crowd of them. They were good people. One of the women was the best friend I ever had.

There is nobody around here now for Wallace to go with, nobody I want him to go with. But we are leaving this community. A man was out today to look at the house, so I understand. The place belongs to Mr. Kitson, and he is going to sell it. I don't know whether he will buy another place or not. We will likely rent somewhere when the place is sold. But Mr. Kitson has to support us wherever we are. I've got that fixed up all right. He has to pay \$65 each month and buy clothes for the boys. Of course he doesn't spend much for their clothes. He gets the very cheapest things he can. I just won't let Wallace and Edward go on what he buys for them. They would look like tramps if I did. He doesn't care how they look. We don't have a regular divorce. He wants one but he never will get it. Our trouble all came up over another woman. He had been going with this woman, as I understand, about three years before I knew anything about it. The way I happened to find out he was going with her -- a friend of the woman he was going with had a falling out with her and told me all about what was happening. Then was when the real trouble began. We had fussed a lot before, but we never had thought of separating. That is one thing I wouldn't stand for -- my husband going with another woman, and I told him so. Why the first thing I knew, this was after I found he was going with the woman -- he and the woman were planning to leave town. He was going to sell the place and leave us without a thing in the world. Nobody could blame me for taking the thing to court. I don't know whether Mr. Kitson was married before I married him or not. Some said he was and some said he wasn't. If I had thought he was married, I know I never would have married him. He came here from Alabama. His home where he was raised was in N., Alabama. When I first knew him he was working here in Nashville with the -----Department. He was about thirty years old when I married him. I was only a young girl -- 19 years old. We got along very well together to begin with, but I soon came to find him out. He is a most peculiar man. You could never know him unless you had been with him as much as I have. To tell you the truth, he doesn't like anybody, and very few people like him. The whole time we lived together I doubt if he had as many as four men to come to see him. If we had company he would look like he was mad all the time, would get a paper and bury his head in that. I had a girl friend who was going to marry a boy, and she and the boy used to come round to see us sometimes. He did like them very well. He would have his spells to pout, and when he was pouting you couldn't get a word out of him. He would maybe sit around all day and not have anything to say, and when he would say anything he would say it to cut at me or somebody else. Of course I didn't pretend to take everything off him. I've got a temper myself, and most of the times I would give him as good as he could send. It was just terrible to try to live with him. I don't know very much about his family. His mother died when he was only a baby, and his father remarried. He did not have any brothers

or sisters. I never did see his father. I did see his stepmother a few times. She was a sweet little woman. She said his father was very sulky, and that Mr. Kitson, my husband, was always just like him. She said she couldn't do anything with Mr. Kitson when he was a boy. It's just simply his nature to be like he is. I don't know whether he could help it if he tried.

Wallace is something like his father in some ways. At times he is a little stubborn and hardheaded. He likes also to bury his head in a paper. Of course, I can control him. He is very obedient, and always respects me. I have brought him up that way. Have you ever seen Mr. Kitson? If you ever see him you will know he is Wallace's father, for Wallace looks exactly like him. But he can never be like him. There is a lot of difference in their dispositions. I have always taught Wallace to be nice and polite. Edward does not take after his father at all. He is more like the people on my side. He reminds me something of my father. I can't say I like one of the boys better than the other because I don't. I like Wallace as well as I do Edward. Guess I think too much of them, but I do want to see them amount to something. I want them to go to school and get an education. I don't mind working to support them. And Mr. Kitson and I will never live together again, but he will have to help support Wallace and Edward. Does he ever take me out to dinner? What! Why, we don't even speak. I don't have a thing to do with him. Yes, he was down at the Court when Wallace was down there in that trouble. And I did speak to him down there. He looked, though, like he was dumb all the time. While the trial was on and Judge Brown was talking he just sat up with his face in his hands. When the trial was over he had slipped out and was gone before I knew anything. He thought the world of Wallace when Wallace was a baby, but the care he had for him soon died out. Our separation didn't bother Wallace or Edward, because they never were so intimate with their father. Before we were separated Mr. Kitson was at home only a small part of the time, and the boys were with him very little. Sometimes he would stay away three or four days at a time. Wallace and Edward still go down to see him. I don't think, though, he cares anything for them, not what a father should at least.

Everybody that knows Wallace likes him, I think. His teachers have always liked him. He started in at B. School, and if you go over there right now and ask Miss K., Miss J. or any of the teachers over there, you will find that (neither) he nor Edward ever have got into any trouble at school. I think Wallace likes his teachers at A. mighty well. He is always carrying flowers to them. And I think they like him. He never gets into any trouble over there. All the young girls like Wallace. And he likes them too. Has he told you about it? I know one girl -- she is about sixteen -- that I think he likes mighty well. Really he likes all of them. I would rather he be around girls than to be with boys like James Conover.

Investigator's impression of the father. - The investigator went to -----Department where Mr. Kitson works, for an interview. It was three o'clock in the afternoon. In the back of the room were

seated four men at a table, and pleasant little game of poker seemed to be going on. Mr. Kitson was not a participant, but was seated in an office to the rear, where he was engaged in a conversation with two other men. One of the poker players called him, and he came out to meet the investigator.

Mr. Kitson is a small man, weighing perhaps 130 pounds, has the appearance of being somewhere in the fifties, and impresses one as being a man who allows worry and troubles to get the best of him. Wallace's mother thinks the boy favors the father, but the investigator could see no resemblance whatever. At the time of the interview Mr. Kitson wore an "eye-shade-cap," a striped shirt, blue checked cotton trousers, and tan shoes. It seemed he had just taken a shave.

In the first of the interview he only answered the questions asked and threw in a statement of his own accord only now and then. But as the conversation went on he appeared to become interested; in fact, he "warmed up" considerably at times, especially while speaking of domestic troubles. Occasionally he spoke loud enough for all to hear him. Cursing seems to have become habitual with him, and he uses profanity about as fluently and profusely as anyone the investigator has ever heard.

His story of the trouble with his wife is somewhat different to the story which the wife tells. The husband's story, the investigator thinks, supplements, rather than contradicts the story told by the wife. Perhaps Mr. Kitson's statement to the effect that he was "true" to his wife is to be accepted as true upon the basis of his own feeling. The man appears to have a genuine interest in Wallace, but thinks he cannot well do anything for him under the present circumstances.

Interview with the boy's father. - I am glad you are going to do what you are for Wallace. I knew about his examinations over at the Hospital. What kind of examination did you give him? There wasn't anything wrong with him, was it? (The investigator here explained that the boy has phimosis and should be circumcised). What would it cost to have him circumcised? I would like to have it done. But I couldn't stand to have to pay very much right now. I am still paying on another doctor bill for him. It is for some operation he had up in his nose (This was the sinus operation of which the mother speaks). It cost \$160.00. Seemed to me like that was mighty high. But if there is anything the matter with him, I want to have it 'tended to.

That trouble Wallace got into wasn't a damn thing. Why, any kid would do what he did. They blamed him for a lot he didn't do. You see, I had my tools over there in a box. Wallace put the things he got in there with my tools. Well, when those damn people went over there -- none of them had any business in my box -- they got out everything you might say and said Wallace took it all. I didn't know at the time what was going on. Course I'm not trying to uphold the kid -- just because he is mine -- in taking the stuff, but they should have given him a square deal.

The hell, any boy in a damn town like this will take stuff. They don't have any way to make money, and they don't have anything to do, and they will just go to stealing, or getting stuff any way they can. I know how it is. I give Wallace money sometimes, but don't have anything much to give him. Course it is better not to give them too much. Work is the best thing in the world for a boy. Wallace did have a job in the drug store over there, but he had to stop working on account of this damn interstate commerce law or child labor law -- whatever you call the damn thing -- I don't know what it is. He said they said he was too young to work, and so they turned him off. Yes, his mother makes him work around the home, but that is good for him. I don't care how much she makes him work. He goes ahead, I think, and does his work without any fuss about it. Sometimes him and Edward fuss about whose time it is to do so and so. But, you know, it's natural for them to do that. The hell, they wouldn't be boys if they didn't do that. When I was a boy I would hate to do stuff round home, but my daddy would make me do it, and it was damn good thing he did. My daddy was a good man, but he was hard as hell. Everybody called him "Old Man Steve," and I have heard people say since he died that if anybody is in Heaven "Old Man Steve" is.

I think all of the boys Wallace goes with are pretty bad. But where in the hell can you find one now that is not bad. They all do stuff. Some of them just get by with it, and some of them don't. That was the first trouble Wallace ever got into that I know of. He might have got into things I didn't know about, and I guess he has. I don't know whether he does that or not (referring to masturbation). He doesn't look to me like he does. Do you think he does? I never have talked to him about it. But I can't talk to a kid about stuff like that. I think the school teachers ought to tell them about such things. I wouldn't care if you would talk to him about it. You could do it better than I could.

Wallace thinks a lot of me. But that mother he has got -- God-damn -- tries to turn him against me, but she can't do it. She always has tried to make the kids think I was hell. We have been separated now about two years. Hell, I couldn't live with her. It was a row from morning till night. She would cuss and rear and raise hell in general -- all right before the kids. I told her several times not to do it before them, but she wouldn't pay any attention. I told her a long time before I left that I was going to leave if she didn't change. They didn't believe I was going to leave until I came off and didn't go back. I haven't been back in hell knows when, and that is not the worst about it. Course when she would get mad she would say she wished I would leave. I have had her to tell me to my face that she wished I would die or get killed. If I had died or got killed she would have been out of support. The whole trouble started because there were too many damn "in-laws" around. They all had to take a dip in, and they all gave me hell. Her mother (Mr. Kitson's mother-in-law) -- damn her -- concerned herself in everything. Why, they would have a regular trial at the table and try me. Her mother would act as judge. God, I never got so sick of anybody in my life. Her mother stayed with us a good while; I don't know exactly how long. And then her

sisters would join in and give me hell. The last one of them always wants something to fuss about. She (the wife) has four sisters, and they would come and stay on me, and I would have to support the whole damn "shu-bang." Sometimes they came there when they were sick and would lie up for days. The hell, I didn't marry the whole family, and didn't feel like supporting them all. They would always be down on me. If it wasn't one thing it was another. We had a lot of wrangles about religion. You know, they all think they are religious as hell. I didn't go to any church myself. Oh yes, my wife always was true to me along that line (referring to marital fidelity), and I was true to her. We didn't fuss so much about money. The hell, it was first one little thing and then another, and these "in-laws" just kept the thing going. One of my sister-in-laws -- she is a lot like my wife -- was left by her husband. Hell, he wouldn't stay with her. He went off to A. and got a job with a newspaper down there. He was making \$80.00 a week. He wrote back and told her to come to him. She wouldn't do it, but wrote, and kept writing to him to come back to Nashville and get work. And he, like a damn fool, came back and went to working over here for \$30.00 a week. Well, his wife just gave him hell at home all the time. Finally he took the two boys they had, left a little girl with the mother, and pulled out, and I'll be damned if she has seen him or those boys since. I didn't blame him a damn bit. She raised hell, but she couldn't do anything. She doesn't even know where he is.

I don't think our fussing at home ever had any effect on Wallace. He never did pay any attention to it. He was pretty small. He has grown a lot in the last two years. He never did take sides with me or his mother. We would have it out ourselves, except when some of the "in-laws" were around. My wife had one brother, but he got killed in the war. He wasn't much of a fellow. About all he did was to loaf around and drink. He did sell papers, and that was all.

I want Wallace to get an education if there is any chance, so he can get a good job. I will be glad for you all to do anything for him you can. I will be with you in anything. I would like to do more for him than I am doing, but you see how things are.

Don't tell my wife any of the things I have told you, because I'm figuring on selling the place over there, and if you tell her anything she might "bust up" and play hell. The place really belongs to me, but she has her name on the paper. I saw in a paper the other day where a judge over here in Memphis ruled a wife out. Come back to see me any time.

Interview with Complaint Against Wallace in Court. - There were two of those boys that took the stuff out of my car. Wallace was one of them and James Conover was the other. My brother and I run a garage. One night I went over to the garage to get my car out. But before I started it up I found that it had a flat tire on it. I turned up the front seat to get some tools and patching. But when I turned the seat up I found that all of my tools were gone. I decided to let the tire alone that night, and came on back home. When I got here my brother was here and I asked him if he knew

where the tools were. He said he didn't, that he hadn't taken them out himself. I knew then somebody had stole them. I knew that whoever it was hadn't stole them while the car was in the garage, because the garage was locked. I didn't know who had them -- didn't have any idea. Well, about three weeks after that this Conover boy came in the garage and asked my brother if he wanted to buy some tools. My brother asked him what kind of tools he had. He said, "Oh, I've got almost any kind you want." He said he was going to leave Nashville and wanted to sell the tools before he left. He told my brother he had a jack, a pump, and several other things. My brother said he thought right then that maybe he was the one that had taken the tools out of my car. So he told the Conover boy to bring the tools over and he would see if he wanted to buy them. My brother didn't have any idea of buying the tools. He just wanted to see if they were mine. Sure enough the Conover boy came up with the pump, jack, patching, and some wrenches, almost all that I had lost out of my car. My brother told me about it, and I called over to Mr. G. and told him to send somebody over for this fellow. Mr. L. came over from the Juvenile Court. When I came to find out this Kitson boy had helped the Conover boy get the stuff out of my car. They divided what they got. The Conover boy carried some of the things to his house and the Kitson boy carried some of them to his house. The Conover boy got most of them. But I heard afterwards that after they got the stuff out of my car they were afraid to carry it to their homes -- afraid their mothers would catch up with them -- and hid it over here in an old barn for some time before they carried it to their homes. I got all the stuff back all right that they took from me. That was all I wanted. I didn't want to get them in any trouble.

I don't know either one of the boys very well, but I don't think they are bad fellows at all. I never do see them carrying on around here. I think the Kitson boy is a good kid. I never had heard of him being into any trouble before. And I never have heard of the Conover boy getting into anything before. That might have been the first time they ever stole anything in their life. I see both of them over here at the Presbyterian Church every Sunday. Both of them go to Sunday school, and I think they are there some for preaching. No, sir, I haven't seen them together lately. But I never did see very much of them, except at church.

Impressions of the principal and teachers at A. School. - The investigator went to the school about two o'clock in the afternoon. At the time Mr. R. was absent. However, the investigator waited in his office, and he soon appeared. At first he seemed somewhat aloof, tried to put on a professional appearance, and wanted to know all about the investigator before he would give any information. He was prevailed upon finally to give something as to his opinion of the boy's character and school work. Although he admitted he knew but little about the boy. Mr. R. is a man of middle age. One would take him to be above fifty.

Miss D., the boy's English teacher. - Miss D. is a young lady, perhaps twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. She has been teaching in the A. School only three months, and does not seem to

have had much experience in teaching. However, she seems to be interested in her work and perhaps does well in the classroom. The investigator does not think she is objective enough in her attitudes toward her pupils. She has a tendency to praise their good qualities and disregard their bad ones. Of course, the manifestations of her attitudes in the classroom as well as her actual dealings with the pupils there, can hardly be determined through a single interview.

Miss S., the boy's Studyroom teacher. - The contact which the investigator had with Miss S. was too brief for much to be learned as to her personality and ability as a teacher. Suffice it to say that she appears to be somewhere in the thirties. Likely she knows how to deal with pupils such as are to be found in A. The studyroom which she supervises has a seating capacity of several hundred pupils.

A. School. - A. is a junior high school. It has somewhere in the neighborhood of a thousand pupils. The efficiency and reputation of the school is suggested by the fact that parents arrange to send their boys and girls there from all over the city. The building is of brick and is a very large one. At present an annex is being built on to the original plant. What play ground the children did have, has been largely taken up for building purposes. Very strict control is employed with the pupils. The equipment is excellent. Hot lunch may be had by pupils at recess.

Interview with Mr. R., principal of A. School. - We have so many kids here that I don't know very much about any special one. We have right around a thousand pupils. Wallace has never given any particular trouble as I know of. I have had him sent to me only once. That time he came for being absent from school. Miss D., his English teacher, sent him that time. He never has been sent to me for mis-conduct. But I think he has a lot of life about him, and is somewhat mischievous. He is always on the move. He never does get into a fight with any of the other boys. The other children seem to take on to him very well. He gets their respect all right. Now, I don't think he is so good in his studies. You can tell that by talking to him. His mentality is only fair and of the average sort. I will get Miss D. and let you talk to her; for really I don't know so much about the boy.

Interview with Miss D., the boy's English teacher. - (Miss D. with her grade book) Wallie's grades are not so good. Last month he made only 36 on an English test that I gave the class. Most of the other pupils did better than he did that time. But his grades are not usually that low. There must have been something wrong with him that time. I believe that is the lowest grade I have against him. He was absent and didn't take his literature test last month. This month he did much better on his English. He made 75 on the test and 78 on literature. He can learn all right when he tries. He is not the brightest pupil I ever saw, but you couldn't call him dull by any means. He has an average mind I think. He doesn't apply himself as well as he might. If he spent more time studying I'm certain his grades would improve. He is not any too much

interested in his studies, and likes to play and have a good time. The other pupils admire him. But how could they do otherwise. I think he is quite exceptional in some ways. He comes to school every morning with his hair combed, his face and hands clean, and dressed as neatly as any boy in the school. I think he has very winning ways as a whole. And those blue eyes -- I think they are darling. I know where he lives, and I don't see how a boy such as he is could come from that community. There are a lot of negroes over there, you know. He is very polite. It doesn't matter where he sees me, he yells and speaks to me. If he sees me and I happen not to see him, he will come to school and tell me about it the next day. Several times he has brought flowers to school to give to me. Quite often he wears a flower on the lapel of his coat.

He is somewhat talkative in the class room, but he always submits to being controlled. One day I remember he got mad, tore a leaf out of his literature book, and threw it on the floor. Most of the time I only have to look at him when he is misbehaving.

His attendance has been perfect this month. Last month he missed six days as I remember, and I had to send him to Mr. R. Mr. R. gave him a talk, and I think it helped him. All around I believe he has been better this month than he was last month.

Interview with Miss S., the boy's studyroom teacher. - Wallace is what I would call an average boy. He misbehaves some in the studyroom, but correction is sufficient for him. He does not get angry when he is corrected. He takes everything mighty good naturedly. He studies a fair amount while he is in the studyroom because I make all of them do that. His chief trouble is wanting to talk. Unless I keep a check on him he will carry on conversation with other boys. I never have had to send him to the principal. (This word was had with Miss S. on passing her in front of the school building after school was out).

Interview with Miss C., Matron of the Girls' Home (an Institution in the boy's neighborhood). - This home was started by the X. Y. Z. Church. It is for girls who work around in the mills and want a place to board. We just charge them here according to what they make. We don't have anything here but the best type of girls. If we get one that is not what she ought to be we just tell her she has to leave. I use strict control over them. You see, I control them as long as they stay here. I don't allow them to go down there to the Park, because you know how it is -- so many people are always loafing around in a park.

This is not a good community. It used to be all right, but too many negroes have moved in. The white people kept selling to them and they kept coming in. The negroes around are a very good type of negroes. They don't row and fight very much. As long as I have been here I have only seen two fights. The negroes never give the white people any trouble as I know of.

This building next door is the X. X. House (Settlement House). The girls here go over there a lot. We have entertainments over there sometimes. Boys and girls go there, but they have different times to go.

Yes, I know Wallace Kitson very well. What trouble has he been into? I don't see him very often, but he is always behaving nicely when I see him. The first time I ever saw him was last summer. The girls were making a tennis court round behind the house here. When they got it almost finished -- all except lining it off -- Wallace and his brother came up one afternoon -- both of them dressed out in white -- and wanted to know if they could play tennis on the court. I told them they could. So they lined the court off and played some that afternoon. Then they came around several times to play. Wallace never did care for any of the girls here. He is most too small for that. I don't ever see him with any girls. Last winter we were having an entertainment over here at X. X. House, and I asked Wallace if he would act as usher. He said he would be glad to. But when the time came he didn't show up. I don't know what the trouble was. He never comes over here to X. X. House. No, I don't see him playing around with boys. There are a lot of boys around here all right, but he doesn't seem to go with them.

Observations on the boy's neighborhood. - The neighborhood is in process of an invasion from negroes, who occupy the eastern half. The whites occupy the western half. The white families are mainly caught, marooned families. Most of the better residents in the old neighborhood sold their houses and moved out. The houses are dilapidated and badly in need of repair. Certain large three-story brick dwellings indicate that upper middle class families once inhabited the area. The incoming negroes are said to be "good" for negroes. Many of them have bought their homes from the receding white population. The negroes are reported as peaceful, giving no trouble. There is no open or sharp conflict between the races, although the whites are alarmed at the negroes crossing what seemed to be the dividing line between the eastern and western part of the neighborhood. On two sides of the neighborhood there are railroad tracks flanked with small industrial plants and factories. What community spirit and organization may have existed among the whites at one time is now gone. Judged from the concentration of social problems, the neighborhood is disorganized as well as deteriorated.

Spot maps reveal:

- 23 white boy delinquents (3 years)
- 17 white girl delinquents (3 years)
- 25 negro boy delinquents (3 years)
- 17 negro girl delinquents (3 years)
- 54 white dependency cases (1 year)
- 11 negro dependency cases (1 year)
- 10 white v. d. cases (1 year)
- 35 negro v. d. cases (1 year)
- 3 white churches
- 1 " school
- 1 " park
- 1 " settlement

- 1 white shelter for girls
- 1 " day nursery
- 1 negro church
- 1 " school

The natural boundaries of the neighborhood enclose an area of 5/12 square mile. Population density not given. An area of high concentration for Nashville but not a tenement concentration -- more like concentration in area of single homes.

Summary of Findings

Physical Traits: Age, 13 years 11 months; weight 93 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds; well nourished and developed, had acute tonsillitis four years ago, operation for sinus trouble two years ago; marked phimosis; general impression: boy is sound physically.

Mental capacity and intelligence: C. A. 13-11; M. A. 14-7; I. Q. 104; somewhat precocious; special abilities, defects and affectivity not tested.

Habits: Dresses neatly, carries himself erect, keeps hair combed, keeps hands and face clean, frequently wears a flower in the lapel of his coat; does not stay out at night, goes to bed early, rises early, sleeps well; no dreams or other sleep disturbances, no enuresis, sleeps by himself; has good appetite, eats regularly, prefers vegetables to sweets, does not drink coffee or tea, drinks some coca-cola; does not smoke or use tobacco in any form; likes girls rather well, but does not go with them, does not masturbate.

Character and Disposition: Polite, respectful, truthful, honest, obedient, defensive and evasive at first acquaintance, expresses himself freely enough after he gains confidence; timid and reserved, but not bashful; carries a "winning" smile, has a lot of "pep" and "life" about him, sunny disposition; a little "dreamy" and romantic.

School: In eighth grade; studies a fair amount; makes passing marks; attendance good, conduct fair, misbehaves some in classroom, but is easily corrected; likes one of his teachers, takes flowers to her, teacher likes him, especially his eyes; does not get into trouble of any kind at school, is admired by other pupils.

Participation and Social Status: Practically no chums in the neighborhood, very few white boys his own age; chummed previously with boy with whom he got into trouble, mother forced him to drop this pal; does not associate with boys of neighborhood very much, looks down on boys who go to the local settlement; goes to Y. M. C. A. every other afternoon for recreation; attends movies occasionally; likes to read fiction, goes to public library frequently; has no employment at present, is made to wash dishes and "keep house," does this without protest.

Attitudes and Wishes: Thinks his community undesirable because negroes have moved in; feels superior to white boys of neighborhood; submissive to mother, affection for both parents and for younger brother; friendly to people in general; desires to finish high school and go to college; no ultimate goals beyond this.

Family: Mother comes from middle class folk, had fair education, quarrelled with husband continually, berated him in front of children; mother works in a factory for \$13.00 per week, away from home except at night; father and mother separated two years; father works for _____ Department of City, makes \$150 per month, gives about \$70 per month to wife for support of children, says he left home to get away from his "in-laws;" wife says trouble was other women; two boys -- one 13, other 12; neither child takes sides; boys call on father; home owned but in name of both parents, is comfortable and fairly well furnished.

Neighborhood: White families low in economic status; negroes moving in; dilapidated dwellings; neighborhood disorganized.

Sociological Analysis

Wallace is exposed to a set of social conditions which might ordinarily demoralize a boy but in his case they seem to have left him untouched except for his one and only slip. The burden of explanation should not be to show how he became delinquent but rather to show how he remained as orderly and as "good" as he was.

The family was marooned in a neighborhood that was changing its racial complexion. And just such half-and-half areas, in which one race or nationality is encroaching and the older one retreating, are breeding spots of delinquency; for the interpenetration of races, classes or nationalities is usually accompanied by a decline in the efficiency of the neighborhood to control its members. As we notice from the local community data, the neighborhood is disorganized. Indeed, with the physical decay of its buildings and the low economic status of its residents, it is beginning to assume the character of a slum.

Besides the disorganized neighborhood, the boy has been faced with a broken home. The separation of the parents finally resulted in the mother's full-time employment, which keeps her away from the home during the day. The boy and his brother must shift for themselves until evening.

Now there were certain factors which held the boy pretty much aloof from slum influence. As frequently happens with members of marooned families, he considered himself above the average run of boys in the neighborhood. He was not snobbish but merely did not associate with them. This conception of his own superior status isolated him from slum contacts. He took his recreation at the Y. M. C. A. and associated with the more "privileged" boys -- boys from better class neighborhoods -- who take advantage of the Y's offering.

His unwillingness to stoop to the level of association with the boys of the locality is closely related to his strong dislike for the neighborhood. He considered himself too good for it and was anxious to vacate as soon as the house could be sold. His especial hatred for negroes, in part at least (making allowances for traditional southern attitudes), grew out of the realization that he

had to tolerate these slum folk as neighbors. The presence of negroes at once stimulated a dissatisfaction with his surroundings as well as a feeling of superiority to the environs. We might say that the neighborhood as a social world did not exist for Wallace. His aloofness meant isolation and non-participation in its life. It meant that he went mostly untouched by its sociological atmosphere.

The one time he did participate in the life of the neighborhood was when he chummed with James, the "bad" boy, with whom he committed the act of theft -- "just to be doing something." That there was no consciously recognized motive behind the theft -- that it was merely an end in itself -- a prank -- is attested to by the fact that the boys failed to make any use of the booty until three weeks after the crime was committed. And then James saw second-hand value in the stolen articles.

While Wallace was perhaps a bit sensitive in regard to his parents' separation, we cannot say that the broken home caused a disturbing and unbalancing mental conflict. The separation itself was not directly responsible for the boy's delinquency. But it might be contended that if the mother could have remained at home she could have kept the boy completely under her thumb, she may have been able to see to it that Wallace stayed away entirely from James, whom she banished several times from her son's sight.

As it was, the mother -- single-handed and at work -- was able to control the boy. She commanded respect and exercised authority over her boys. She had them so well trained that they took care of the house, washed dishes, cooked meals, stayed out of trouble, attended school regularly although unwatched, and kept themselves tidy.

Wallace had a touch of the mamma's boy about him; he showed signs that he was strongly mothered although he was not a "sis". But an obedient and orderly existence did not come hard for him at all. He had a reputation for being a well-kept, well-mannered, nice-looking boy. And his conception of himself in these terms undoubtedly had a dual effect. It fed his feeling of superiority to the locale; it also held him aloof from the rougher elements and diverted his mind to the more refined interests of life. Consequently, he was led away from the world of "he-men" to a feminized milieu and turned from "hard-boiled" to romantic activities. He was his mother's little man; he called for her downtown; he kept house for her. He carried flowers to his teacher; he smiled at her on the street; he "liked" her (and he undoubtedly knew that she liked him -- "those eyes"). He read Zane Grey and other fiction for romantic adolescents.

A FOSTER CHILD PLAYS HOOKEY

Case IV.

Statement of the Problem

David Thompson, age 13, was brought into the Juvenile Court for habitual truancy. He appeared there a few months earlier for the same charge. Investigation showed that he had been expelled several times at school because of his repeated absence without excuse, that he continued his truant behavior at all the schools to which he was transferred (both public and private), that he was sent to the Detention Home (a shelter for neglected children and for the milder cases of delinquents) and was discharged for good behavior, that he went back to his truant ways as soon as he was let out. After the last appearance in court, he was committed to the State Industrial School (not a reformatory).

David is a foster child and at the same time, an only child. He is the object of sincere and deep affection on the part of his foster parents, who provide him with a good home. He likes his home and likes his parents, but he has become somewhat unmanageable. He runs off (not out of the neighborhood, however) when he is not supposed to leave the house and he seems to pay very little attention to "orders." Whippings have done very little good. He is underweight for his age and is subnormal in intelligence.

The Complete Case Record of David Thompson

Summary of Face Sheet Data. - Boy is habitually truant from school, according to J. C. record he refuses to attend school; committed to State Industrial School (for dependent children) on request of mother; has record in J. C. three months previously for same complaint. Rumsey Thompson, foster father, 46, native white, Catholic, plumber, \$150 per month.

Agnes Thompson, foster mother, 45, native white, Catholic.

David Thompson, subject, 13 yrs. 10 mos., native white, Catholic, irregular attendance at school.

No other children in household.

Lucile Jackson, aunt (maternal), 38, works, living in the home.

Thomas Jackson, husband, 42, bookkeeper.

Medical Report. (a) Developmental History. - Family History: father and mother dead. Foster father, 46, living and well. Foster mother, 45, living and well. No knowledge of birth. "Bottle fed." Appetite good. No sore throat or tonsillitis. No measles, no mumps. Scarlet fever two years ago; no typhoid; pneumonia five years ago; no diphtheria; no rheumatism, chicken pox two years ago. Small pox vaccination one year ago; no typhoid inoculation; sleep irregular, varying amount.

(b) Summary of Medical Examination: T. 98.6; wt. 87½; ht. 61 in; ideal wt. 97.

Skin -- warm, moist, no lesions.
 Head -- normal, no tenderness, hair well distributed.
 Eyes -- no inflammatory condition, react to light and accommodation.
 Nose -- no obstruction.
 Ears -- negative.
 Mouth -- gums and teeth in fair condition, some tartar.
 Throat -- tonsils moderately enlarged, not infected.
 Neck -- submaxillary glands rather enlarged, no tenderness.
 Thorax -- normal contour, no beading.
 Lungs -- expansion good and equal, sounds clear.
 Heart -- not enlarged, sounds clear and of good quality, no murmurs.
 Abdomen -- normal contour, no masses felt, no organ palpable.
 Genitalia -- normal male.
 Extremities -- normal.
 Reflexes -- present and active.
 Summary: Underweight 12%; enlarged tonsils (moderate), no infection.
 Treatment: advise more rest and to drink milk.

Report of psychological examination. - This boy has a mental age of 10 years and two months. This gives him an intelligence percentage of 73. He is, therefore, retarded in mental development, but not feeble-minded. His present school grading seems in advance of what it should be for his mentality. This should be taken into consideration in the understanding of his school behavior and general conduct. His range of mental interests as indicated by his meagre vocabulary is very limited. He has a certain vivacity that is liable to be construed as indicating a higher degree of intelligence than he really has. He is likely to prove troublesome in conduct unless readjusted to his school requirements.

Investigator's First Impression of the boy. - The investigator met David in the Court, where he had come for the purpose of being taken to the Vanderbilt Hospital for medical and psychological examinations. The boy wore a dark gray striped suit--long trousers--a light gray cap, a fairly good pair of shoes, and in all made a very good appearance. His face and hands were clean, and his hair was nicely combed. He says he is thirteen years old, and one would ordinarily take him to be about that age. His complexion is somewhat blotched and is not as clear as it might be. His eyes are large and set back in the head, his cheek bones are rather marked. Perhaps his health is not any of the best.

When first met the boy was in the best of humor. Several other boys were at the Court whom he knew, and on leaving he said in a joking way, "well, boys I'm gone to the Reformatory. I'm gone for good. Goodbye." On the way from the Court to the street car he seemed very interested in what was going to be done to him at the hospital. He wanted to know if any needles would be stuck in his arm and if he would be "cut on," as he expressed it. The investigator having assured him he would not have to take any shots in the arm and would not be operated upon, he seemed to banish his fears and tried to play the part of the man. However, he was somewhat afraid of the investigator, as is evident from the fact that on the street car instead of sitting with the investigator he

chose to go to the rear of the car and spend his time looking out of the back window. As the Hospital was approached the investigator went back to pick a conversation with him. He had allowed his fears of going to the Hospital to return. However, when he was reassured of his safety, he became talkative and expressed himself in regard to several matters before the Hospital was reached.

He was left with the Clinic for medical and Psychological examinations, and promised to wait in the Hospital, when his examinations were over, until the investigator would reappear. The investigator was gone an hour and a half. When he returned the boy was still having his psychological examination. When the examination was over he came out and made a statement to the effect that he liked what had been done to him. Evidently he had become "stuck on" the psychologist.

A short interview was had with him in a private part of the Hospital. However, he seemed to be tired and was not able to give his attention to anything which was discussed. For the most part he looked away from the investigator, and only made a haphazard effort to answer the questions asked him. He did not appear to mind telling the investigator anything in regard to his trouble for which he was carried to court, and answered freely when questioned about his habits. Some nervousness, which was perhaps due to fatigue, was shown. Several times he would lean over on the back of the bench which was in front of the one he and the investigator were sitting on. Also he turned in his seat a great deal and changed his sitting posture continually.

The boy seems to have a tendency not to be truthful. He gave as his excuse for playing truant from school the that he had hurt his finger while playing ball. His finger showed no signs whatever of injury.

He had no trouble understanding the questions asked him, and for the most part answered directly to the point. His voice is strong for a boy of his age. He speaks clearly and is very easily understood.

First interview with boy. - I liked what they did in there. That is not hard at all. (This is what the boy said on coming out from his psychological examination). They asked me all kinds of crazy questions. I couldn't answer all of them, but I knew most all they asked me. Some of them I don't believe anybody knows.

Yes, sir, I sleep a plenty. I don't have any regular time to go to sleep. It's when I get sleepy that I go. Sometimes I go by the time it gets dark good, and at others I stay up till ten or eleven o'clock. When I go to bed early at night I get up early in the morning, but when I go to bed late at night I sleep late the next morning. Sometimes I sleep till nine o'clock. I like to sleep late. But once I wake up in the morning it's no use in trying to go back to sleep. That is one thing I can't do. I never do dream very much. When I do dream, though, they are bad ones. I remember one time I dreamed I fell in the river, and I almost jumped out of the

bed. I dreamed I was up on a high rock and fell off that into the river.

I go to the river some but not so much. I would rather go to X. X. Creek. It flows into Cumberland River. I go down there a lot to swim and fish. I would rather fish than to swim. Yes sir, I can catch fish. Caught one down there that was this long (He measured off about a foot on his arm). A lot of boys go down there to swim. Edward Cooper goes with me most of the times. His father runs a grocery store across the street from home, the same grocery store that I work in some times. Edward is my best friend. He is about three months younger than I am, and we are about the same size. We never do get into any fights. I like him better than any other boy. I like him because when I go out on the pike he carries (accompanies) me, and he has a bicycle he lets me ride any time I want to. We are together the most of the time. His father has a truck and we drive it a lot -- you know, hauling things around. Edward and I play a lot of ball and all kinds of games. We don't have a regular team. We just catch most of the time. My next best friend is Claude Banks. He lives a good piece from home, about six blocks. We play together a lot. Some times Edward and Claude are my best friends. They always take up for me, and I take up for them. If I get into a fight Edward helps me, and then I help him when he gets into a fight. I fight George Owens most of the time. He is larger than I am. He can best me I guess, but I fight him anyway. When I was going to school we would fight on the way home. We couldn't fight at school. It was against the rules. The principal would whip anybody that got into a fight. She tried to beat me several times, but I never would let her. She would run me all over the room, but she couldn't catch me. When she did catch me she didn't do anything. She just told me to take a seat, and then she would stand up there and talk to me.

I had to go to court for getting in trouble at school. The principal turned me up. It was like this -- I left school one day and she expelled me. I just left school and went home. I didn't tell anybody I was leaving. My mother hadn't told me to come home. I had been being absent from school some and the teacher had it in for me. I don't think I was absent but about three days. My mother didn't keep me at home. I would leave home to go to school but wouldn't go. I didn't go because I had my finger hurt. I got it hurt playing ball. This finger right here (the finger seemed not to have been injured any time lately). I was in the sixth grade in school. It was X. School that I was going to. I can't go back there now, because I am expelled. They wouldn't take me back. My mother wanted me to go to K. School, but I can't go there. Judge Brown asked me if I wanted to go to the Detention Home. I told him I didn't. He said, well, that was all he could do with me. My mother asked him if it would be all right for me to go to the Tennessee Industrial School, and he said it would be all right to go there. That is way out in the country, about fifteen miles I guess. I don't mind going there to school. I hate to leave home. Yes, sir, I like home. My mother and father beat me. My mother beats me a lot more than my father. I would rather her beat me. She doesn't beat me as hard as he does. She usually beats me for doing things she tells me not to do.

You ought to see Edward's daddy beat him. He beats him with a piece of barbed wire. He just cuts him all up with it. My daddy doesn't whip me that way. I don't have any brothers for my mother to pet. There were four other children, but they all died. If they were living they would all be older, than I am. They died I think when they were babies.

I never have been sick so much. I eat a lot. I like almost anything. I like mashed potatoes. Yes sir, I like pie and cake. I like sweet things better than anything else. I drink one coca-cola a day. Sometimes I drink more than that. I buy other drinks too. I like Strawberry (referring to strawberry flavored drinks). I eat a good deal of candy. Edward and I get candy out of his daddy's store. His daddy doesn't care. You see, I work in the store a lot of times for nothing. When I do work for money I get twenty-five or fifty or maybe seventy-five cents a day. I don't like to charge Mr. Cooper. He is good to me. Yes, he likes me, I think.

I smoke some. Some people say it hurts you, but I don't believe it does. I used to smoke more than I do now. It was always cigarettes. I never did smoke a package in a day. My mother knows I smoke, but my father doesn't know anything about it. My mother didn't do anything to me the first time she found out I was smoking. She just talked to me, and that was all. I wouldn't let my father know I smoke. He would beat me up. Edward smokes all he wants to. He smokes a package of cigarettes in about two days. He smokes right before his daddy, but his daddy doesn't care. I don't smoke any cigars, and never do smoke a pipe. A cigar would make me as sick as a dog. All of the boys out home smoke. Some of them chew. No sir, I don't chew. They wouldn't let us smoke at school.

Investigator's second impression of the boy. - The investigator, having made an appointment on the day before with the boy to come to the Court, went there to have a second interview with him. He was on hand, and said he had been there for some time. It appeared that the Judge had been talking to him about the possibility of his being sent to the Industrial School. He was not alarmed, however, and said he didn't mind going, only he did hate to leave home.

The boy was dressed in the same clothes which he had worn to the Court and Hospital the day before. Again he was clean and had a rather neat appearance, as on the day before. He seemed to be in a very unpleasant state of mind. Complaint was made that he was feeling bad, as he said he had felt the day before. The investigator thinks there was some truth in what he said, because he still had, as on the day before, a tired and fatigued appearance. To glance at him one might have thought he had lost a great deal of sleep. Dark areas below his eyes were very noticeable. He stared at objects and persons and seemed not to know or care "what it was all about." People were passing in the Court and when they would pass his attention would be wholly distracted. It was impossible to get him interested in the matters discussed. At no time did he "lose himself" and tell a connected story about anything. For the most part he simply answered the questions asked him in the briefest manner possible.

Second interview with boy. - I have been here about a half hour. I would rather get anywhere too early than to get there too late. They are going to send me out to that school. That is what Judge Brown said a while ago. I don't mind going so much. I don't want to leave home.

I'm feeling bad this morning. I was feeling bad yesterday. You know when you were talking to me over there in the hospital. Well, I could hardly sit up. I felt like I wanted to lay down all the time. I don't know what is the matter with me. My head and back hurt me. I never have been sick very much. I don't feel bad all the time. It's just some times I feel as bad as I do now.

I don't like my aunt that lives at home. She is married. She tries to boss me around. She hasn't got anything to do with me, and I just won't let her. She thinks she can do as much with me as my mother can. She tries to make me bring in wood and coal, and I won't do it for her. One Sunday we got into a fight. She told me to do something. I forgot what it was. I just gave her a shove and sat her down. She is not so large. She can't hurt me. I can handle her all right. When she fusses with me, my mother takes up for me sometimes and takes up for my aunt sometimes. My mother wants me to do what my aunt says. No sir, when my mother takes up for my aunt, I don't feel slighted; I just don't care. My aunt and I have got into a lot of fusses. I never would listen to her and that was what would make her mad.

I didn't like the boys at school. I don't know why I didn't but I just know I didn't like them. They treated me all right most of the times. I got into some fights with them. They called me by my last name (in answer to question as to whether he was called "names" or had a nickname). We played games at school, all kinds of games. We played baseball more than anything else. The other boys didn't mind me playing. I played in different places. Sometimes I played first base, sometimes I pitched, and sometimes I caught behind the bat. I would rather pitch than do anything else. We didn't fuss about who was going to pitch. I would rather let somebody else pitch than to have a fuss about it. I like the boys out home a lot better than I did the boys at school. They call me Dave out there. They treat me better than the boys at school did. There was one old boy at school that I didn't like at all. His name is Bob Carter. He would try to boss everybody around. I never did get into any fights with him. He is too large for me to fight with. The boys out home don't have a club. Nobody is boss when we get together. Frank Howell tries to tell everybody what to do, but we don't pay any attention to him. No sir, I don't try to tell anybody what to do. Frank Howell is a very good friend of mine. He lives about eight blocks from home. We play all kinds of games out home there. We play ball and marbles, and sometimes we play with scooters.

I go to a picture show about every Saturday night. I like to see pictures. The A. Theater is where I go. That's on B. Street (the main thoroughfare of the neighborhood). I like wild west pictures. Don't care anything about these pictures that have a lot of love in them. I like to see cowboys riding, and I like to see fights. I like the comedies. Our gang is good. The little fellow

that has freckles all over his face is better than any of the rest of them. That fat fellow is good too. No sir, those little niggers ought not to be in there. They haven't got any business there. I don't like niggers at all. I don't hate them, but I don't like anything to do with them. I have been into some fights with nigger boys. We would go down to the dump and they would be down there. After a while they would start throwing cinders at us, and then was when we would make for them. We would throw anything at them we could get our hands on. A nigger better let me alone if he knows what is good. The dump is about four blocks from home, down there at the railroad. We boys would go down there to play. We played around the freight cars a lot. We played around empty cars most of the time. Sometimes we hopped freights when they were moving. I can hop them all right -- never have got hurt at it. We never did ride a freight out of town. If we stayed on it till it got out of town it would be going too fast that we couldn't get off. We would only ride for a few blocks. It is not good for anybody that those men down there catch riding. No sir, they never did catch me.

I don't like to read so much. I read the newspaper most of the time -- the funnies. I don't read the whole newspaper. I don't go to any libraries. I have read a few stories. I like wild west stories. Don't remember the name of any I read. I don't know who wrote the stories I read. I like music. I can play a french harp (mouth organ) and a piano. Can't do so much with a piano. We don't have a piano at home. There is a family that lives on our street. They have a piano and all the playing I ever did was over there. I can't play anything very well. I can only play a few little pieces, and I have to play slow. The people that own the piano don't mind me playing on it. I never did take music at school.

I got expelled for leaving the school before they turned out. I left just as they were going in from recess. I had my arm and shoulder hurt, and that was the reason I went. This Carter boy, the same one that tried to boss everybody around, pushed me down and hurt my arm. We were standing out there at recess. I didn't do anything to him. He came up and put his leg behind mine and gave me a shove. I tumbled over on the hard ground. I could hardly get up the thing hurt so. I went and sat down on the steps. After a while the bell rang, and when it rang I didn't go in, I just went on home. Yes sir, I went straight on home. When I got there my mother asked me why I had come home at that time. I told her how it was. She didn't beat me. She told me to just take a seat. The next day I didn't go to school. I had my finger hurt and that is the reason I didn't go. I was playing ball. A high ball came along. I jumped up for it, and the ball hit this finger here and turned it back. I thought it was broke. Then on the next day I went back to school, but the teacher told me I couldn't come back, that I was expelled. Yes sir, I guess the teacher had something against me before the time I left. I had been absent some before that time. I would leave home to go to school and wouldn't go. My mother didn't know anything about it until the teacher wrote her a note. You see, I would stay out of school, and wouldn't go back home until the regular time. My mother thought I was at school all the time. I want to be a street car motorman when I get to be a man. You don't have

to go to school to be one of those. I have an uncle (foster father's brother) who is a motorman. I wouldn't mind being a plumber. My daddy (foster) is one. (At this point the boy was taken to the State Industrial School).

Investigator's impressions of the (foster) mother and the home. - It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the investigator went to the Thompson home. The home is located on a corner block, there is a fairly large yard covered with lawn grass around the house, and the dwelling, being a frame structure and painted white, makes a very nice appearance. The house perhaps has some six or seven rooms. Within it is nicely furnished. A large phonograph was seen, nice rugs covered the floor, pictures were on the walls, and everything was clean and in perfect order.

When the investigator knocked on the door Mrs. Thompson was some time in appearing. It seemed when she did appear that she had been in the kitchen, and after the investigator had gone in she asked to be excused to see about some article that she had left on the stove to cook.

Mrs. Thompson gives her age as forty-five, but she has the appearance of being at least fifty. She is rather tall, fairly stout, would perhaps weigh 160 pounds. She has a red, smooth, complexion, her eyes are good, her profile good. At the time of the interview she seemed to have just powdered her face, her hair was fixed on top of the head, she wore a blue dress and white apron, both well ironed -- in short, she gave the general impression of being a very admirable housewife.

She was very polite to the investigator. She took his hat when he went in and insisted that he have a seat before he had explained his mission. Her interest in David was very evident, and she was glad to give information regarding him. Early in the interview she broke the news that David was not her child, however, it would be entirely possible for her to talk of the boy a great deal without one's detecting that she is only a foster mother. At all times she spoke of the boy as though he were really her own son. Also she referred several times to Mr. Thompson as being his father. Mrs. Thompson's affection for the child seems to be genuine, although she speaks of him somewhat objectively. She did not try to cover up his misconduct, and the investigator believes the facts she gave to be accurate.

Mrs. Thompson seems to have a fair education. She speaks well, has no trouble whatever in saying and getting across what she wants to, and furthermore, she has a rather wide knowledge of things. She seems to be a little more broad-minded than the average person. This the investigator gathered from her rather wholesome attitude toward religious matters. She does not allow herself, she says, to be prejudiced.

Interview with boy's mother. - David came home delighted yesterday. He said the men over at the hospital were so good to him. He spoke of one man in particular, but said he didn't know his name. He went

over to the Court this morning and I haven't seen him since. Mr. Thompson told him he would meet him over town and take him to the Tennessee Industrial School. It's about a mile from the end of the car line. We are going to have to pay for him to go out there, \$17.50 a month. Mr. Thompson said he would pay it. We are anxious for him to get an education. I tell him he never can amount to anything unless he goes to school and gets an education.

He is not my regular son, you know. He is an adopted child. I got him when he was about three years old. His mother was dead and his father was dead also. His mother died when he was only a baby, and his father died before his mother did. She died in the X. (Home). I don't know what her trouble was. I got David from the (Home) after he had been there for some time. When his mother died they just kept him at the (Home). There was nobody to take him. I don't know anything about his mother or father, but I am quite sure he was a legitimate child. I did talk to one old lady once who knew something about his father and mother, but I never did find out anything about them. I didn't care much whether I knew or not. I don't know where would be the best place for you to go to find out something about his mother and father.

When we first brought him to our home he was a cute little fellow. We lived on U- Street then. Mr. Thompson thought the world of him. He said he never could switch him because his mother was dead. However, he soon did away with that notion. It came to the place that he had to be whipped. I used to whip him but haven't been able to whip him right lately. He has got to the place that he catches me and holds me so I can't switch. You see I can't get about so well, but if I were able, I would handle him. Mr. Thompson has beat him over and over again, but it doesn't seem to do him any good. Up until here a short while back Mr. Thompson took a genuine interest in him, but for the past few weeks he has been disgusted with him right much. You see he is so provoking. Mr. Thompson is a large man and he has always been too sympathetic. A lot of times he wouldn't whip the child when he really needed it. He said it always hurt him more to whip David than it hurt David himself. Mr. Thompson still kinder thinks he is taking the advantage of him when he whips him.

David is one of the most disobedient children I ever saw. We can't do anything with him. When he was only a little baby he would run away from home, or that is he would run away when I first got him. I remember when I lived over on J- (Street) he would run away and play with the little negroes. There was a negro family that lived three houses from us, and when I missed David I would know where to go to find him. We had to leave that community over there because so many negroes moved in. They just took the place. David was very friendly to little negroes when he was small, but he can't stand them now. There are not any negroes living right around here.

To show how disobedient he is, we can tell him to stay at home and the first thing we will know he will slip out and be gone. At night Mr. Thompson will tell him at supper time, "now, David, I don't want you to go out tonight," and if we don't mind, as soon as

he gets through eating he is up and gone, to who knows where. He might come back in by nine o'clock, it might be ten, eleven, and sometimes he has been out as late as twelve. He doesn't ever think about coming back home when he gets away. No, he doesn't dislike home, he just gets with other boys and goes with them wherever they go. I don't like for him to be out with boys at night. It is not good for any boy to be out at night. The place for a young boy like Davie is at home in bed.

He has always gone with a lot of boys. I don't know all the boys he goes with. His best friends are the Cooper boys. One of them is about the age of David; the other is about sixteen, I guess. They are fairly good boys, but not any too good. They get into a lot of fights, and give their mother a good deal of trouble. When David gets in a fight the Cooper boys help him out, and when they get into a fight David helps them out. The other night David came home and I could see something was wrong with him. I said, "David, what is the matter with you?" He came out and told me he had been in a fight. I thought he had. Said he got into a fight with some Owens boy. He said the Owens boy was a lot larger than he was and almost choked him to death. He said he couldn't talk for a while after this fellow quit choking him. But then he went on and said he beat the fellow. I said, "well it seems like he beat you." He said then that after the fellow had got him down Edward Cooper helped him, and both of them together beat the other boy. Here some time back he and both of the Cooper boys got locked up for fighting. They were on Mr. Cooper's truck somewhere over here -- I don't know exactly where it was -- and met up with some boys they had been having a fuss with. The large Cooper boy, Charles, was driving the truck. He slowed down when he met these fellows, and Edward Cooper jumped off and went to fighting one of them. After a while David jumped off and got into it, and then Charles got into it. A policeman got there and arrested them all. He locked the whole crowd up for a while. Then he let Edward and David out and gave them street car tickets to come home on. He kept Charles on for a while, but he soon got off somehow.

Edward doesn't go with any boys outside of the community. He doesn't go out of the community very much to get his company. All the boys he goes with live right around here. I think he got along with the boys at school very well. I don't know of any particular trouble he ever had with them. Of course he used to get into fights at school. He would fight anywhere you might put him. No, he doesn't always tell me about his fights. If he gets beat I think he usually keeps it to himself. He won't tell me all about his troubles.

He likes the girls very well. There used to be a little girl that passed by here a lot, and he always called her his sweetheart. Of course he was a lot smaller than he is now, and he hardly knew what sweetheart meant. He tries to hang around another girl now that I don't like at all. She lives down the street here a few houses away. She has a sister living there who is a grass widow. And then there is another girl, a Sampson girl, who lives there in the house. Guess you heard about this baby they found out here on

the car track. I've heard she was the mother of it. And I don't doubt that she was. All the people in the community have her to talk about. I don't know so much about them myself. I only know what I've heard. But I just don't want David going down there to hang around. The girl he likes is about thirteen or fourteen years old. The Cooper boys also hang around down there. Mrs. Cooper tries to keep them away, but she can't. David was down there the other day, and I just went down and called him out and brought him home. They might get mad at me, but I can't help that. I don't mind him liking the girls, but I don't want him going down there.

The greatest trouble, though, with David is that he positively will not go to school. I try to tell him how important it is for him to get an education, but my talking to him doesn't do any good. Mr. Thompson has talked to him and whipped him but not nothing will do him any good. He just seems determined he won't go to school. No, it is not a recent thing with him. He has always wanted to stay out of school. From the time he first started to school till now he has been playing truant. He will leave home in the mornings and pretend he is gone to school. I will think all day he is in school. Then here comes a note from the teacher saying that he was not there. When I ask him about it he will deny he stayed out, and I just have to pen him up before he will tell the truth. He doesn't tell the truth about anything. And he will try to fool me a lot of times. He will get up in the morning and pretend he is terribly sick, too sick to go to school. Then if I let him stay at home he immediately gets well. He will only pretend he is sick until nine-thirty or ten o'clock in the morning. As soon as he knows it is too late to go to school, he is into all kinds of capers. A few weeks ago he got up one morning and said his tooth was hurting him. I hated for him to go to school if his tooth was really hurting, and told him he could stay home. After breakfast I said, "well, David, I believe I will let you go down and see Dr. M. (dentist) about that tooth." He didn't want to go at first, but finally he consented to go if I would go with him. I took him down there and the doctor said there was not a thing in the world wrong with his tooth. I don't know sometimes what to do with him. I don't want him to go to school when he is sick, but I have no way of telling when he is really sick.

He didn't tell you the truth about why he was expelled from school. He used to go to X. School (Catholic) a long time ago, you know -- he started in there -- but he got into trouble there. Playing truant was his big trouble. His teacher over there told us he was not doing anything; so we sent him to K. (public) School. Well, he went there for a while, but kept playing truant, and finally he got expelled. He was not expelled simply for staying out. He had got to where he was having to go to the principal a lot. Mr. G., the principal at K., said he couldn't do anything with him. When he couldn't go to K. any longer we sent him to O. (public) School. When he went there he was no better. His teachers would whip him and we would whip him, but whipping did no good. When he would feel like staying out of school, he would simply stay out and not say anything to anybody. Of course his teacher would always write me when he would play truant, and I would find it out

in that way. He played truant so much that finally they expelled him from O. School. I say he was expelled for truancy because that was the principal thing. He did smoke a cigarette before Miss N., the teacher, and that caused some trouble. Besides he has been misbehaving at school. It was one afternoon after he had got out of school that he smoked the cigarette. He was about a block away from the school. He looked around and saw Miss N. and yelled goodbye to her. The next day he was expelled. We sent him back over to X. then (the Catholic school). They didn't want to take him, but finally consented to. As soon as he got started in, here came letters from his teacher saying he had been absent. I knew he had left home to go to school and was simply playing truant. But they kept him on in X. Here last week he played truant every day. I thought I saw him cross the street out there about a block away and called him, but he didn't answer. That afternoon he came in as if he had come from school. I asked him if he had played truant, and he said he hadn't. Well, he went back to school Monday morning, and when he went back they told him he was expelled.

He has been into the Juvenile Court three times for playing truant from school. I was at the Court when he was in there the other day. Judge Brown wanted to send him to the Industrial School. I don't know that he is going to do anything in school anywhere. He just doesn't like school, and is not interested in getting an education. He never did study at home, and I know he didn't know his lessons when he went to school. His grades were always very poor. I don't know how he got up from one grade to another. He kept going until he reached the sixth grade, and he has been there for some time now. I don't think his lack of interest in school has been due to his teachers. Most of his teachers have been good ones, I think. Now, I don't know how his teachers were over at K. Mr. G. is getting too old to be a teacher. He doesn't know how to get along with the children. But I know O. and X. are good schools.

I don't know what has caused David to be like he is. We have always treated him just as though he were our own child. I know I've thought as much of him as I could have thought of a child of my own. I did have four children, but they all died when they were babies. We took David just to have a child in the home. Mr. Thompson has been as good to him as a regular father could be. It was a long time that he really thought we were his parents. Then people on the outside got to telling him he was adopted. He came to me and asked me about it. I told him at first that he was my boy. But he kept on after me until I told him we had adopted him. I saw I couldn't keep it a secret from him, and just told him how we came to have him. It didn't seem to have any effect on him when I told him. His curiosity just seemed to cause him to want to know. I don't think the other boys ever tried to poke any fun at him about being an adopted child. I think he likes me and Mr. Thompson as much as he would like a regular mother and father. When we attempt to punish him he doesn't mention the fact that we are not his parents. I can say that he is a good-hearted child. He will give anybody anything he happens to have, it doesn't make much difference what it is. He is affectionate at times. I was

amused at him on Mother's Day. He came to me and wanted to know what kind of roses people are supposed to wear on Mother's Day. I told him one should wear a red rose if his mother is living and a white one if she is dead. Of course he knows his mother is dead. But he said, "I am going to wear a red rose because you are my mother." He is more afraid of Mr. Thompson than he is of me. He will do things and try to hide them from Mr. Thompson and he might not mind my knowing them. He smokes cigarettes before me, but he won't smoke them before Mr. Thompson. Yes, Mr. Thompson knows well enough that he smokes. David thinks he doesn't know. Mr. Thompson talks to him and tells him he shouldn't smoke. I don't guess smoking is good for him. He inhales.

David used to go to church some, but he never does go now. Mr. Thompson is supposed to be a Catholic, but he doesn't go to church. I am not anything. I don't go to any special church. Haven't been to any church at all now in some time. David asked me once what church he should join. I told him to join any one he wanted to, that I didn't think it would make any difference about what church he joined. I have always had a leaning toward the Catholic Church, but I wouldn't try to make him join it unless he wanted to. We don't give any thanks at the table. David used to give thanks, but he stopped that a long time ago. We don't have any family prayer.

My sister and her husband live in the house here with us. Both of them work all day, though, and are not here very much. They don't have any children. David has been the only child in the house. My sister has got after him some times about the way he would do, and they would fuss. My sister never did try to switch him. Most of the time he got along very well with her. My sister's husband is a fine man. He likes David and David thinks a great deal of him. They never did have any trouble. Mr. R. (the brother-in-law) would leave his money all around, and David never would bother a penny of it. He never has taken any money from me. I never knew him to steal but one time in his life. That time he and another boy stole a hen and sold her. They stole the hen from a Mr. W. who lives several blocks from here. They stole her out of the chicken yard in the daytime, and carried her right on and sold her. Mr. W. found out somehow what they had done and got a policeman after them. The policeman made them go to the man they sold the hen to and get her back and return her to Mr. W. He said the thing he hated most was to go and get the hen back from the man after he had sold her to him.

David is one of the most peculiar children about eating I ever saw. He doesn't care anything for vegetables and won't drink milk. All he wants is something sweet. He likes eggs and toast for breakfast. He always has drunk coffee. If there is one thing on the table he likes, he eats that and nothing else. He usually has a good appetite.

He never has been sick very much. He has had scarlet fever, pneumonia, chicken pox, and whooping cough. I heard he had pneumonia once before we got him. I know he has had it once since he has been with us. His complexion is mighty bad I've noticed. And

in the mornings his breath is mighty bad. I don't think he suffers from constipation. I never do have to give him any medicine. He sleeps well. He hasn't wet the bed since he was very small, and he didn't wet it very often then. I don't think he ever dreams. He doesn't roll and turn in his sleep. He is a good child to sleep with. If he has ever done anything like that (referring to sex practices, masturbation in particular) I don't know anything about it. I never have heard Mr. Thompson say that he thought David was doing anything like that. I don't know that Mr. Thompson has ever talked to him along that line.

Investigator's impression of the boy's (foster) father. - The investigator went to the Thompson home in the afternoon and found both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson there. Mr. Thompson had been working at some project in the backyard and was rather dirty. However, he came in, asked to be excused for his appearance, and began talking about David. When he got started there was not a chance for anyone else to get a word in edgewise. He spoke in an extremely pleasing manner, and the investigator was especially pleased, because he knew how to give facts which bore on the case. He spoke straight from the shoulder and did not try to conceal a thing. The man's affection for the boy was at all times evident. The investigator does not doubt in the least that he could not be more interested in the boy if the boy were his own son. At present the father (foster) is paying the boy's expenses in the State Industrial School, and furthermore has all his property willed to the boy.

Mr. Thompson says the trouble with David is that he has been allowed to do too much as he pleased, and the father (foster) laments this fact. Still he says he has done by the boy as best he knew at all times.

Mr. Thompson states that he and Mrs. Thompson, although they have legal possession of the boy, have tried to keep their adoption of David a secret from the boy's kin people. This he says he did to keep the kin people away from the home. This is very likely the reason why in the interview with Mrs. Thompson the investigator was unable to get any facts in regard to the boy's parentage.

Interview with the boy's (foster) father. - That boy has given me a lot of trouble. To tell the truth I haven't known what to do with him. He has been expelled from several schools and has had to go to the Juvenile Court twice, both times for playing truant from school. He just seemed to be determined not to go to school. He would beg his mother to let him stay away, and when she would refuse him he would leave home to go to school but would stay out all day. I can't say that the fault has been with his teachers. Mr. G. over here at K. School, where David went for a while and got expelled, is one of the finest old men I ever knew. And I believe he knows as much about handling boys as any man you can find. I think maybe he thought I thought a little hard of him for expelling David, but I didn't. I knew he couldn't do anything with the boy.

David is not particularly bad. He is just the kind of chap that you can't keep check on. He just gets out from under you

before you know anything. At night we would be eating supper, and if I didn't watch he would slip out and be gone. He would get with this Cooper boy and others and they would all go down to the Pie Wagon and Theater and all around. It would be way in the night sometimes when he would come in. A few times we were all asleep and didn't know what time he came in. I told him -- I says, "son, you have just got to quit this thing of staying out at night." And I would whip him about it, but whipping didn't do any good, or it wouldn't do any good for any length of time. One night I thought I would break him. He had slipped out and gone somewhere without saying anything to anybody. Ten o'clock came, and he didn't show up. I suspected he was down on the street with other boys playing around. I got me a good switch and went down to look the gentleman up. When I got down there, there he was with several other boys playing around in front of the theatre. I didn't do a thing but walk up and catch him and give him a good switching and brought him on home. I told him that night that if he ever left home again at night without asking me or his mother, I was going to repeat what I had already done for him. Well, that had some effect on him. He stayed in for several nights afterward. Finally he got to going out again. I never did whip him any more before his chums. I hated to do it the first time, and was almost sorry of it afterwards.

That has been the great trouble. I don't put anything the boy does on what he came from. We just haven't been strict enough on him. He has always done too much as he pleased. I have thought so much of him that I didn't punish him as much as I should have. We had four children, but they all died while they were small. The oldest one lived to be about four years old, I believe. My wife and I wanted a boy, and so we adopted David.

We got him through the X. (Home). I knew a priest over there, and he came to me one day and said, "Mr. Thompson, I've got a boy over there at the (Home) I would like for you to take." He wanted me to go right then to talk to David's mother, who was sick in the (Home) at the time and expected to die, but I told him I would have to talk to my wife first. He said he would wait on me a few days. I came home and talked to my wife, but her health was not any of the best, and she said that while she would like to have the boy she thought we had better not take him. Well, I didn't see the priest for about four days. When I saw him he said, "I've still got that boy for you, but it is too late to talk to his mother. She is dead." The thing struck me, and I came home and talked to my wife again. Finally we decided we would go over and get the boy. He was in the possession of the (Home) after his mother died. When we went to the (Home) I just fell for the kid -- he seemed so bright and good natured. He was a little over three years old at the time. We went to the County Court, and by a process of law, accepted the boy as our child. If you will excuse me for a minute I will get the papers and show them to you. (He got the papers which showed a legal transfer of the boy from the (Home) to him and his wife). When we got him home I took him as if he had been my own child, and my wife has done the same. Some time ago I had my will made out, and I have things fixed so that when I'm dead and my

wife is dead, every bit of what I have will go to him. That shows you what I'm willing to do for him. Right now I'm paying \$17.50 a month to keep him out in the Industrial School. I didn't have to send him out there. Judge Brown would have let me put him back in some of the public schools, but I just thought it would be best for him to be out there in the Industrial School, where he will be controlled. I'm going to let him stay there at least three months. But goodness, I did miss that kid for the first few days he was away from home. I still miss him a great deal.

I don't know so much about his parents but will tell you what I know. His grandfather (paternal) died when his father was only a kid. I don't know how long his grandmother (paternal) lived. But I do know that his father, while only a small boy, was sent to the Tennessee Industrial School for some misconduct -- I don't know what. In fact, his father was practically raised in the Industrial School. When he got grown and got out, he got married. After he had been married for a little over two years and after David had been born he died. I know the doctor who tended him, and the doctor says he died with T. B. At the time of his death his wife was pregnant and was soon to give birth to a second child. But she didn't have any money or anything to go on. Two sisters over at the (Home) saw the condition she was in and told her to come with them. She went and took David with her. When time came for her to give birth to the child she took blood poison and she and the child died. That left David in the possession of the (Home). They knew for several days before she died that she was going to die, and that is the reason the priest wanted me to go over and talk to her (the mother superior) about taking David.

David only found he was an adopted child about two years ago. People on the outside would keep telling him he was an orphan. And he would come to his mother and want to know what orphan meant. Well, he just kept after his mother, until finally I told my wife that we had as well go and tell him the truth about the whole thing, and tell him, though, that we thought as much of him as his parents did. And so my wife told him. At first he seemed rather upset. He cried at times for two or three days. I remember one night I heard him crying out on the porch -- it was just after we had finished eating supper. I went out and I said, "Son, what is the trouble?" He said, "My father and mother are dead." I patted him on the back some and told him that we loved him as much as his mother and father did, and he got all right. In a few days the shock was all over. He has always thought of me as his father and of my wife as his mother. And I'm sure he thinks as much of us as any ordinary child does of his real parents. He has been disobedient and has given us a lot of trouble, but it hasn't been because he didn't like us.

The reason we haven't told him about his kin folks, and the reason we haven't told other people about them, is that we don't want them coming around and laying claim on him. Of course, I've got papers on him, and he is mine, but we just decided we didn't want his kin folks coming around. They couldn't be of any help to him anyway.

Investigator's third impression of the boy. - The investigator went to the Industrial School in the afternoon to talk to David. When he was brought into the private room in which the interview was held he wore his same gray cap, but had taken on a pair of blue overalls. Around the waist he wore a leather belt. The boy's appearance had improved wonderfully since he had been in the Industrial School. The dark areas were gone from under his eyes, and his complexion was much better. Also he seemed to be in a better humor than he had been in during previous interviews. He did seem to be greatly dissatisfied at being away from home and at conditions in the Industrial School. Perhaps the boy's improvement after going to the school was due to the fact that he was made to go to bed early at night and had stopped smoking cigarettes.

The investigator noticed in the interview, as also in previous interviews, a tendency on the boy's part to misrepresent things. His lying is perhaps not pathological, but simply a means which he has for covering things up. Occasionally he would tell a thing in one way, and then when the investigator would question him closely he would tell a different story.

Third interview with the boy. - I wasn't doing anything just a while ago but playing. I don't like it out here at all. No sir, I didn't want to come here. The only reason I came was that I had to. I don't like the boys out here. Most of them are bad fellows. One of them kicked me on my leg the day after I came here, and the place is still sore. They make us work out here too much. We have to wash about six hundred dishes every night. And that is one thing I hate to do -- wash dishes. I never did have to do it at home. My mother always did that. And they make us work in the field out here. We had to pull weeds this morning, and I'm telling you that sun was some hot. I never did work in the field before. I don't like to work on a farm. How long will I have to stay out here? My daddy said if I be good he might be able to get me out in three months, and I'm going to be good so I can get out. If I could get back home now I wouldn't mind going to school. No sir, I never would miss a day.

I would rather go home than anywhere I know of. I like home better than anywhere else. The treat me good there. I like my mother and I like my father. He is paying for me to come to school out here. (8) I guess I like my mother better than my father -- no, I don't know which one I like the best. My mother didn't beat me as much as my father. He didn't beat me so much. Before I left home my mother hadn't beat me in a long time. Yes sir, I know they adopted me. My regular mother and father are dead. I never did see them. I was a baby when they died, and wasn't old enough to remember anything. I never do think about them now. I like my mother and father (foster) as much as I would like my dead mother and father. My mother (foster) treats me as good as if she was my

(8) When the quota at the Tennessee Industrial School is full, children can be admitted on a paid basis (\$17.50 per month).

regular mother, and my father (foster) treats me as good as if he was my regular father. My father would give me money at times. He bought two bicycles for me. One of them cost \$15.00. It was second handed but was as good as any new one. The other one cost \$2.50. It wasn't much good. It was also second handed. I like to ride a bicycle, but it has been a long time since I had my last one now. Edward Cooper had one, and I rode it a lot. I can skate but never did do it so much. We used to go over "the Hill" -- you know that hill out there -- and skate on the ice in the winter time. Edward and I used to go over there together. I like to skate on ice.

I don't know who was the first one to tell me my mother and father (real) were dead. They didn't tell me that. They would call me an orphan. The children at school did it. When anybody called me an orphan I would fight. That was when I was going to X. School (the Catholic school he was put in when his truancy became so bad) the first time. One day a boy called me orphan, and I got in a fight with him. The teacher came up and caught me by the arm and made me sit on the steps. She said, "What are you fighting about?" I told her I was fighting because that fellow had called me orphan. She said, "Well, you are one, aren't you?" I went home that afternoon and asked my mother if I was an orphan. She said No, that I was her boy. But I went and got to looking around in the bureau drawer and found some papers my mother and father got when they got me. I kept on after my mother, and finally she told me all about it. She told me my mother and father (real) died, and that they had taken me to be their boy. Yes sir, I was kinder sorry at first, but I wasn't sorry long. It has been about two years ago since I found out I had been adopted. People had told me I was an orphan before the teacher did. I heard it all about. I don't remember the first time I ever heard it. People don't call me orphan now. It has been a long time since anybody called me that. Fellows did call me that when I would get in a fight, but I didn't care then.

I didn't like that teacher that called me orphan at all. She was as mean as she could be. I don't know whether she hated me or not. She didn't treat me as good as she did the others. She had pets. No sir, I never did have a teacher to pet me. I wouldn't want them to pet me. This teacher over there at X. would whip me for any little thing, and she wouldn't do the others that way. She whipped me mostly for laughing and talking in school and fighting after school and at recess.

I went from X. to K. School (public school). I like Mr. G. (principal) all right. My teacher over there was the one I didn't like. She wanted me to sit up and not open my mouth. She sent me to the study room teacher a lot of times for talking, and would send a note to the studyroom teacher to whip me. But I wouldn't let her do it. Then she would send me to Mr. G. He whipped me a lot. I didn't mind him whipping me, because he is a man. I wouldn't let a woman whip me. I don't know why. I just wouldn't let them do it. Sister M. over at X. School tried to whip me and another boy one time, and we wouldn't take it. She said we had

thrown some books out in the yard. The books were in a bookcase in the back of the school house. Some boys went back there and threw them out. No sir, I didn't help. I wasn't into it. She got all the boys up and whipped them. Then she sent and got me and this other boy and said she was going to whip us because we helped to throw the books out. When we went in we sat down, and when she wanted to whip us we wouldn't get up. I don't know whether the other boy helped to throw the books out or not -- I didn't ask him. (The boy is perhaps misrepresenting here, however; the investigator could not get a confession from him that he did participate in throwing the books out). When we wouldn't take the whipping, the teacher told us we could go home. That was after school anyway. That was about the time I went from X. to K. School. When I got expelled from K. School I went to O. School. I didn't go there long until I was expelled from there. The teacher said she expelled me for smoking, but she just had it in for me. After I got expelled there I went back to X. and was expelled from X. just before I went to court.

I didn't mind going to school so much, but sometimes I would just want to stay out. I got tired going there every day and having to stay in school. I don't remember the first time I ever played hookey -- yes, I do too, but it has been a long time ago. I stayed out by myself the first time. They didn't catch up with me. Then I got to staying out often. Sometimes I would stay out by myself, and sometimes other boys would stay out with me. Rowland Jones used to play hookey with me some, and Lawrence Mooney and I used to play hookey together some. When we would stay out we would go over in the park (not a real park -- simply a large vacant area in the community which has some trees) instead of going on to school. Then we would go out on B. Street, down to the Pie Wagon and to the Drug Store. I got by with playing hookey some times, but most of the times they caught up with me. My mother told me I never would get educated if I didn't go to school. No sir, I don't hate school, but I don't like to go. I am not going to school out here yet. I think they are going to have summer school.

If I could get back home now I would be good. I used to go out at night and my mother and daddy would get after me about it. I would go off with other boys, and that was what they didn't like. I went with Edward Cooper at most times. We would go down on the Pike to the Pie Wagon and to the Drug Store, and then we would play around in front of the A. Theatre. Sometimes I would play around in front of the A. Theatre. Sometimes I didn't get in home at night till eleven or twelve o'clock.

I used to go to see one girl. Her name is Lucille Morgan. She lives on the same street we do. She is about thirteen or fourteen years old. Edward and I went to see her together. When we got down there we would play checkers. Edward liked her better than I did. He called her his girl. I never did go to see any other girl.

I have seen boys do that (masturbate). Edward does it. I have done it some, but not much. It gives a fellow a funny feeling just after he does it. I don't remember when I learned to do it. I

don't know who showed me how. (The investigator could not get at the origin of the practice). Edward and I have done it together some. No, he never did do it to me, and I never did do it to him. We did it to ourselves when we did it. About the only place we ever did it was over "the Hill." Nobody could see us up there. We never did do it very much. I doubt if I ever did it more than about six times. It didn't make me 'shamed after I did it; nobody knew anything about it.

I did it to a girl one time. The girl's family lives next door to us. That has been a long time ago now. I guess I was about ten years old.. She asked me. The way it happened -- we were playing up on the hay loft over at her house -- she told me to do it, and I did it. Yes, I did the real thing. Her mother found it out somehow and beat her about it. Then her mother told my daddy on me. My daddy didn't whip me, but he talked to me about it, and said if I ever did it again he would beat me. The girl asked me several times after that to do it to her, but I wouldn't. I don't know how her mother ever found it out. She didn't come up on the loft while we were up there.

(Boy's Story of His Life) - A long time ago we lived on U. Street. Then we moved from there to J. Street. From J. Street we moved to where we are living now. Since we moved there I have been going to school. I always played in the afternoons and sometimes at night. Then I went to the Fair. That was last winter. When I went I rode on the Ferris wheel and the whip and went to a lot of shows. (Here the boy stopped his story).

Will you go out and tell my mother and father when you get back that I want them to come out here tonight? They said they were coming Sunday, but I want them to come tonight. I'm going to get my father to get me out.

Investigator's impression of Sister M. Principal of X. School. - The investigator went to X. in the morning. All pupils were in the building attending classes. Sister M. was busily employed teaching a class of youngsters, but stopped long enough to give an interview in regard to David.

Sister M. is perhaps fifty years of age. Likely she has had a great deal of experience in teaching. She impressed the investigator as being well educated and as knowing children better than the average public school teacher does. She was not bitter against David, but manifested considerable sympathy for him. Furthermore, she seemed to be particularly interested in his welfare. She was a very cooperative person in giving information, and expressed the hope that something might be done to get David in the right way.

Observations on the X. School. - X. is a small Catholic school. Only the lower grades are taught. The building is set back some distance from the street. This gives ample room for play and recreational activities. The equipment in general including classrooms, furniture, etc. appears to be entirely adequate for a high type of work.

Interview with Sister M., Principal of X. School. - I guess I know the boy you are talking about -- David Thompson? I thought he would be the one. Yes, he was coming to school here, but I had to expel him. He came here a good while back. Then he stopped coming here and went to K. School. From there he went to O. School, and then he came back over here.

His principal trouble was that he played truant. His mother would make him leave home in the morning -- he has a good mother -- to come to school, and instead of coming on he would stay out all day. His mother wouldn't know anything about it unless I wrote her a note. His mother said she would ask him when he went home in the afternoon if he had been to school, and he would always say he had. When he first came to school here he played truant a great deal. Then when he came back the second time it was the same thing. He played truant the whole week before the Monday on which I expelled him. When he came in on Monday morning I just told him to get his books and leave and not to come back, because I was not going to have him pretending to come to school and playing truant all the time. I called his mother over the telephone and told her I was expelling him for staying out of school. She didn't seem to be surprised, because she knew how he has always been. She said, though, that she didn't know what to do with him. The next thing I heard was that he was in the Juvenile Court.

Truancy was not his only trouble. He was bad about lying to me. He would do anything in the world to get away from school. He just didn't seem to want to stay here. Sometimes he would tell me he was sick and wanted to go home, and at other times he would say his mother was sick and he had to go home on that account. He could get a thousand and one excuses when he wanted to get off from school. A few times he did leave without any permission.

He is a very bad boy. I couldn't do anything with him at times. One time I had him and another boy up to whip them, but he and the other boy refused to take the whipping. When they refused to be whipped, I didn't try to whip them anyway, but told them to get their books and go home. That was the time he stopped coming here and went to K. I didn't expel him at the time, but guess I should have. I did write his mother a letter, and told her I didn't think he would do any good over here, and I suppose that is the reason she sent him to K.

I must say that at times he behaved very well in the classroom. Most of the times, however, he wanted to be talking and laughing. We have confession that the children here go to, you know, and all of them behave nicely for a short while after confession. Confession seemed to have some effect on David. I don't think he had anything in particular against me. Of course when I would punish him he would, maybe, pout for a while, but it would soon all be over. I don't think he holds hatred against anybody.

He was in the sixth grade, but was entirely too far advanced for what he knew. He did know spelling very well, but he was very dull in everything else. I don't think his mind is so bright. He has

smoked cigarettes until I think they have dulled his mind. I know he smokes a lot. I didn't allow him to smoke here, and never saw him smoking, but I know he smokes.

David always took well with the other children. He hardly ever got into any trouble with any of them. He was always up for a good time, and all the children liked him. I do remember his getting into a few fights with other boys.

David always came to school with his hands and face clean, and his clothes were nice. I think his mother took real pride in fixing him properly. Bad associates have had more effect upon him, though, than his mother has, or that is the way I feel about it. He didn't have such bad associates here at this school, but there were plenty of bad boys for him to go with.

Investigator's impression of Mr. G., Principal of K. School. - Mr. G. impressed the investigator very favorably. He is perhaps 60 years of age, has white hair, is rather handsome, and in all has a striking personality. He understood what the investigator wanted and was cooperative in giving information. His detailed knowledge of David enabled him to give the boy's record admirably. The investigator was impressed by the fact at X. and at K., David's name did not have to be mentioned before the principals of the schools had an idea about whom information was being sought. Evidently David's truancy and misconduct has had a tendency to make him "notorious" with his teachers. Mr. G. is, however, sympathetic with the boy and seems to have some hope for him.

Observations on K. School. - K. is one of the City Public Schools. It is a graded and Junior high school combined. The building is a large brick structure and is well furnished and equipped. Departments of manual training and domestic science are to be found in the school. The manual training teacher is the only man teacher employed; that is, other than the principal. Large areas surround the school building, and furnish room for the playing of games and for recreation of various kinds.

Interview with Mr. G., Principal of K. School. - I would guess you are talking about David Thompson (this was what Mr. G. said when the investigator expressed a desire to get the record of a certain boy, David's name not having been as yet mentioned). He is a problem -- always has been. What is he into now? He came over here to us last fall. He pretended to be coming to school, but he really was absent more than he was here. Most of the times he was absent he was playing truant. He was just not interested in school, and we couldn't get him interested. He just wouldn't study. It was the hardest matter to get him to open a book, even in school here during study periods. I had him up several times and talked to him, but my talking didn't seem to have one particle of effect on him. Oh, while I was talking to him he would be attentive as you please. He is easy to touch. You can appeal to him. But when you get through talking to him no one can tell the difference, and he will be as bad as he ever was. He is easily persuaded and one of the most suggestible boys I ever saw. He will just let any other boy lead him

into things. Of course I don't mean to say he is not bad himself. The way we do here when a child misbehaves -- his teacher sends him to the study hall teacher, and then if she feels she can't do anything with him she sends him on to me. David got around to me quite a few times. Most of the time he came for laughing and talking in the classroom. I would punish him, and he would promise to do better, but maybe the next day he would be right back into the thing he had just been sent to me for. However, his truancy was the worst thing we had to contend with. I remember he was truant for several days -- he and another boy -- so I suspended them and gave them a reference to the City Superintendent. When I let them come back, David continued to be truant and kept giving trouble; so finally I expelled him. It was all left for me to do.

But I think there is something to that boy, if there were just some way of bringing it out. There is something about him that I like. He is tender hearted, and he is a friendly little chap. Wherever he met me on the street he spoke to me as politely as you please, and he always was respectful around me. I was sorry I had to expel him. I understand, however, that he went on over here to O. School and got expelled over there. I don't think he will ever do anything in school. I think he has a good mind, and he could learn if he would try, but he positively will not do that. I believe he has had good training at home. Of course, he is a foster child, as you perhaps know.

David got along well with the other pupils. He never had any trouble with any of them as I remember. You know, kids will like a fellow of his type. He has a lot of fun about him, and that is what children like. He was playful at recess. He always seemed to have plenty of life. But, you know, I don't believe his health is any of the best. He has always been dark under the eyes, and his complexion is not good by any means.

Observations on boy's neighborhood. - The neighborhood is a high class workingman's home area. Families belong to high wage-earners and low middle class strata. The investigator was impressed by the perfect order of the streets, the relatively thin settlement, and the general cleanliness of the neighborhood. The dwellings of the vicinity are small (single-family, wooden, bungalow type) but neat in appearance and in excellent repair. Each house has a well-kept lawn around it. The community has been built up within the last ten years.

K. School is located in the heart of the community. It has an enrollment of about 1000 pupils and gives work up to the 9th grade. X. School is located on B. Street (the main thoroughfare of the neighborhood). Three Protestant and one Catholic churches are in the neighborhood. The residents are active church-goers.

No factories are located in the neighborhood. Stores cluster on B. Street; a few little stores scattered throughout the area. The X. Y. Z. R. R. tracks form one boundary of the area. There is a dump beside the R. R. tracks. Across the tracks is a negro settlement. (Hence we have an explanation of why David and his friends fight negro children on the "dump"). Mr. G., principal of

K. School, says that the families of the community are peaceable, and sociable, that if there are any disorders of any kind, he does not know about them. He says there are no gangs, except boys' clubs fostered by the churches.

Spot maps reveal:

- 14 white boy delinquents (3 years)
- 5 white girl delinquents (3 years)
- 3 negro boy delinquents (3 years)
- 2 negro girl delinquents (3 years)
- 1 white v. d. case (1 year)
- 3 negro v. d. cases (1 year)
- 7 white dependency cases (1 year)
- 1 negro dependency case (1 year)
- 4 churches
- 1 park
- 1 school

The natural boundaries of the neighborhood enclose an area of about 3/5 square miles. Population density not obtainable. Thin settlement, however, resembling small town or a "garden city."

Summary of Findings

Physical Traits: Age, 13 years, 10 months; 12% underweight; tonsils enlarged but not infected; submaxillary glands rather enlarged; no physical defects.

Mental Capacity and Intelligence: C. A. 13 years, 10 months; M. A. 10 years, 2 months; I. Q. 73; not feebleminded but retarded in mental development; special abilities, defects, and affectivity not tested.

Habits: Dresses neatly, keeps himself clean; eats heartily, likes candy and sweets, buys bottle (soft) drinks; smokes cigarettes regularly, inhales; stays out late at night; has no regular time for retiring or for rising; no enuresis, no sleep disturbances; likes girls; makes informal calls at one girl's home; has had sex contact once, practices masturbation -- but not to an extreme degree.

Character and Disposition: Ordinarily honest but has been known to steal at least once; untruthful markedly; disobedient; fearful at first of investigator's intentions; has considerable curiosity; speaks his thoughts; not timid, not ashamed of anything.

School: In sixth grade but not prepared to do the work; doesn't study; makes poor marks; is not interested in school; has very poor attendance record; truant a great deal, has been expelled from three schools for playing hookey; conduct in class room very objectionable, laughs and talks during lesson, has to be sent to principal frequently, refused to be punished on one occasion; does not like other pupils at school, teachers claim, however, he is liked by other children; gets into some fights at recess periods.

Participation and Social Status: Has one very close chum (of same age); associates with a great number of boys; likes to get with his

bunch (of same age) and roam around at night; goes to a moving picture once a week; plays ball with boys of community, goes to railroad yard, hops freights for short distances; does not get any pleasure out of reading; does not have any paid employment after school.

Attitudes and Wishes: Has affection for parents (foster), is not antagonistic toward them; rebellious when control is administered at school; does not want to go to school, has no ambition to acquire an education; wants to have a good time; said he wanted to become a motorman or a plumber when he grows up; speaks of his misdemeanors in an unconcerned manner.

Family: Mother (foster) appears to be of fair social status, keeps a well ordered home, takes interest in caring for the boy, tries to encourage him to strive for an education, has ceased attempting to punish him for misbehavior; father (foster) a sympathetic, good-natured, likable man, works as a plumber; makes \$150 per month; owns home in which he lives; has much hope in regard to the boy's future; boy's real parents dead, boy adopted at three years of age, reared to think of foster parents as real parents, only child in family, slight upset when truth about parentage came out; real father brought up in the State Industrial School, little known about real mother; no siblings; no family tensions in foster home.

Neighborhood: Families independent economically and of higher wage-earning class and lower middle class; community well kept, premises of each home neat; some disorganization in neighborhood, mostly delinquent boys; a normal (for this city) concentration of agencies and institutions.

Sociological Analysis

Many factors have combined to make David what he is. Although a foster child, he is a thoroughly spoiled boy. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were childless and they took David, when he was quite small, to fill the gap in the family circle. And an only child in the household has little opportunity to go unspoiled in the care of two parents hungering for response and affection. As a result of their over-indulgent and gentle treatment, the boy learned that he could "get by" with things. Punishment was never firm. The parents could not keep a stiff upper lip. Finally, Mrs. Thompson gave up. But Mr. Thompson was sorry after he punished David and was afraid of hurting him. The boy's incorrigibility at home was due, in part at least, to the capitulation of parental control. He knew that it hurt his father to "lick" him; he knew that gentleness and tenderness lay behind the "wallops" and tempered them with mercy. David's misbehavior seems not to be the direct or indirect effect of a mental conflict over his parentage. True enough, the revelation that his real parents were dead, that he was "an orphan" came as a shock to him. But he cried and got over it. It left no traceably permanent grudges against his classmates and teacher who first broke the news to him. It left no residual feeling of inferiority and it caused no lasting discomfort in his foster home and failed to disturb his attachment for his foster parents.

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We suspect that his truancy at school was indirectly due to his inability to progress. With a 73 I. Q. he was struggling with sixth grade work. Truancy was his way out; it was his escape from a staggering burden.

But we must also allow for habit fixation. The boy in groping with his problem began staying away because he found he could play "hookey" and "get by with it." If he had not made this discovery or could have been squelched once and for all at the inception of the truant pattern, he would probably have "stayed put" in school and would have flunked his grade time and time again. It seems that David alone made the discovery of an escape through truancy. He played hookey the first time by himself and later on mostly by himself. Bad companions did not lead him astray. But on the streets, and in the neighborhood he found pals that did not have a particularly organizing influence. Loafing, irregular food habits and smoking can probably be checked up against his street life and undesirable companions. And his irregular food habits were undoubtedly the cause of his underweight.

All in all David is not a "bad egg." He has not been given to stealing; he never stayed out all night; he never ran away from home; he seldom strayed much beyond the boundaries of the neighborhood and "sex" was not a problem in his case. But his immediate future, after he is released from the Industrial School, is not favorable. His parents are ambitious for him; they want to give him all the advantages; they are anxious for him to get a schooling. If they insist on their program without learning somehow that the boy is not "the kind that takes to books," the difficulty will undoubtedly become intensified.

AN UNDERPRIVILEGED BOY

Case V.

Statement of the Problem

Rhea Dunn, age 15, was brought into the Juvenile Court by his stepfather on the charge of incorrigibility. The parent claimed that he was unable to control the boy and wanted him sent to the Reformatory. But Rhea was probated to the chief probation officer.

Investigation showed that the boy was defiant toward parental authority, that his defiance was exaggerated in "fits of anger," that he defied his mother frequently, wrangled with his younger sisters, that he "gets mad" easily and is given to temper displays, that he helped his stepfather on the wagon (peddling coal), that he had very little opportunity to play with other boys and had practically no advantages.

The boy has no previous court record. He has not been a "bad" boy and has not got into trouble in the community. His conduct at school, however, was objectionable and his work was very poor. He stopped school when he was in the 3B grade. The teachers called him dull. The boy is subnormal in intelligence. He tested 70 in intelligence. His physical condition is by no means sound, although he has no serious defects or ailments.

The Complete Case Record of Rhea Dunn

Summary of Face Sheet Data. - Boy brought into Juvenile Court by stepfather for incorrigibility; claimed not going to school, not working steadily, disobedient; probated to chief probation officer. Relief from charities on one occasion; no other record in confidential exchange.

William Martin, stepfather, 48, native white, Baptist, peddles coal in wagon, no regular income.

Clara Martin, mother, 38, native white, Baptist.

Emma Brown, sister, 20, married, living away on farm.

Rhea Dunn, subject, 15, helps stepfather -- does not attend school.

Edith Dunn, sister, 12, attends school.

Oneda Dunn, sister, 10, attends school.

David Martin, half-brother, 8, attends school.

Family has record of four removals in last nine years; once back to country and three times in Nashville.

Medical Report: (a) Developmental History: - Mother living and well; four sisters living and well. Two half-brothers dead, one half-brother living and well. Father died at 43 with pneumonia; mother married boy's stepfather 3 years ago -- measles, whooping cough and mumps in childhood. Occasional severe headaches.

Summary of Medical Examination. - T. 98.4; pulse 96; weight 92.8; height 62-1/4 inches. Patient a fairly well-nourished and-developed young white boy, alert and cooperative.

Skin -- clear except for chronic ulceration above patient's wrist on anterior surface of forearm; dirty and somewhat loose.

Head --negative.
 Eyes -- pupils equal, round, and react to light and association.
 Teeth -- in fair condition.
 Tonsils -- somewhat enlarged, ragged, and infected.
 Ears and nose -- normal.
 Neck -- negative.
 Posterior cervical glands -- enlarged.
 Chest -- negative.
 Lungs -- clear.
 Heart -- normal.
 Abdomen --negative.
 Reflexes -- present and equal.
 Large periosteal node on right tibia.
 Genitalia -- moderate phimosis. Delayed puberty.
 Scrotal contents normal.
 Back and spine -- normal.
 Impression: Chronic tonsillitis, phimosis, possibility of congenital syphilis.

Report of Psychological Examination. - This boy (15-8 years) has a mental age of 9-1/3 years and an intelligence percentage of 70. He is to be classified as a borderline case in mental development. He has practically reached the limits of his educational possibilities so far as a literary education is concerned. Some improvement in reading and writing might be expected, but he cannot be expected to complete with success the work of the grades. He is capable, however, of becoming trained in certain lines of manual occupations, and this should be the direction that his training, in case he is to receive any, should take. Any other form of education exacted of him might result in criminalization.

Report of Psychiatrist. - The patient is an attractive-looking youngster of sixteen, who puts on a manner of bored indifference throughout the examination and answers questions quite at random. He can be made to answer the same question "Yes" or "No" by a change of inflection of the examiner, and finally says, "Oh sure, I'll answer anything." He is a little surly, not particularly bad-humored but playing the rôle of the bored, "hard-boiled," indifferent, superior man, which he evidently is trying to become.

In such a situation very little can be learned from the patient by direct questioning. A prolonged period of observation in a small psychiatric institution, with a carefully built-up emotional rapport between the boy and the physician, might lead to interesting light on his phantasies, his ambitions, his resentments, his fears, his sex preoccupations, and so forth. In a short, haphazard interview none of this material can be elicited.

From the history, however, and from some of the patient's answers to questions, it becomes probable that the boy is a definitely manic-depressive type of person. That is, he seems to be subject to marked mood swings. At the bottom, he becomes quiet, dross, surly, sleepy, all of which may be looked upon as more or less equivalent to mild depression. At the top of his swings he becomes definitely over-active, with a marked push of speech, flight of ideas, over-expansive, over-confident, combative. At such times he tries to dominate all of his companions, and wants to "tell the world where to get off."

It would be far from surprising to see such a youth, with advancing years, become subject to outspoken psychotic attacks of depression and of elation. He might equally well remain always just within the limits of our arbitrary standard of "normality," however. And in the latter event, in his hypomanic swings he may show increasing criminal tendencies, with a disregard of all legal and social authority, indifference to human life, anti-social acts, and so on.

Underlying all of this lies, of course, the unsolved problem of psychotic constitutions. There is evidence of a marked attachment to his mother, as an isolated point of emotional attachment in his whole life. It is balanced against his intense antagonism to his stepfather: an antagonism which leads him to rebel against all authority, from any source whatsoever. Whether there has been much unwise and vindictive exercise of authority over him by the stepfather could only be determined by the gathering of testimony from many sources; but that such is the case seems not unlikely.

Therapeutically, not much can be offered, without the possibility of instituting some prolonged regime of supervised life in a carefully controlled environment. It might be worth while to try boarding him out in some carefully selected home, but this, obviously, entails some risks.

The arm lesion, incidentally, is definitely not luetic in nature.

In a case of this kind, the interpretation of the results of intelligence tests is very difficult. In his depressed swings he will make insufficient effort and will care too little how he answers, to make it possible to take his failures at their face value. In his over-active swings, he will work too rapidly for any high degree of accuracy. It is an example of the constant interplay of emotional factors and intellectual skill. An opinion can be built up only by repeated observations, and particularly by a test conducted during one of his rare intermediate states of relative balance. Such a case can show wide variations in his intelligence quotient at different times. This meant not as a denial of his possible congenital deficiency. It may well exist, and much of his braggadocia may be an unconscious compensation for his sense of inadequacy. But caution must be exercised in concluding with finality that his intelligence is below par.

Investigator's impression of the boy. - When the investigator saw Rhea in the Juvenile Court for the first time he was rather ill-clad and had a filthy appearance. Being summoned to return to the Court for an interview, he appeared dressed in a blue suit which had been patched in several places, a white shirt which was much too large in the neck, and a new pair of fairly nice looking shoes, although he said they were hurting his feet terribly. A lad of erect posture, fairly well developed, red complectioned, clear, brown eyes, short, light brown hair, Rhea readily impresses himself upon anyone.

From the very first he showed no timidity whatever. In fact he is if anything a bit assuming in that he fires away telling his tales to anyone he meets. Having on his head a cap over which there had been some controversy with the stepfather, he proceeded

to narrate, of his own accord, details in regard to the trouble. Upon first impression he seems never to have had a secret in his life; that is, for any length of time. Throughout the first interview there was little trouble in pulling out confessions and what information was desired. A flat refusal that he had ever engaged in masturbation was made, and the investigator is inclined to think he told the truth in this regard. Or, if he has masturbated, he has not done so to any marked degree.

The boy seems not to be nervous to any great extent, but his continual movements and adjustments signify considerable vitality. Sitting in a chair, he frequently crossed his legs, threw his head and shoulders back, and threw away all inhibitions in conversation. Occasionally he used gestures of the hand in an attempt to get across what he had to say. Once he got up out of his seat, walked over to a fireplace to spit, and stood around with both hands in his pockets, talking all the time. A willingness to talk about anything whatever was shown, although inability to stick to a single subject was several times evident.

In a clear voice and with fair enunciation, verbal responses were always made immediately to questions asked. There seemed to be no manufacture or planning of answers; rather they came freely and just as they seem to have arisen in the subject's mind. However, in telling of events in which he played a part there seems to be some "padding." The tendency in this way has perhaps been cultivated, and the investigator does not think the boy intends ordinarily to exaggerate his own role.

In the second interview Rhea did not seem to be in any the best of humor. The investigator was told by the Chief Probation Officer of the Court that the boy, having arrived at the Court some time before the hour appointed for his appearance, became very restless while waiting for the investigator. In the second interview he spoke even more freely than in the first, using gestures of the hand rather frequently. Several times he used profanity and lost himself more or less in what he had to say.

First Interview with the boy. Yes sir, I eat enough. We have about as much as I guess poor people are supposed to have. We have three meals a day. Don't have so many things to eat but have enough to make out on. I don't like coffee and never drink it. Sweet milk is good. I like it and drink a lot of it. Don't drink it for every meal because we don't have it that often. But I can get milk when I want it by speaking up when the milk man comes around. I like vegetables very well, but not very much. Sweet things are what I like, except pie. I like that too but it doesn't like me. It makes me sick. I don't like candy, or don't care much about it. I like ice cream and make it sometimes on Sundays. My step-daddy bought a little ice cream churn and we can make ice cream any time we want it. Home-made ice cream is better than the one you buy. You can eat all of it you want to and it won't hurt you. I don't buy any coca-colas or drinks of any kind. Never have cared for drinks. They are not good for a person anyway. Have been smoking now for a long time, but don't smoke regularly. When I do smoke, it's cigarettes. I chew tobacco all the time. When I don't have money to buy it I get it from my step-daddy. He chews all the time.

I chew because I like the taste of tobacco. Some boys think it looks big to smoke and chew, but I just do them because I like it.

I get a lot of sleep. Go to bed at night at seven o'clock and get up in the mornings about five. Never do sleep in the day time. I have to get up early in the morning to feed the horse and hitch him to the wagon so that me and my step-daddy can go to sell coal after breakfast. My step-daddy stays in bed until breakfast time. He doesn't like to get up. My mother gets up about the same time I do and my sister gets up to help her cook breakfast. I still wet the bed. But that's not anything. I've got an aunt who still wets the bed and she is grown and married and has four children. I wet the bed right often. Came might near doing it last night. They don't tease me about it at home. I never do dream these times. I have dreamed but that has been a long time ago now. Can't remember any of the dreams I had. I sleep by myself on a cot in the kitchen. Nobody else sleeps in the kitchen except me. My mother and step-daddy sleep together, my two sisters sleep together, and my little brother sleeps on his cot. A few times I have gone to bed and couldn't go to sleep and would think about all kinds of things. Don't remember now what all I would think about.

No sir, I have never done that (referring to masturbation). I know what it is all right. I have seen boys do it. I have seen it done twice, and the fellows tried to get me to do it but I wouldn't. I don't know whether it hurts a fellow or not but I just don't want to do it. There is a boy living close to us who does it. He also (is familiar with) the woman he is staying with. His name is Joe Peck. He is just a little larger than I am. I don't know that he did it to her but he said he did. She is married and has children. I never have had anything to do with a girl. Don't care about them.

I never could do any good in school. Don't know why. I just couldn't learn. That's all there was to it. It wasn't my teacher's fault. I guess it was mine. I studied some but studying didn't do any good. I started to school in the country while we lived in the country and went to school out there for several years. Never did get out of the first grade. I just couldn't do it. Then when we came to Nashville I started going to X. School and started in the first grade. I did manage to get to the third grade but couldn't do any good and stopped two years ago. I went to work when I stopped. I liked school very well, but there wasn't any use in going. My teachers treated me all right. They would beat me almost every day for talking and laughing in school. One day my teacher called me and I heard her but made out that I didn't. All the other kids looked at her and laughed. She got mad and got hold of me to beat me. She would beat us in the hand with a stick. While she had my hand stretched out I made out like I didn't know anything. But when she went to hit me I jerked my hand and she hit her own thumb. And it was a devil of a lick. You should have seen her. She just had to rub her thumb. Everybody laughed. She beat me good though that time. Another time she tried to whip my little sister. She took her in the cloak room. I went to the door and peeped in. I saw her when she hit my sister, and that thing just flew all over

me. I can't stand to see anybody bother my sister; so when the teacher came out I gave her a "swipe" and tried to get away, but she caught me before I could get out of the door. Then she did give me a licking sure enough. The other kids always would laugh at me when I would get a beating. They would laugh at anybody. I didn't mind them laughing. I liked most of the boys at school. Some of them I didn't like at all, and would get into some fights with them. I got beat sometimes. But I always fight a fellow straight out. I hit him with my fist. Or if I am going to hit him with a rock I won't throw it; I'll go up and hold it in my hand and hit him on the side of the head with it. If you throw a rock at a fellow you're liable to get his eye. At recess we used to run and play. We didn't play many regular games. The principal didn't allow us to play marbles. If she caught a fellow with marbles, she would take them and throw them away. I never did play hookey from school in my life. I thought of it sometimes and thought of leaving school at times but never did do either. The teacher would have caught up with me, if I had tried to play hookey.

I stay at home most of the time that I am not working. My mother doesn't want me to play in the streets. She thinks I will get into trouble. I don't have any regular work but only help my step-daddy sell coal. We go in the mornings and get the coal on the wagon and carry it to different people. We don't have to load it every time but have to load it some times. When we get to a house my step-daddy breaks the coal up and puts it in a sack and I carry it in. I can carry a half-bushel at a time. Not long after we moved to Nashville from the country and while we were living on Fourth Avenue my step-daddy had a stroke of paralysis, and me and my mother had to carry the coal around. She went with me because she thought I was too small to go by myself. When we would go to buy coal the people at the coal place would give us over what we paid for because my mother was getting it. I did all the handling of the coal and she didn't have anything much to do. One old fellow that I sold coal to, old man Kerr, owes me seventy-five cents until this day. He is the stingiest white man living. But I'm still "dunning" him, and I'm going to keep after him until he pays me. Every time I see him I ask him if he knows me and if he is ready to pay up his debts. One time he was walking with a woman down the street, and I asked him if he had that seventy-five cents for me. He couldn't say a thing, and you should see how he looked. Some time I'm going to catch him in a crowd and tell him I want my money. Maybe he will come across then. Just after he got the coal he came by home with a twenty-dollar check and wanted me to get the money out of it, but any fool would know that I couldn't cash a twenty-dollar check. When my step-daddy goes, he doesn't give me any of the money we make. He buys me a sandwich sometimes but that is all. I once had a job working in a cotton mill but got turned off. It wasn't anything I did that caused me to lose my job. They just didn't need me. While I was working I made \$6.50 a week. At another time I worked for a packing company. Made \$7.00 a week. But that job lasted only two weeks. One old man was there that I didn't like at all. He was always trying to boss everybody around. I went to the head man and told him I just was not going to work under this fellow, and the head man told me I could stop working. I didn't like the place anyway.

I never come over town except here to the Juvenile Court and sometimes I come over with my step-daddy when he has business over here. I just don't care anything about coming over to town. There is nothing over here. I'm always at home at night. Never do go to any picture shows. I haven't been to a show now in over two years. Don't have the money to go and then I don't care about shows. I never go to any library and don't read any, except at times I read the funny paper. I can't read very much. Don't like to read. I never did like to read in school. Arithmetic was what I liked best. I can figure a little bit but not much. I never go on any trips anywhere except out in the country to see my sisters -- married sisters. I have two sisters living in the country. I never was so anxious about going to see them. There is only one boy in the neighborhood that I care anything about. He lives across the street from home and his name is Charlie Osborne. He is not quite as large as I am. He is a good boy but he curses a lot. We have been in some fights. We make up though after we get mad. There are a lot of boys in the community and I know all of them but don't play with them except just now and then. There are some bad boys right near home. I don't hate them but we don't get together very often. None of the boys ever try to tease me very much. We treat each other good. All of us have nicknames. I have two, "Little Red" and "Twenty-nine." I know how they got to calling me "Little Red" but don't know how they started to call me "Twenty-nine." They called me "Little Red" after another boy out there that they called "Red." I hated this fellow and that is the reason they named me after him. At first it made me fighting mad for anybody to call me "Little Red" but I have got now to where I don't mind it. I don't care how much they call me "Twenty-nine."

Second interview with the boy. - I haven't been doing anything much since Saturday. There is not so much to do now. People are not buying coal since it has been warm. My step-daddy sells some other things too but I haven't helped him any since I saw you last. He didn't want me to come over here this morning. He said I was breaking him up with street car fare. He didn't want to give me money to pay my way. And then, too, he wanted me to work. He asked me what the man over here was doing to me, and I told him you were just asking me some questions. He said if you wanted me to come over any after this morning that you would have to come out and see him. I don't mind coming myself, but he doesn't want me to come.

✓ I didn't do anything to come to the Court for. My step-daddy and mother just brought me over here and wanted to send me to that school where they send boys (the Reformatory). I was mad and I didn't care. I wanted to go. But the Court wouldn't send me. The trouble we had was all over this cap I've got on my head. My step-daddy bought it for me. He saw it on the floor one day and asked me what it was doing there. I told him I didn't know, that I had not put it there. He called me a liar and said I had put it there. I was standing on a bench behind the table (dining table). He told me to come out from behind the table and pick up my cap. I told him I wasn't going to do it. He told me to again and I told him I wouldn't pick that cap up for anybody. Then was when he

grabbed me. But he couldn't hold me. He is not very strong. He has had paralysis and is getting kinder old. I jerked him over the stove door, got loose, and ran out of the house. He never could catch me. I stayed shy of him for a while. But I'm not afraid of him. I just didn't want to get into any trouble. He and my mother came to the Court and said that I wouldn't listen to them, and that they couldn't do anything with me. My step-daddy is bad when he gets mad. You ought to hear him cuss. He will cuss anybody, and he doesn't care who hears him. A few mornings ago he couldn't find the hair brush and got mad. He called my sister and said, "if you don't get that damn hair brush, I'll beat the hell out of you." He cusses all of us except my mother. He is afraid of her. She will jump on him and beat the hell out of him if he cusses her. She can do it all right. You see she is a big woman. My step-daddy is not afraid of other men. You know, he would jump on almost anybody. He started to cut his own brother up one night. The brother I'm talking about lives next door to us. That has been a long time ago now. Charlie Osborne and I were playing on the street one day in front of our house. We were riding up and down the street on his scooter. He almost ran into this brother of my step-daddy and he (the step-uncle) took Charlie's scooter and broke it up. When Charlie's daddy came home that night Charlie told him what had happened. Mr. Osborne went over to talk with my step-uncle about it. My daddy was standing on our porch and could hear what they said. He heard my step-uncle say that I had thrown stones at him and that Charlie had too, and that is why he broke the scooter up. My step-daddy told him that I wasn't into the trouble and not to mention my name. He called my step-daddy a liar, and then my step-daddy went after him with a knife. (9) He would have cut my step-uncle to pieces if he (the step-uncle) hadn't run. It was time to run because my step-daddy was going right straight at him with the knife open.

I don't like my home. I don't like that place over there. There is no place in Nashville I like. Would like to get away and never see the place again. Don't think I would like to live in any town. I want to get back to the country and I never will be satisfied until I do get back. There is a Mr. Rogers who runs a dairy out in the country. He lives out on X. X. Pike. I've been thinking of going out and getting a job from him. I know he would give me one. I worked for him once before, just a short while, and he liked me. I helped him handle the milk. I don't like much to work at a dairy, but I'd do anything to get back to the country. I was raised in the country and that is why I like it. My mother likes the farm, but she doesn't like to work in the field. She says she never would work in the field again. She says, though, that what a person says they won't do that's the very thing they will have to do. When my father was living my mother says she said to herself that she never would go back to Q. (her home community where her father lives) but when my father died she had to go back. Then when she married the second time she said she never would go back, but when my step-daddy

(9) Many Southern highlanders carry knives and draw them on the slightest pretext. This social heritage still persists, although some claim it is dying out.

got caught for bootlegging and had to go to jail -- and our house burned out -- we had to go back to Q. and live with my grandfather. My mother used to work in the field but she says now she wouldn't do it for anything. I believe though that she would if we moved back to the country. She couldn't stay out of the field. If all of us don't move back to the country I'm going back by myself, and I'm going for good, when I get large enough. I want to farm when I get to be a man. I like horses, and pigs, and cows, and chickens, and all those things. I like to feed horses, and like to see them eat. And there is nothing I like better than a yard full of young biddies. I go out in the country some times to see my sisters but never do stay with them very long at a time. I started out to my sister's home Sunday morning but met her coming in to see us, so I turned round and came back with her. I hardly ever go to my grandfather's.

My father died a long time ago and I can hardly remember anything about him. He was a farmer. He didn't bootleg any but he liked to drink. One time my mother says he and my grandfather came to town to get two pigs. Each of them got a pig and put him in a sack. My grandfather got some liquor somehow and they got good and drunk. When they got out yonder in the country to where the road forks my grandfather fell down and went to sleep. My father didn't have sense enough to know what he was doing and beat the pigs up against a tree until he killed both of them.

My mother and father married when my mother was only twelve years old. He was good to her at first. He bought two little red puppies -- hound puppies -- for her. One day just after they got married he came home for dinner, and she didn't have any dinner at all, but he didn't say anything. But after they had been married a while he fussed with her, and I think they used to get into some fights. But my stepfather is a lot worse man than my father was. My mother tells him so. She tells him that Willie didn't do like he does. She called my father Willie. My father, she says, used to get up early in the morning, make fires, feed the horses, cut wood, and do a lot of work before breakfast. But my step-father won't do that. He sleeps till breakfast time. My stepfather tells my mother that she can't tell him anything about Willie; that he knew him as well as she did. My father and step-father were good friends when my father was living. My step-father was drunk one time and got on the railroad track. A freight was coming and he said he was going to put it off. But my father took hold of him and carried him off the track. If he had stayed there he would have been a dead man today.

I used to help my step-father make liquor. I know all about making it. You can make it in a fruit jar. Take a two quart jar, fill it half full with water, put in a cup of sugar, then get some of these dried peaches and put in as many pieces as it would take to make three whole peaches. Put a lid on the jar and set it aside. It won't burst. In ninety days you will have some of the best stuff you ever did drink in your life. My step-daddy used to make the regular white corn stuff. He didn't sell enough liquor to get rich on it. He made it with another man and drank most of his share.

He can hold a lot of liquor. I have taken liquor but not often. One time my sister and I drank about a half quart. My uncle was over home and left a quart jar half full on the dining table. That was a long time ago when we lived in the country. My mother and father were gone away from home. They were all up in the mountains sawing poles. My sister -- she is about nineteen now -- and I got this liquor and went to the spring and drank all of it. She didn't drink as much as I did. We went back to the house and I started to getting drunk. My aunt was there. I tried to fight her and she found out that I was drunk. She and my sister then caught me, put me on the bed and tied me there. I went to sleep and when I woke up I was feeling better. I can't drink so much liquor. It knocks me in a hurry.

I can get along with the others at home, but we have a lot of fusses. I'm always in a row with my two sisters. One of them is about twelve years old and the other is about ten. They just won't let me alone. They keep picking at me. Then when I give them a slap they go crying to my mother. Then is when I get a beating unless I can tell a better lie than they can. They make me so mad sometimes that I don't know what to do. My mother doesn't think any more of them than she does of me. She thinks about as much of any one of us as she does of any of the rest. She doesn't pet us any. I'm the oldest boy at home but that doesn't make any difference with her. Course she treats that baby you saw out there better than anybody. I like one at home about as well as the other unless it is my mother. I guess I do like her better than any of the rest. Anybody likes his mother better than anybody else. They don't tease me -- my sisters pick on me a lot. If there is anything going I usually get about as much of it as any of the rest. I can get almost anything that is at home. I have felt like running away but never have done it. I always ask my mother when I want to go anywhere. If I'm going in the country I ask her. She usually lets me go when I ask her. I never do leave home and stay all night without letting my mother know where I am. She wouldn't let me. When I'm at home I have to feed the horse, cut wood, carry in water, and help do all kinds of things. Sometimes I put off my work and then my step-father will raise hell, and God! you should hear him cuss. If I don't do my work at the right time, he always makes me do it later. I don't remember much about my father. I was only about five years old when he died. But I liked him. I guess I did miss him when he died, but I don't remember much about when he died. Think I would like him better than my step-daddy. This is my step-daddy's third time to be married, and he says he is going to be married twelve more times. But he is going to have to get a move on if he does that. He is forty-nine now. Or he was forty-nine when he got married, but he still says he is forty-nine. They have been married now about ten years, and if he was forty-nine when he got married he must be about sixty now. He'll never marry twelve more times. He would if he could but he is not going to be here that long.

I'll try to get back over tomorrow afternoon at two-thirty but I don't know that I can. My step-daddy don't want me to come. He wants me to drive that damn wagon all the time. If it's not selling coal, it's selling vegetables or something. I had better not take

your money (money offered to him to pay car fare on the following day) because I might not be able to get off. But I'll tell you, I'll take the money and then if my step-daddy won't let me come I'll just walk out and come anyway. He can't do anything and I'm not afraid of him. You can look for me over here at two-thirty.

Investigator's impression of the stepfather. - Rhea not having shown up at the Court for an interview which had been planned, the investigator went to his home to see what the trouble was. In a previous interview the boy had said that his step-father, Mr. Martin, was opposed to his coming to the Court. The trip to the home was fruitful in that an interview was gained with the step-father himself.

Mr. Martin says that his correct age is 49. He is a man of slight build, weighing perhaps 125 pounds. At the time seen he wore a felt hat, a fairly good suit, a blue shirt without tie, and a new pair of shoes. He said he was dressed to go to the city Hospital, where his two-year-old baby was sick with pneumonia. Asked why Rhea did not appear at the Court, he said he really wanted the boy to go but kept him away because of circumstances which he described as arising out of his baby's illness.

The step-father seems to be greatly interested in the boy and thinks he is a good child except when he "throws a fit" -- to use the man's own expression, and becomes defiant. A very different impression of the step-parent; that is, an impression different from the one gained through the interviews with the boy, came to the investigator. Mr. Martin seemed eager to give information, appeared to want to give a true picture of the boy, and remained in a good humor. At the home the boy was present during the conversation, but the step-parent showed no restraint on his account. For the most part the boy remained quiet in spite of the fact that the investigator tried to pull him into the conversation. He accepted everything the step-parent said as a matter of fact. Only once or twice did he try to be "smart" by correcting the step-parent or by adding something to what was being said.

When the investigator left, Mr. Martin left with him, and both rode the same car to town. It seemed significant that the man spoke in the absence of the boy just about as he did in the boy's presence. At no time did the step-father become emotional and "lambast" the boy. Facts were related in a rather objective way.

Interview with the step-father. - Son wanted to go to the Court this afternoon but I had some work that he just had to do. I could do it myself but I have to go over to the City Hospital. I was ready to go when you came up. My baby is sick with pneumonia and is over there. My wife is over there also. She can't leave the baby. It strikes a poor man pretty hard when some one gets sick, and he has to be thrown out of work for days at a time. I won't be able to get anything done until that child gets well. I have to keep going back and forward over there.

No, I don't have any regular job. In the winter I sell coal and kindling. In the spring I usually rent a lot out here and plant some

vegetables on it to sell. Then too I buy vegetables and peddle them out. Rhea doesn't have any regular work. He just helps me, and doesn't do that all the time. But he is pretty good help at times. I give him some money, usually on Saturday nights. He buys tobacco with most of it. Somehow, though, he hasn't been using so much tobacco lately. You all must have talked with him about it down at the Court. I don't object when he smokes or chews, but I'd rather he would let tobacco alone. I've smoked and chewed all my life, but it's not a good habit. Rhea said a few days ago he was going to chew wax instead of tobacco. I told him I would rather he chew that than tobacco. His father died with T. B. and I don't think tobacco would be good for him on that account. I don't know he died with T. B. but the doctor said it was either T. B. or pneumonia. I knew his father very well. He was all right except he was terribly overbearing. He always thought he was right in everything, and there was no use to try to tell him anything. He would get mad too and fly off the handle. I don't think he ever got into any big trouble; it was just little things. Mr. Dunn was a friend of mine and that is the reason I want to see Rhea amount to something.

To tell you the truth I can't say that that kid there is such a bad boy. I mean when he has his good sense. I can send him with money anywhere to pay a debt and he will take the money right straight there. If there's any left over he will bring it back to me. Yesterday when you gave him that car fare at the Court he brought it home and gave it to his mother to keep for him till today. A lot of boys would have spent that thing by the time they got to a store. I don't believe he would take anything that did not belong to him. His trouble is that he gets mad, flies off the handle, and then he will do almost anything. A lot of times he wants to fight me and wants to fight his mother. I've had paralysis and I'm crippled, but I can handle him all right. I'm still strong in the arms. Sometimes he gets mad with his younger sisters and knocks them around. He can't do so much with his ten year old sister. She is about as good as he is. But his twelve-year-old sister -- he can just knock her around. One time he knocked her a slam across a room there in the house. I always correct him but it doesn't do any good. Soon as he gets mad again it's the same thing over again. Sometimes I think he is crazy. But it can't be that. None of his people were ever crazy -- not as I know of. When I first married his mother he was a good child. Course he would have those spells but they were not as bad as they are now. It just looks like the older he gets the worse he gets. When he is in a good humor he likes me and we get along fine, but when he gets wrong there is trouble. I can't go on and just let him have his way. He is not old enough for that. You have just got to draw the line on a boy.

The worst thing he does besides what I've told you is that when he gets off from home he never knows when to come back. I can send him anywhere and never will know when to look for him back. I can tell him to be sure and be back at a certain time and then when that time comes he is somewhere else. He is a case, I'll tell you, to get back home when he gets off. Sometimes I have to go and look him up. He gets out on the streets and around with bad boys. And a boy his age doesn't have any business running all about. I don't care

if he plays in the street in front of the house but he won't stop at that. He wants to get with a crowd of bad boys and go all about.

I don't think he does that (referring to masturbation). He doesn't look to me that he does, and I never have caught him at anything like that. He doesn't seem to care anything about any girls. He is a bashful kind of a chap. He wants only to be with boys. He is not a coward. I guess he gets beat at times but that does not keep him from fighting. If anybody makes him mad -- it doesn't matter who it is -- he wants to fight. He gets into a good many fights I think with boys. Now, he is terribly scared of a policeman or any kind of an officer. One day we went over on N. Avenue to get a load of coal. I sent him on over town to carry a man some money. After a while I looked and he was coming tearing down the street with his cap in his hand. I asked him what was the matter. He said a policeman had got after him.

I simply got tired of him flying off the handle round here and wanting to fight everybody, and that is why I took him over to the Court. I couldn't control him. I had trouble with him this morning. He didn't believe I was going to carry him to the Court. He said he wouldn't go for me. I told him all right, that I knew somebody he would go for. I went and bought him a pair of shoes and a new shirt and things and told his mother to get him ready, that I was going to have him sent to one of those schools (the Reformatory). He didn't seem to mind leaving home and going to the school. I had him arrested and carried to the Court. I was down there and his mother was too. The Judge talked things over with us and then he asked Rhea if he wanted to go to the school. He sat up there and said he didn't care, that he would as rather go as not. And I think he meant it at the time. But the Judge said he would not send him. He said he didn't like to send boys to those schools. Going to the Court might have helped Rhea some at first, but he is the same now that he has always been.

I wish he could get some kind of work, but I don't know what he could hold if he got it. He once had a job with a hosiery mill (the cotton mill that the boy refers to) but his temper wouldn't let him hold it. He would get into fusses with other boys who were working there, and would argue with the bosses; so they turned him off. Then he once worked for a packing company, and got turned off there. He said they said that he was too light for the work, but I don't think it was that. They just wouldn't put up with his temper. He left home mad one morning, and that very day he got turned off.

Investigator's impression of the mother and the home. - It was somewhat difficult to get an interview with Mrs. Martin. The first afternoon the investigator went to see her she had company; the second time, which was three days later, her baby was sick and kept her employed; the third time she was away at the City Hospital, where the sick baby had been carried to be treated for pneumonia. When finally an opportunity for an interview was gained, Edith, a daughter twelve years of age, but retarded in growth, and David, a son eight years old, hung around and made so much noise that one could scarcely hear another in conversation. Also during the

interview the lady living in the other half of the house, Rhea's step-sister who is married, came and sat in as if she were vitally concerned, occasionally adding some remark to whatever topic happened to be under discussion.

Mrs. Martin is a tall, heavy set, freckled face, sallow complexioned woman. She gives her age as thirty-eight, but appears to be much older. Wrinkles on the forehead and about her eyes and the corners of her mouth cause one to suspect she has gone through with considerable worry and hardships. She says she has never been sick, to amount to anything, but once in her life, but from her general appearance one would think her health good.

At the time of the interview Mrs. Martin was noticeably pregnant. This, however, did not seem to cause any reticence or uneasiness on her part. She spoke freely, was particular and concise in giving facts, and was not noticeably secretive, although she did flavor past experiences somewhat by omitting facts which the investigator had already secured from the boy. The woman was very ignorant and not able to relate past experiences in a detailed way.

At the time of the interview, which took place a week after the death of the sick child mentioned above, Mrs. Martin did not show what the investigator would consider an ordinary amount of grief for a mother under such circumstances. She spoke of the dead child as though it had been dead for several years.

The plight in which the house was found showed that the woman does not have any taste for cleanliness. Her dress was also very dirty. The living quarters consist of only two rooms. In one there are two beds, a few chairs, a sewing machine, and a few pictures of relatives; in the other there is a cooking stove and a dining table. The beds seemed never to have been made, and everything was in a jumble.

First interview with the mother. - We intended to send Rhea over to the Court to you last week but didn't on account of the baby dying. You know it was in the Hospital when you were out here the last time. The doctors over there didn't see any chance for him and we brought him home. We brought him home on Saturday and he died on the next Tuesday. He seemed to get some better when we first brought him home, but he soon got worse again. I think coming home and seeing the other children made him feel better. That is one reason we wanted to bring him home before he died -- so he could see the other children and so they could see him. He was buried on Wednesday -- lacking one day of being a week ago. We took him out in the country to the family burying ground to bury him. We went back out there last Sunday and put some flowers on the grave. All of us went. That makes two babies I've lost. This baby dying has made a change on Rhea. Really he has been different for the last three weeks. I think going to the Court started him to being better. But he seemed to worry a lot over the baby. Rhea thought a lot of him. He thinks more of his step-sisters and half brothers I believe than he does of his regular sisters. Mr. Martin's daughter

and her husband live in the other half of the house and he thinks a lot of her. He hardly ever gets into a fuss with her. It's his own sisters, one ten years old and one twelve, that he has most trouble with. He knocks them around when he gets mad with them.

Rhea is a good boy except when he gets mad. When he gets mad he forgets his self. Nobody can do anything with him when he has one of those spells. He has always had them. When he was a baby he would cry and cut up in general. The only thing I could do with him was to let him alone until he cried his self down. That is all I tried to do with him. He would fall down on the floor and I would just let him stay there. He wasn't so much trouble as long as he was a baby, but since he has got larger he wants to fight when he gets mad. He will fight anybody. It doesn't matter who it is. I can't say that he is bad about fighting other boys, but if they provoke him he will fight. He has been in fights quite a few times. I try to keep him out of bad company though as much as I can.

I don't believe Rhea would steal. He is honest so far as I know. He never does take anything here in the house, and if he has taken anything from anybody else I don't know about it.

He can't help having a temper. He got that from his daddy. Mr. Dunn wasn't what you would call a bad man. He treated us; that is, his family good. But he was mighty hot headed. He couldn't get along with stock. When he would get mad with them, he would fall in to beating them with the first thing he got his hands on. He got into some fights but not many. Most of the neighbors liked him, but they knew how he was. They knew he had a terrible temper. Rhea was young when his father died. He doesn't remember anything much about him. I know he doesn't remember seeing his daddy mad at any time. The temper that Rhea has was just born in him, he didn't learn it from anybody. I don't say he got all of his temper from his daddy. I guess he got some of it from me, or from my side. My father is hot headed. But he is not as hot headed as Mr. Dunn was. My father gets mad but he can control his temper. My mother hasn't got so much temper. She will take anything and not open her mouth. Mr. Dunn's father was hot headed from what I could learn about him. I don't know anything about his mother. She died when he was only three days old. Mr. Dunn used to drink some but not very much. He never did have to go to court in his life. He was supposed to serve on a jury once, but he got out of it some way or other.

Mr. Dunn was healthy and all of his people were. He was kinder slender and didn't look to be so healthy, but I never did know him to be sick to amount to anything. He had a half sister and a half brother and they were both healthy. He died in 1919 when the flu was so bad. After he had had flu for a while he took pneumonia, and that is what killed him.

I have been healthy all my life except for about nine months. The doctors said I had pellagra. They gave me a lot of medicine to take. I took it and got well.

I have done a lot of work in my life. I used to work in the field or do anything on the farm. Mr. Dunn never did do anything but farm, except at times he did haul logs to a mill. He made a very good living farming, and was always able to pay rent. The farm we were on did not belong to us. All of my people live on the farm. I am the only one of my sisters who ever lived in town. I have three sisters and they all married farmers. I had four brothers but only one of them is living now. Two of them died while they were only babies, and one of them got killed by a tree when he was eleven years old. They were cutting trees in the woods and this tree fell on him. My brother who is living is healthy and all of my sisters are healthy. Before I was married we always worked hard at home. My mother has done everything you can think of. She has sawed logs, plowed, hoed in the field, and of course she has always kept the house. She likes to work. I don't go to see my mother and father so often now. They were in here last week when the baby died, but that was the first time I had seen them in a good while. I never do see anything of Mr. Dunn's father; he never comes to see us -- hasn't since Mr. Dunn died. He doesn't pay any attention to Rhea or to any of my children by Mr. Dunn. He just doesn't seem to care about them. He has been married three times and has his third wife now I think. Guess that is why he doesn't pay any attention to his grandchildren. When Mr. Dunn died he didn't offer to take any of the children and didn't do anything for us. I had five children at the time, two girls older than Rhea and two younger. The two older girls are married now and living in the country. Their husbands are farmers. The two younger girls are here now and they are the ones Rhea has trouble with. When Mr. Dunn died I didn't have any money and hardly knew what to do. Finally I decided to go to my father and mother. I took the children and stayed at my father's home for several months. Then I came to Nashville and got a job in the box factory. After I had been here a while I brought the children. There was a woman here I knew and she let me rent a part of her house to live in. I had to do my work in the factory, cook, and care for the children all at the same time. After working in the box factory a while I got a job in the hosiery mills, and after working there a while I went and got a job in the snuff factory. There I worked for some time, and then went back to the hosiery mills. While working there I married Mr. Martin. He wasn't working at the hosiery mills but was working somewhere else here in Nashville. He was not born here. He was born somewhere in the country, but I don't know exactly what county he was born in. When we got married we moved to the country, and Mr. Martin began farming. We farmed for three years and got along very well until the house we were living in burned down. You see, we were only renting. When the house burned we lost everything we had except two chairs. It was at night and all we could do was to get out of the house ourselves. It was about to fall in before we knew anything. There we were without a thing in the world; so we decided to move back to Nashville. When we first came back we lived in a house on F-. It was while we were living there that Mr. Martin had a stroke of paralysis. He was sick for a long time and we didn't have anything. I used to get on the wagon and take Rhea and sell coal. Then too, I took in washing and did a lot of little things to make enough to get along on. We had a tough time but lived through somehow. From F-.

Avenue we moved over here to this house we are living in now. We don't own this house. It costs us six dollars a month, or our side of it costs that. The whole house rents for twelve dollars.

Mr. Martin doesn't make any regular salary. He never has had a salary. He sells coal and wood mostly. Sometimes he runs a market (sells groceries from a wagon). He never makes very much. We never know one day where money is coming from for the next. Somehow though we manage not to go in debt. We usually pay cash for everything we get. Last week we had a tough time. The baby being sick Mr. Martin couldn't work, and we just didn't have anything to go on. Somebody -- I don't know who it was -- let the Charities know what fix we were in, and they sent us out some groceries. If they hadn't sent us something I don't know what we would have done.

I don't know what Mr. Martin is going to do. He has to have a license to sell stuff and hasn't enough to buy one. A license costs nine dollars and I don't see how he is going to get that much. A policeman held him up the other day for not having a license, but said he would let him off for a day or two. They will just stop him from selling stuff I suppose. He has to buy license every six months. Last September when he needed license he didn't have money to buy them with, and I went over and worked in the hosiery mill till I made enough to buy them for him.

I wish Rhea could get some kind of work. That would help him more than anything else. He has gone over to the X. X. Packing Company several mornings trying to get a job, but he says they don't need anybody over there. If he could get some kind of work, he could help us out a lot.

Third interview with boy. - I have been here the longest kind of time. I thought you stayed over here all the time. You didn't tell me to come till two o'clock but I came at one. Or it might have been earlier than that when I got here. If it hadn't been for (Mr. D., Chief Probation Officer of the Court) in there, I would have left. He wouldn't let me go.

I haven't been doing anything much today. Didn't have anything to do. We did get one load of coal but that was all we did. My step-daddy made me mad this morning. When we drove up to the house with the coal, he got off the wagon and went in. Gave me the shovel and told me to throw the coal off. He is as lazy as God ever made a man. I threw the shovel down and told him I wasn't going to do a thing. After while he came out and got to talking sweet to me and asked me to throw the coal off. Then I went ahead and threw it off the wagon. I don't mind doing anything for anybody when they ask me in a nice way to do it, but when they tell me I've got to do something, that is the very time I won't do it. And another thing I don't like is for somebody to tell me to do something and just keep on after me. One time is enough, and if I'm going to do it, I will go ahead and do it right then.

My step-daddy hasn't got his license yet. He hasn't got the money to get them with. I bet he never does get it. They won't do

anything with him. Anybody ought not to have to buy a license. And everybody ought to know that my step-daddy hasn't got money to buy license with. One time, about a year ago, a man didn't see any license on my step-daddy's wagon and took him up for it. Said "come on, I guess we will have to go over town." My step-daddy had a license but had it in his pocket. So he got in the car with this fellow and went on over town. Then when he got over there he showed the fellow the license. It made the fellow so mad he didn't know what to do. I hate that clerk, the man who sells license, worse than anybody I know of. He talks so crabbed. Somebody ought to beat him up. I could almost do it myself.

I can't tell all of that. I don't remember anything, and if I did it would take me a week to tell it (This was Rhea's reply when asked to tell the story of his life). But I will tell you all I remember. I can remember my father, but not very much about him. We were living in the country then. My daddy was a farmer, but he hauled some logs too. My grandmother (maternal) spent one week at home helping us work. My daddy said he would go with her home on Saturday if she would spend the week. But when Saturday came he was busy and wouldn't go. My mother had to go with her. I can't remember much back there. That has been too long ago. I remember when my mother married my step-daddy. I was just a little fellow then. We moved back to the country, and my step-daddy went to farming. He made liquor too and sold it. We had a barn raising one day, and you ought to have seen the crowd that was there. They came from all over the community. We killed three goats that day. Barbecued two and stewed one. My mother was cooking from about five o'clock in the morning till twelve that day. And you know they eaten every bit of those three goats. No, they weren't big goats; they were just kids. I don't like goat. They smell too rank. I can eat a goat if he is barbecued, but I don't like it much. We used to have a lot of goats out there on the farm, about 500. My step-daddy just took care of them. They belonged to the man we were renting the place from. But we could get one to eat any time we wanted it.

My step-daddy sold liquor until he got caught and put in jail. Then while he was in jail the house we were living in caught afire and burned down. We didn't have anywhere else to go; so we went to stay with my grand-daddy. We stayed with him three months. I got along with him all right. One morning he was going to the woods to cut telephone poles. I asked him to let me go. He said "no," that I would get in the way. I told him to let me go just that one time, and so after a while he told me I could go. I went and that day my grand-daddy and me cut twelve telephone poles and peeled them. There was another man hauling and we kept him busy. I did a lot of work. My grand-daddy couldn't have done that much in one day if I hadn't been helping him. My uncle (maternal) lived with my grand-daddy, and I couldn't get along with him at all. He was always telling me to do things, and I just got tired of it. He would tell me to do one thing, and as soon as I would get through doing that he would tell me to do something else. One day he made me mad and I hit him in the face with a rock. He said if I lived there I would have to listen to him. But I wouldn't have listened

to him if he had been the last man in the world. He is a mean devil.

When my step-daddy got out of jail we moved to F-. Avenue, and after we lived there awhile we moved to the place where we are now. That's all I remember.

The best time I ever had in my life was the time I was sawing logs with my grand-daddy. I helped him after he found out I could saw. I would rather saw than to do anything. I like to saw a tree until it gets almost off, and hear it start cracking to fall. Then is the time you better get your hat and run. Sometimes a tree kicks back, and it will get you if you are in the way. A lot of people get killed with trees. I like to see a saw go down in a log and see the sawdust fly. And you can hear the old saw just ringing. I want to be a farmer when I get to be a man, but I'm going to haul some logs too. You can sell logs and farm at the same time. Next to farming I don't know what I would like to do. But I'm not going to do anything else but farm. When I get old enough and my mother dies I'm going to take my sisters and go to the country. I wouldn't leave my sisters. My step-daddy is old enough to take care of his own self, and I'm not going to take him. I wouldn't be bothered with him. He would try to boss me around all the time, and right then would be when we would have a scrap. I wouldn't take anything off him.

I got along with my step-daddy very well until one day while we were living in the country. A goat got in the tobacco patch and was tearing up the tobacco. I went in there to get him out and all he would do was to run around. After a while I took up a rock and let it go at him with everything I could put behind it. The rock went right over his back and got one of his horns. It almost knocked the horn off that it hit. It did loosen his horn. My step-daddy saw me when I threw at him. Then he got hold of me with a stick -- the thing was as big as your finger -- and gave me the worst beating I ever had. I was going to leave home but my mother wouldn't let me. It was late in the evening, just before supper. I went in the kitchen where my mother was cooking, and my step-daddy came in there after me, and started rowing. My mother took hold of him and "carried" (i.e. took) him in the front room, and made me stay in the kitchen. That night he wouldn't eat any supper. Said he didn't want any. I went on and ate. I didn't care. Then that night my mother made me a bed in the kitchen and told me to sleep in there. She was 'fraid I would get into another fuss with my step-daddy. I wanted to leave home for several days. My mother let me go to spend the night with my aunt and I stayed with my aunt about three days before I went back home. My step-daddy beat me so that time until the "whales" were still on my back when I went to my aunt's home. My aunt saw them on there with her own eyes. She would tell you so herself. From that time on my step-daddy has had it in for me, and I've had it in for him. I have to do things for him, but I don't take anything off of him. That day we had a fuss, the same fuss he came down here to the Court about, I was so mad I didn't know what to do. At first I left home. But after I went down the street a little piece I turned round and went back and got under the house.

Somehow he found out that I was under there. Somebody must have seen me go under there and told him about it. Anyway he came out of the house and got down on the ground and looked all round under the house to try to see me. But he never could see me. I was behind the chimney. After a while my sister crawled up under the house and found me. I had been under there about three hours. It is a good thing my step-daddy didn't try to come under there. I had a baseball bat, and if he had come under there I would have combed him with it as sure as anything. Did I cuss him? I'll say I did. I cussed him for every thing I could think of while I was under that house. No, I didn't cuss him out loud.

I would like to leave home if it wasn't for my mother. I'm not going to leave her as long as she lives. When she dies though I'm going to leave. I'm going out in the country in a few days to my grandmother's. She has a birthday coming on the nineteenth of this month or some time like that, and we are all going out that day. My mother is going to carry a dinner out to her. My grandmother doesn't know anything about it, and nobody is going to tell her until the day comes. We are just going to carry the things out and give them to her. There is a woman we used to live with, or we lived in the same house she lived in, and this woman is going to give the stuff for my mother to cook and carry to my grandmother. Then I think my mother is going to kill an old hen that she has there at home to carry.

Yes, I miss my little brother a lot (the baby half-brother who was two and a half years old and who died a week ago). I liked him better than any of the rest. He was a cute little fellow. He would run all over the house. And he wanted to play all the time. I used to play with him some. We went out to where he was buried last Sunday. All of us went. I missed Sunday school on account of going out there. On most Sundays I go to Sunday school. I like to go.

Investigator's impression of the family. - Three o'clock in the afternoon the investigator went to the home. The front door was open, and just inside Rhea was engaged in a game of marbles with David, a half brother eight years of age. The game seemed to be going rather smoothly. Seeing the investigator, Rhea invited him in and offered him a chair, all very politely. The odor of the house was rather offensive. Mrs. Martin, having been asleep on the bed, roused up, somewhat mortified, it seemed, and began making excuses for the appearance of things. She said she had been sick all day with a headache and had just not felt like "cleaning up." In a minute or so Mr. Martin came out of the kitchen -- the dirtiest the investigator had ever seen him -- and took a seat.

The investigator tried to hit upon a subject that would precipitate an argument between Rhea and the step-father but was unsuccessful. Only occasionally would Rhea dispute or try to correct the step-father's statements. The step-father did most of the talking; although Mrs. Martin added a remark now and then.

On a previous visit the investigator had given David a dime with which to buy candy. However, after the family had all got together, David spoke up and said, "Mister, you know that dime you

gave me? Well, Daddy took it and won't give it back to me." Then the mother seemed rather embarrassed and told the father to give David his money, which he did. David then said he was going to keep it to buy a shirt with.

David, although very delicate, seems to be a mischievous child. He has a great deal of vitality, is always on the move, and wants to have something to say in whatever comes up, if he happens to be listening. He does not listen to his mother or father when they tell him to be quiet, but tries then to see how much noise he can make. Edith, Rhea's sister, who is twelve years of age, is very timid and bashful. She could not be induced to say anything. The step-father proceeded to tell of Rhea's having knocked her the day before, but instead of saying anything herself she just hung her head. Oneda, Rhea's sister who is ten years of age, was spending a while with her grandfather (maternal) in the country and was not seen by the investigator.

From observing the family as a whole one would infer that the step-father dominates all other members. Even Mrs. Martin takes care not to talk while he is talking, and the children do not seem to be as free in his presence as might be expected. The investigator came to get the details of the inner family life from the mother but thought best not to open up the subject in presence of others but to wait until he could interview her alone.

Second interview with the mother. - Rhea is working now. He went over yesterday morning and got a job with Mr. Sawyer. Mr. Sawyer, you know, plants celery over there in the river bottom, and Rhea has a job with him picking celery. I don't know how long the job will last, but I don't guess it will last but a few days. Rhea said last night he liked the work fine.

Mr. Martin is selling coal this morning. It will be harder for him, not having Rhea to help. But I think it will be better for Rhea to work by himself. You see, when they work together they are always getting into fusses. Mr. Martin will tell Rhea to do something and he won't want to do it, and they will have it. And Rhea likes to work and make his own money. That is the reason he stopped school -- so that he could go to work. While he was in school, he just kept after us to let him out so he could get a job. He was old enough and didn't have to go so we just let him stop. He didn't have enough clothes to wear to school anyway. And the other children would tell him about his clothes. He didn't like that at all. It would make him feel bad I think, and sometimes he would want to fight. He is mighty easy to make mad, especially when somebody says something about him and he hears it. All of my children are like that. My grown daughters who are married used to get mad if anybody would say anything about them. They stopped school too because they didn't have enough clothes to wear. They wanted to dress as well as the others you see, and they just couldn't do it. I wasn't able to buy dresses for them. Mr. Martin would buy all he could for them, but he never has made any money much. I don't blame him so much. He has had bad luck. We never have had anything but bad luck you might say. When we were living

in the country we got kinder hard up, and Mr. Martin went to dealing in liquor with some other men. I didn't blame him so much at the time because he just had to make some money somehow. Somehow the news got out that they were selling liquor, and the officers went out there and caught them. When they went to court Mr. Martin told them that he had been selling some liquor. He told them the truth, and they put him in jail for ninety days. He went on and stayed his time out. I believe that having to stay in jail caused him to have paralysis. He never was as well after he came from jail as he was before he went there. It almost killed us when he had to go to jail. Rhea was only about ten or eleven, and it didn't seem to bother him very much. But my two older daughters and Mr. Martin's own children just cried about it. Rhea never does throw anything like that up to Mr. Martin (referring to the fact that Mr. Martin had to go to jail).

In three days after Mr. Martin went to jail our house caught a-fire and burned down. He went to jail on Monday and our house burned on Thursday night. We lost every blessed thing we had. I had a baby born six weeks before Mr. Martin went to jail -- he went to jail about the first of April -- and the baby died about the fifteenth of June, before Mr. Martin got out of jail. I was staying with my father then. I have lost two babies since I married the second time. I lost the one I just told you about and then the one that died just a few days ago. That makes Mr. Martin pet David. You see, David is the only child I have living that I had by Mr. Martin. Rhea tells him that he treats David better than anybody else. It doesn't make him mad for Rhea to tell him so. It's natural for him to think more of David than anybody else. I guess I pet David myself. But Rhea never does get mad about just that; he just says something about it sometimes. No, he doesn't throw that up to Mr. Martin when he gets mad about something else. I don't think Mr. Martin treats David better than Rhea just because David is his son and Rhea is not. For a long time Rhea was his pet. And he will still do anything for Rhea that a father would. When we first got married he just thought there was nothing like Rhea. And my girls -- he thought as much of them as if they had been his own daughters. We helped them along all he could until they got married. We think a lot of David because he is our only child living.

Mr. Martin and Rhea didn't have so much trouble until about a year ago. After he stopped school he got work. He helped Mr. Boykin, who lives down here on F. Avenue, to run a market. He worked for only a few days. Mr. Boykin would come by with his wagon a three o'clock in the morning and Rhea would be up to go with him. It seemed like stopping school and going to work made him feel like he was a man, and then Mr. Martin got to where he couldn't do anything with him. Things have got worse and worse. Taking him to the Court did help him some I believe. And the baby dying made him good for a while, but he is still as sassy as he can be. I can do more with him when he gets mad than anybody else can. But he doesn't want to listen to me. I have to get a limb to him. When I get a limb, I can make him mind me. It makes Mr. Martin mad to get after Rhea, and then for Rhea to run off. He (the step-father) is paralyzed, you know, and can't run and catch him. I can make him come back most of the times when he tries to run. But I have to get a limb to make him do it.

I'll just tell you, sir, I don't know which is the more to blame, Mr. Martin or Rhea. Mr. Martin is nervous. You can see that from the way he shakes. He has been that way ever since he had that stroke of paralysis. He thinks that Rhea tries to take advantage of him, and that is what makes him mad. Rhea won't listen to him, and tries to aggravate him a lot of times. I try to tell him that he must listen to Mr. Martin even if he is his step-father, but Rhea won't do it. One thing that I think makes him worse than he would be, is that other people tell him Mr. Martin hasn't got anything to do with him. They tell him that he ought not to have to do what Mr. Martin tells him because Mr. Martin is only his step-father. I don't know who tells him that, but I know he hears it all around. I guess sometimes some of these boys around here tell him so. People used to tell my older daughters that they didn't have to listen to Mr. Martin but they went on and listened to him anyway. They couldn't afford not to, because he did so much for them. They never did have the trouble with him that Rhea has had. They always called Mr. Martin "papa" after I married him. Yes, Rhea calls him that too. Rhea doesn't go with many boys. I don't let him. You know there was a boy sixteen years old who got shot down here at the brick yard a few weeks ago. They say he was a bad boy and ran all about. We don't let Rhea get away from home very often. He never does care about going over town. It is so far over there that he would have to go on the street car if he went, and he never does have money to pay car fare. I let him go down to B. Park sometimes and he plays down there. I guess he gets with some boys down there, but I don't know who they are. The only boy I know that he plays with very much is Charlie Osborne. He is a boy who lives right across the street over there. He and Rhea like each other, I think. But they get into fusses sometimes. A few days ago David (Rhea's little half brother) and Charlie's little brother got into a fight. Rhea and Charlie were there. Rhea said something to Charlie's little brother that Charlie didn't like, and then Rhea and Charlie were about to fight. They would have had a fight if I hadn't got there and separated them. I made Rhea and David come on home. Charlie and Rhea have got to be good friends since that. Rhea can get mad in a hurry but he won't take long to get pleased.

I never have had any trouble when any of my children were born. Rhea came all right. I fed him from the breast until he got to where he could eat things off the table. I never did use a bottle with him. He began trying to walk and talk when he was something over a year old. The first thing he learned to say was "papa." I believe he could say that before he was a year old. And he used to be the craziest thing about his father you ever saw. He would follow his father all around as soon as he got to where he could walk.

Rhea never has been sick to amount to anything. He did have measles and mumps and whooping cough, all the same year -- when he was seven years old -- but that is about all he has been sick. He didn't know what it was to be sick when he was a baby. He has had some colds and has had the flu a few times but never was very sick. He has a good appetite and eats as much as anybody. He sleeps in the kitchen by himself. All of us sleep in here, in this room, except Rhea. He sleeps good. I don't think he ever dreams, and I never do

hear him talking in his sleep. He goes to bed about eight o'clock at night and gets up in the morning about five. When he gets up he feeds the horse, and might cut some wood for me, or do something like that.

Interview with the community grocer. - Rhea comes in the store here sometimes to buy things, but he never does stay very long. He buys whatever he comes for and leaves. I hardly ever see him with any other boys. He does go around with Charlie Osborne, some. There are not so many boys his size round here. The boys who are in the community here are mighty quiet. They never do get into any trouble. I didn't even know that Rhea had been down there to the Court. No sir, news don't spread round here much (his reply to question of how much people in the neighborhood gossipped). People don't have much to do with each other. I don't know so much about the Martin family. I know the old man very well. He buys all of his groceries here. He pays cash for them. I think he is an honest old fellow. I buy all my coal that I used down at the house from him, and he always has given me a square deal. I like to buy my coal from him because he is a cripple, you know, and not able to do very much. Then he has bad luck all along. Long about Christmas time he had a little grandchild there with him that died, and here about two weeks ago his own baby died.

The whole family works. If somebody wants coal, and the old man is not at home, that old woman (Mrs. Martin) will take a sack full of coal and throw it on her back and carry it to whoever wants it. She can do anything that a man can do.

I don't know anything about the trouble between Rhea and the old man. I see him with the old man a lot of times hauling coal, and they seem to be getting on all right when I see them. It wouldn't do for that boy to fight the old man, because the old man is paralyzed in one side.

The Martin family doesn't have anything to do with any other families in the neighborhood. They don't have as much as the other families. But none of these people round here have very much. All of them are renters. There are three families just a little piece up there on F. Avenue that own the houses they live in, but they are the only families round here I know of that own their homes. Most of the people are good and hard-working.

Investigator's impression of the boy's school. - X. School is rather small and has only the lower grades. It seems to have some seven or eight women teachers and perhaps two hundred pupils. Miss West and Miss Joyce are elderly women but appear to be very efficient in their work. The other teachers seen by the investigator were young women, all of whom made a favorable impression. Having gone to the school at the time when the children were being dismissed for the afternoon, the investigator was asked to review the whole body of pupils as they were assembled in a large studyroom. When the bell rang for dismissal each pupil knew the proper move to make, and the body moved out in perfect order. The pupils appear to be well disciplined. The school building is of brick, well furnished

within, and neatly kept. There is ample space around the building in which the children are permitted to play games and obtain recreation at recess.

Interview with Miss West, principal of X. School. - I don't think Rhea is well balanced. He doesn't act like it. He does such peculiar things at times. Sometime back his sister, Oneda, came here to the school in the morning and told me that Rhea wouldn't let Edith leave home to come to school. That was when the baby was sick and in the hospital and Mr. and Mrs. Martin were away from home. Well, the home being only two blocks away, I went there to see what was the trouble. When I got there Edith and Rhea were the only ones at home, and sure enough Edith said Rhea wouldn't let her come to school. I got Edith and brought her on back with me. I think maybe it was because the baby was sick that Rhea thought Edith and Oneda should not come to school.

Rhea wasn't in school here so long. He came to us in October of 1926, and was entered in the 2A grade. He stayed there until December, when he was promoted to the 2C grade. But after Christmas he failed to come back. It was the first of March when he finally did start back. He started then in the 3C grade and stayed in that grade until in June, when he was promoted on an average of 76 to the 3B grade. But he stopped school in June and hasn't been back since. His attendance was fair when he attended at all. I never did have him to run away from school. But he was a bad chap. He has such a temper, you know. I had to switch him several times. It was usually his temper that caused him to get switchings. His teacher usually sent him to me for me to switch him, and when he came it was more than likely to be for talking back to his teacher, or for getting in a fuss with some other pupil. When I switched him it would make him mad enough to bite a nail in two. He looked like he would get so mad that he wouldn't know what to do with himself. But I would just make him sit down and tell him he had to cool off before I would let him go. And he knew I meant what I said when I told him that.

We had quite a bit of trouble with Rhea's fighting other boys. He wouldn't get into fights in the class room, and he wouldn't fight at recess. Some of the teachers would always be out on the grounds, and that would keep him down. He wouldn't fight before any of us, but he would fight while he was on his way home in the afternoons. He would get it in for a boy at school and then would wait till school was out to fight. We exercise control over the children here from the time they leave home in the mornings till the time they get back in the afternoons; so I had to punish Rhea quite a few times for fighting while he was on his way home.

Interview with Miss Joyce, Rhea's teacher. - All of those Dunn children are very dull. I don't believe they have the ability to learn. Edith is about the brightest one, but she is not so good in her classes. David (Rhea's half brother) gets along fairly well. Rhea I believe is the dumbest one. Of course he didn't have anyone at home to help him but I don't think he could have learned his lessons if he had had someone to help him all the time.

His conduct was very bad. I couldn't let him sit in the back of the room. If he got back there he wanted to have a perfect picnic. It was almost impossible to keep him from talking in the classroom. He liked to amuse the other children, and was always up to some kind of prank to make them laugh. He was easy to make mad. When I would correct him, he wouldn't talk back to me, or rather he talked back only a few times --- I positively don't allow them to do that -- but I could see that it would always make him mad for anybody to control him. The most peculiar thing I know about him is that while he was in the classroom if any of the children did anything he didn't like he would stand up and just stare at whoever it was. And you should have seen the look he would have on his face. I tried to break him of the habit, but it seemed almost impossible to do so. He is as stubborn as a mule.

Observations on the boy's neighborhood. - The people of the community are low in economic status. They belong to the laboring classes. The families mostly rent their dwellings. One-story, frame dwellings are the mode. They are in none too good repair, although not dilapidated. The community is inhabited by whites only. The principal of the X. School says that the neighborhood has seen better days, and that the more substantial families moved a long time ago. Mr. Tillery, a wide-awake resident of the neighborhood, says that there are no boy gangs, but that even if they did exist, Rhea's mother would not allow him to associate with the boys. There are two grocery stores and a barber shop in the district. No other commercial or industrial places.

Spot maps reveal:

- 19 white boy delinquents (3 years)
- 4 white girls delinquents (3 years)
- 1 negro boy delinquent (3 years)
- 0 negro girl delinquents (3 years)
- 28 white dependency cases (1 year)
- 0 negro dependency cases (1 year)
- 2 white v. d. cases (1 year)
- 4 negro v. d. cases (1 year)
- 0 white churches
- 1 negro school
- 1 white school
- 1 park on the periphery of the neighborhood
- No other agencies.

The natural boundaries of the area enclose about 4/9 square mile. Not thickly populated. Population density not given.

Summary of Findings

Physical Traits: 15 years 3 months, age; Height, 62 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches; Weight, 92.3 pounds; well nourished and well developed; chronic tonsillitis; moderate phimosis; delayed puberty; large periosteal node on tibia of right leg; chronic ulceration about wrist.

Mental Capacity and Intelligence: C. A. 15 years 3 months; M. A. 9 years 4 months; I. Q. 70; has practically reached limit of educational possibilities; capable of becoming trained in manual occupations; special abilities and affectivity not tested.

Psychiatric Diagnosis: mood swings, psychotic tendencies, intelligence rating probably affected by mood swings, arm lesion not leutic.

Habits: Dresses poorly, goes filthy, does not care about personal appearance except on special occasions, carries himself erect; has good appetite, eats regularly, prefers sweets; does not drink coffee, tea, or coca-cola; smokes cigarettes, chews tobacco; retires early, rises early, sleeps by himself, does not dream or have any sleep disturbances, enuresis continues, does not care about girls, does not practice masturbation, does not stay out at night.

Character and Disposition: Honest in money matters, fairly truthful, keeps promises ordinarily; disobedient, somewhat disrespectful, has tendency to be profane; frank, bold, not ashamed of anything, slightly egocentric, boastful, exaggerates experiences, known for having a temper.

School: Stopped school at end of third grade; had no interest in studies, says he could not learn; marks always poor, attendance fair; conduct objectionable, shows off in class, talked continually and had spells of anger in the classroom, fought other boys on the way to and from school.

Participation and Social Status: Does not belong to any boys' club, is not allowed to leave home and pal with other boys, associations outside of the home few and limited largely to one playmate; does not engage in any particular form of recreation, never goes to a moving picture, is not able to occupy himself reading; quarrels with younger sisters, knocks them around, has to be corrected frequently; does not have any regular employment of his own, helps stepfather sell wood and coal, is imposed upon by the stepfather in work, the latter being unable to do very much manual labor.

Attitudes and Wishes: Does not submit to being controlled, antagonistic toward others in general; dissatisfied with living in the city; desires to go to the country, aspires to being a farmer; wants some kind of employment at present; no abnormal desires, no day-dreaming.

Family: Mother comes from lower class of country folk, says her father has a bad temper, admits having temper herself, all brothers and sisters normal physically and mentally; father of boy died with influenza nine years ago, was a farmer, drank a great deal, had uncontrollable temper as did his father before him; step-father reared in the country, has had a stroke of paralysis, farmed until four years ago, was a boot-legger, served a term in jail, no steady income from work, sells wood and coal; mother exercises most control over the boy, stepfather's control waning, boy as large as he is, control by force no longer works main tensions in family between boy and step-father; boy has two older sisters married, two younger sisters in the home, one half brother living, two half brothers who died in infancy; home in one part of small dilapidated frame structure, step-sister and her husband live in other half of house; few associations with other families of community, close relationship with mother's family but not with the deceased father's or step-father's relatives.

Neighborhood: Families of low economic status, laboring class families, neighborhood a partial slum, no community spirit, disorganized area as judged by presence of social problems, few agencies and institutions in immediate vicinity.

Sociological Analysis (10)

Rhea is an underprivileged boy. He comes from a poor family which lives on the ragged edge and barely manages to get along on the meager and irregular earnings of the bread winner. And, then, there are several mouths to feed. The boy is ill-kempt and never has had much in the way of clothes (the family even had to scrape money together to buy him clothes in order to take him to court).

Our subject is a sort of drudge for the family. Although not overworked, he has certain definite chores to do at home and he must help his step-father on the wagon. One gains the impression that the step-father leaned on him heavily for support in peddling coal. The boy's day, however, was mainly occupied by the family in one way or another and he seldom got out to play in the neighborhood. Rhea's play life was so impoverished that he appeared to have very little desire for fun and sport. He never attended the movies and never read books and magazines. His schooling was cut short by his own inherent dullness, the lack of encouragement and aid at home and by "poor clothes". The boy has led a warped existence. He has had no advantages and his social participation outside the family was almost nil. His happiest days were in the dim past of childhood when he was back on the farm enjoying the outdoor freedom. His desires to go to the country and to be a farmer are probably colored by these fond, idealized remembrances of the past.

Rhea is not well adjusted at home, a condition which is due to a combination of circumstances. He defies authority and fights with his step-father and his sisters. The boy's defiance of authority is in part an adolescent protest against a routinized life within the family -- a protest against his life of drudgery; and in part it is also due to an acquired step-father "complex". It seems that the flames of defiance toward the step-father were fanned by outside interference. Outsiders, who got on none too well with the Martins, were in the habit of telling the Dunn children that they did not have to obey Mr. Martin, since he was only their step-father. On the other hand, there seems to

(10) In analyzing and factorizing this case, one must make allowances for the braggadocio and expansive style in which Rhea addressed himself to the interviewer. The boy in real life is not nearly so defiant as he makes himself out. And the curious fact is that throughout the interviews he does not really complain of his warped and thwarted existence. He either does not sense his predicament or he does not realize what fun and good times he is missing.

be evidence that the boy and his step-father used to get along well together, that the boy never looked upon the new parent as an intruder and did not resent his presence in the home. But now the boy can not stand to be crossed or punished, and any exercise of authority by the step-father especially, as well as by the mother, throws him into a tantrum. His displays of temper seem to appear when he is crossed or thrown out of sorts by others. While his temper may be partly a socially conditioned response, it may also be in part an inherited condition. His father was reported as having a bad temper as well as his older sisters (now married). Even his mother admits that she is "high strung". However, the hereditary aspect of his temper displays must perforce remain speculative. At any rate, Rhea's "fits of temper" were not very violent and led to no serious difficulties, although they worked against his success in holding down a job.

On the whole, the boy is fairly well organized, in spite of his lack of advantages and his conflict at home. He has really no bad habits. Probably the boy's low intelligence has enabled him to submit to a dull, uneventful life without vigorous protest. A brighter boy might not have been able to stand the "gaff", might have raised a "rumpus", run away, stolen, read dime novels, in order to compensate for the unpleasant conditions at home. But Rhea has been able to tolerate them and remain within the family bosom. And his non-participation in the life of the community has kept him innocent alike of the world and away from demoralizing influences.

HOME BUT ESTRANGED

Case VI.

Statement of the Problem

William Patterson, age 15, had a tilt with his father, who called the police and had him taken to the J. C. He was charged with disorderly conduct and incorrigibility. Father and son had not been getting along well together for some time. Moreover, the boy was unadjusted in the home. He had no great love for his family and they returned but little. Misunderstanding prevailed on both sides. His court appearance was the second in his life time. The other appearance was for a very doubtful charge of not turning over collections on a newspaper route. Investigation showed that the family manages to pull through in spite of the father's lack of employment and small income from rented property; that the boy has stopped school and has not been successful in holding down a job; that he has suffered from adenoids and has been handicapped in his family, school and other relations by "ear aches" and by his difficulty in hearing. William has an I. Q. of 91.

The Complete Case Record of William Patterson

Summary of Face Sheet Data. - Brought into court by parents for disorderly conduct and incorrigibility; one former appearance in court. Family has no record in the confidential exchange.

Charles Patterson, father, 61, native white, no church, irregular income from rents.

Dora Patterson, mother, 42, native white, no church.

Nell Patterson, sister, 19, single, shop girl, \$12.00 per week, living at home.

Iona Patterson, sister, 18, single, shop girl, \$9.00 per week, living at home.

William Patterson, subject, 15, not attending school, not working.

Theodore Patterson, brother, 12, attends school.

Vera Patterson, sister, 11, attends school, 4 C grade.

Tillie Patterson, sister, 9, attends school, 4 C grade.

Marian Patterson, sister, 2.

Family has record of only one removal since marriage of parents.

Summary of Juvenile Court Record. - This boy was arraigned for disorderly conduct and incorrigibility, the complainant being the father. The boy has physical difficulties, mainly being hard of hearing. He misunderstands and is misunderstood readily. This is especially true of the family. The father doesn't seem to understand the boy and consequently is harsh. The boy takes his resentment out on other members of the family. The arrest at the instigation of the father was a mistake. Probated to father and chief probation officer.

Medical Report. - (a) Developmental History: No data except for the fact that he has had trouble all his life with "hurting" in ear

and considerable deafness, which has come on mostly during cold weather. Attacks last only a few days but come back again when he is out in the cold a long time. Tonsils and adenoids removed last summer. Slight improvement in ears but not complete. No discharges from right ear since tonsillectomy.

(b) Summary of Medical Examinations. - Weight, 130; ideal weight, 125; well-developed and well nourished.

Right ear -- middle tympanum pink and retracted, scar of old perforation in posterior superior quadrant.

Left ear -- cerumen in canal, removed by irrigation.

Nose -- nasal septum markedly deviated to right.

Tonsils -- clearly removed.

Large mass of adenoids.

Ear condition apparently due to inflammation of the Eustachian tube secondary to adenoids.

Advise adenoidectomy.

Rest of examination O. K. L. A. N. D

(Six weeks after examination) -- under a gas anesthetic an adenoidectomy was done. Huge mass of adenoid tissue removed. Necessary to give gas second time to break up adhesions in Eustachian tube. Difficulty in getting boy to hospital to have the work done.

Report of Psychological Examination. - This boy, 15-0 years, has a mental age of 13 years 8 months, which gives him an intelligent quotient of 91. This places the boy in the normal group. He is most deficient in subjects demanding knowledge of "abstract". He has, however, insight into problems involving space relationships and easily grasps a situation. He may even accomplish noteworthy things in the field of mechanics, if allowed to follow his bent. (11)

Investigator's first impression of the boy. - This boy is quite large for his age, being about five feet, eight inches and weighing about 130 pounds, though only fifteen years old. He wore overalls and a coat, and he was not clean or neat as to his person or clothes. William has a face of a boy rather older than fifteen. His eyes especially seem to show age, possibly an appearance of age because he is invariably serious and observant in an unobtrusive sort of way. It was probably the investigator's feeling rather than fact that the boy had a mature sort of mind, quite capable of good judgment. He seemed to be perfectly willing to wait for facts and then judge from them.

The features of his face are not unusual. His nose is somewhat large in appearance, but some of this may have been due to imagination, for it was only noticed after he had talked a bit and the investigator could hear the effects of the probably diseased condition there, sounding like a bad cold.

(11) There is a conflict between the psychologist's report and the investigator's observations. The boy (on inspection of the Binet record) passed certain concrete tests in the upper years and failed on the more problematic tests. However, in real life, the boy seems to be a rather clear and logical thinker about most problems which confront him. -- Investigator's note.

The boy's hearing is really very bad. The investigator had to repeat practically all questions, some of them several times. The difficulty was so great that for a time it seemed almost worthless to proceed. But the boy is aided a great deal in understanding by being able to read one's lips a little and in being able to think pretty well. Only once did he fail to get a question straight, and that was when he tried to answer without asking a second time. He did not even wait until the investigator had finished phrasing the question. Toward the end of the interview the investigator discovered that he was able to understand careful shaping of the mouth more easily than careless shouting. It will be very difficult to communicate with this boy concerning things not well-known to him. Questions must be quite plain and in simple language. Rapport was fully established, however. The boy invited the investigator to visit his shop and agreed to show him some of his drawings.

The boy was very direct in his gaze, but did not stare excessively. He would listen carefully to the questions and then answer rather straight to the point, afterward giving the details bearing on the main point. It was only by his being willing to talk somewhat easily that the investigator was able to get so much information at this interview. This boy is undoubtedly of average intelligence and it would be no surprise to the investigator for him to test considerably above normal in mentality. He could without difficulty explain the technicalities involved in his air-lock invention. His mechanical knowledge is undoubtedly wide.

The intelligence test may not show any great proficiency in cultural materials, since he was not greatly interested in school work. But the high grade he attained shows he must be of fair ability. His memory and learning ability may be high. The investigator believes it would be well worth while to subject this boy to a battery of tests to get at his mechanical ability and other phases of his mentality. (This was noted before the boy was tested).

The boy would not take a seat during the interview. He walked around the room a bit, leaned against the wall, but did not waste any time gazing out of the window. He seems to be quite able to concentrate. He did not show nervousness or diffidence about any of the questions. He did not brag but merely showed he was confident of his ability, and as if he did not doubt himself at all. He showed no tendency to act up to the situation. Though the investigator tried various ways to break through the inhibition concerning his trouble, no very satisfactory data was accumulated on this point.

First interview with the boy. - I can't hear very good right now out of my right ear because the catarrh is pretty bad now. I was operated on for tonsils and adenoids last summer, but that wasn't all that was the matter with me. I have catarrh all in my nose. You know it is sort of like it was all rotten up there, and sometimes it bothers me in my ears too. It has a bad smell when I breathe deep, that's the reason I know what it is. I have had it treated different times but it isn't getting any better. I have had it all my life, as long as I can remember anyway. I was operated on out at the City Hospital, but I was out at the Vanderbilt Hospital not long ago. They told me I needed my adenoids out again, that there were some of them left in. And they got wax out of one of my ears. But the big thing is that I

have catarrh. I am a lot better than when I had bad tonsils and adenoids. My cheeks were all pouched and my mouth was open all the time, because I couldn't breathe through my nose. I believe I can hear a little better now. And I can think a little faster, it seems. I know I could learn arithmetic faster when I was through with the operation. I was doing pretty good before, but after the operation I could do better.

About that trouble I got into; I don't want to tell any more people about it. I told Judge Brown about it and there's not any use spreading it all around to lots of people. You know what disorderly conduct is, fighting and cursing. My father had me brought up to court.. One thing was a fight I got into with a big boy not long ago. This boy was eighteen years old and a big boy. I weigh about 140 pounds but he was a little bigger. He used to bother me almost every day. He would nag me, and I would just go on and let him do it. I don't get mad with just a little kidding. But after he had bothered me three or four times, and when he threw his arm around my neck and began to squeezing it, I hit him in the stomach and threw him down and was hitting him in the head with a rock when papa made me stop. I don't ever curse except when I get mighty mad. The rest of the business, I don't think I'll tell about.

I never got into any trouble before except once when I was selling papers and the man in charge of the route, the man down at the newspaper office said I was short of money. I had a negro route; only one white person bought from me. There were either 104 or 106 on the route. The man kept on saying I owed him more and more money until finally I wasn't collecting enough to pay out. So he brought me to court and told them I owed him thirty dollars. The Court was going to make me have the whole bunch of negroes into court, so I agreed to work and pay it back. But the man only made me pay 15 dollars, so I guess he was trying to get too much from me. They would have sent me to the Reform School if I hadn't agreed to pay the money back. I never was in trouble for stealing before, or for anything else.

I like it all right at home. It's only once in a while that I get mean and can't get along with them. They bother me sometimes asking me to do things, when I am thinking about something I want to make. And I can't get along with them then. But I don't want to leave home. I like my mother best at home, but I get on with all of them pretty well. My father don't work any more. My grown sisters, who are working, and I all chip in a few dollars a week to keep the house going. Then my papa has a little real estate. He used to have a lot more. I believe he would have had more of it left if he had listened to more of my ideas about some of it. But some of my ideas were sorter foolish of course. But he had one house that he was getting only twenty dollars for and I had him paint it and fix up the front porch and put on a tar roof and now he gets thirty dollars a month and has been ever since it was fixed up. He still owns our house and a store on the corner there and one or two other little places. He has just been losing his property bit by bit. He used to run a grocery himself but decided he was too old to do it any more. And he wouldn't trust me with my ideas. I helped him in it but he wouldn't trust me to run it. I am working at a grocery two blocks from home now and that man lets me take charge for him sometimes and I am getting along fine. But

grocerying is not what I would like best to do. I want to work in some sort of machine place.

I went to school part of the fall term but stopped. I was in the ninth grade. I can read and write pretty good and can work arithmetic, and it wasn't much use to go on to school any more. I would like to go to a school where they let you study machinery. Of course, I couldn't afford to go there, but I sure would work hard in that kind of school. I have my last report card out at home. It had only two P's on it and they were on conduct. I never got into any trouble at school except for talking and drawing pictures of cranes and other sorts of machines and box cars and all that. Lots of times I would get P's all over my report at the first of the term, but when examinations were about to come round I would get to studying and get some marks of G, which stands for good. I can write on a typewriter and I can run a telegraph ticker with Morse code. Another reason I quit school was to go to work. I had a job for a while in a machine shop but they didn't need me long. This grocery job is the second job I have had. That doesn't count the papers.

I go to bed about eight-thirty or nine o'clock and get up about six-thirty. I sleep with my brother. He is fourteen and sorter short, but mighty wide. We have a bed a little wider than a single bed. I have to wrap up in the cover and then he keeps on crowding into me until pretty soon I wake up hitting the floor. My brother weighs somewhere in the nineties and is healthy. He has got rosy cheeks, and bright eyes. But every once in a while he gets to eating between meals and I can tell it, because the inside of his mouth gets coated white. You know how it does. And he has pretty teeth too.

I only eat two meals a day. The first one is at about seven-thirty and I don't eat any more until night. I don't care how hungry I get, I don't eat anything more. I have been doing this for a long time. I don't like sweets much. And I don't eat candy at all. I eat most everything. I don't like "chitlin's". Maybe they wouldn't be so bad, if they would call them something else. But they have got an awful smell too. I don't like spinach and there may be a few other things I don't like much. I don't like white beans. But I like turnip greens, and cabbage and I eat fruit of all kinds, especially fresh fruit. There's no trouble feeding me. I drink one cup of coffee in the morning and one at night. It is really never a cup quite full either time. Coffee at night keeps me awake, if I drink much. I drink just enough to keep me awake for a little while, so I can do some thinking before I go to bed. I like to think over the day and think about the next day. And I sometimes want to think out some new thing to make. The lights go out at our house at eight-thirty every night. If anyone comes home late, they just don't get in. I stayed out all night once. Papa shuts off the lights at the meter. He thinks some of the electricity stays up in the wires if you cut it off in each room. And he cuts off all the lights at the meter at eight-thirty. We never have tea at our house and not many other frills.

I used to smoke cigarettes a little, but never had any habit and don't use them any more. I never smoked a pipe or cigars. I

smoke Cubebs now, because they might help my catarrh but they don't help any. I never had nothing to do with girls. I never cared anything about them. I speak to them all right, but never played with them. I have heard boys talk about what they did to girls but I never did anything like that. I never tried, because I didn't care anything about them.

I don't play any more. I used to play with a bunch of boys when I was about eight and some after that. One of them had a father that worked at the A. B. Company and we used to take hogsheads he brought home and build shacks. We could build some about as big as a bed and put some seats in it. There were about eight boys in the bunch. But I don't play with them any more and I don't play with anybody at all.

About my invention. About two years ago I heard some men talking about freight car doors falling open and stuff being stolen. I was told about a car and a railroad man told me some sort of lock was needed for car doors. So I started to work on one. I tried springs first but later decided that another kind would do better, since the spring might rust and break. The air-brake lock would do the trick. If it is made right, it ought to almost never wear out. There are two ways of doing it. Have a bar across the door that locked on both sides by pushing straight into the casings on each side or working the locks up at the top of the door. I think the last way is the best because the bar might get out of place or get broke. The thing works sort of like an inverted cylinder of an automobile. When locked the cylinder is pressed up into the sill so that the door can't move, when not locked the cylinder falls down. The air pressure drives the cylinder into the place for locking the door. The spring worked mighty well but I had to change. I am sure the thing will work but I haven't got it patented yet. Lots of people know about it now. When the cars are all hitched together, the doors are all locked, even when the train is stopped. But uncoupling a car unlocks the door.

I have some other ideas in my head to work out some of these days. I have one idea that will need two hundred dollars to work out. I have eight saved up. It is a battery I want to try to perfect. I can't tell you any more than that. I began trying to invent when I was seven. I tinkered with electricity then and fixed bells and ran sparks in doorways, protected them against grounding so that none would bother me. And I made shocking machines. I also had a radio, the kind that sent Morse Code. They are great for manufacturing static. I made so much static that the neighbors couldn't get the stations they were used to. The man next door had his radio where I could see it. I would see him get up disgusted from trying to hear and after a while I would cut off my radio and go to bed. Then he could get his stations. I finally stopped my station on account of its interference. I made that set myself. I bought an electric motor when I was working at the machine shop. I could get it cheaper from them. And I turned my room into a workshop. It has big benches along two sides and I have old motors from cars and my motor and all sorts of things. My tools are just picked up here and there and are not a very good set. But right now I am not doing any work in my shop and my tools are put away. I need money. I fix my pap's car when it needs working on. I think I got started in working on things like

this because of J. T. Brown who worked in a machine shop in a bottling works. I used to take his lunch to him. He asked me one day if I knew all about the machinery he had there and I said I didn't. So he explained it all to me. I made like I forgot the next time and had him tell me over again. Finally I knew all about it because he told me over and over and I haven't forgot. He used to give me bottled drinks and one day I threw some of it in a motor that was open. It was an accident. I noticed the motor began slowing down and decided it was time for me to leave. This man had what you might call a mechanical house. He used all sorts of inventions of sorts around his place. He must have been some sort of an inventor himself.

I have stayed up all night two or three times. I sleep pretty light mostly, anyway. These two nights hand-running - I stayed up down in the railroad yards. I tried to learn to telegraph in those two nights and almost did. I used to stay around down there a lot. I learned all the signals and what they meant. I believe I could get that Pan American (the crack train from Cincinnati to New Orleans) into the station all right. I know just what sort of switches to use. The switchman wouldn't let me try it by myself. So I just watched him.

Investigator's first impression of the home, the mother, and other members of the family. - Mrs. Patterson was sitting on the steps of her house and the investigator took his seat there, not being invited to enter the house. The weather was beautiful and the surroundings quiet and the conversation was interrupted only by the arrival of two of the daughters from school, and by one of the very small children coming out to the mother at one time.

Mrs. Patterson is a large woman and extremely well preserved, seems to be in perfect health, except for an excess of fat. She gives the appearance of being under forty years of age. She had on clean clothes and was clean as to person. Her head is well-formed, and massive. Gray-blue eyes, brown hair, not ill-kept. She talked easily, not being flustered by anything in the conversation, and readily answered questions. The interview was easily guided, since she did not overwhelm with a large amount of irrelevant material. She was attentive and seemed to wish to help the investigator all she could. The investigator believes she was not attempting to keep up appearances, and notes that she did not berate her husband, nor did she wholly blame the boy.

The other members of the family also seemed to be in perfect health, of good intelligence, well-dressed and well-cared for. And they were all buxom, following in the footprints of their mother. From their quiet curiosity it would seem that they are well controlled and respectful to their mother, though she did not give them a single order or suggestion.

First interview with boy's mother. - The trouble William got into was in connection with a struggle he had out here with his father. It wasn't exactly a fight but it was a sort of scuffle. William wasn't satisfied with what we had for breakfast that morning. There was nothing unusual about it. We had meat and gravy and biscuits, and he got mad and put his share in the dishwater. His father got

hold of him for that, one hand on his collar and one on his belt. But William is big and about as strong as his father and they struggled all over the kitchen and finally got into one of the bedrooms, where my oldest daughter was standing before the dresser getting ready to go to work. William was bent over with the struggle and straightened up and hit her on the face with his fist. She was hurt pretty bad and cried at him that she hadn't done anything. And I don't think William hit her intentionally. He was just so mad he couldn't see straight. He may have thought he was hitting his father. So my husband reported it to the police and they came out and got William. And then he was probated. It has helped change William in some ways, especially in regard to minding us here at home. We don't have such struggles with him any more. He must be a little afraid of the Court. But he sure hates his father for reporting him to the Court. He has told me he does. He doesn't like him at all. He doesn't show it so much, but once in a while he will mention it. I don't like the way he stays out so late after work. (The boy was working at the bottling plant at this time). His sister that works gets home about six o'clock, and quits work about five-thirty. But he never gets home until six-thirty, generally seven or later. Just last night he didn't get in until ten o'clock. He said he had been to Murfreesboro on the truck and had just got back. I don't object to his having to work over time but I am not so sure he has to. I want to call up Mr. Harding, his boss, and ask him what time William gets through work, but am afraid that will make William lose his job. He makes nine dollars a week, and gives me two dollars. That helps some, but we only have an income of about fifty dollars a month all together. His father can't work to do any good. He is old and has been in poor health since his operation for rupture two years ago. It looks like if a person could have lived with such trouble for forty years he could have managed to the end of his days.

And I can't work. I have a baby just three years old. I have had ten children, but three are dead. The oldest was a boy who would now be twenty-one. Then came three girls, and then William. I only have one other boy and he is ten now.

I used to have some trouble with William about telling stories when he was smaller, but have not had any lately, unless last night was an instance. He generally is truthful. They had him in the Juvenile Court about two years ago for being short on his money from carrying a news route. But there never was a sign of it if William ever stole that money and it sure would have shown some way. There was another boy in it, the one who really had the route before William had it and said the folks there owed him. So he might have gotten some of it. William hasn't paid all of it back yet. And I don't think he was treated right in court. No one in that trial was allowed to say anything but the man who had charge of the (news) papers at the Y. (paper). I wanted to tell them what I thought about it. The route was a bad one in the first place, nothing but negroes, and it was not successful for any carriers before William had it. William has had a temper all his life. His father has one and I have too, so he comes by it honestly. He doesn't have spells with it often. But he sure acts like he is crazy when he has them. We thought he was crazy. But that has only been in two of his

fits of temper.

I don't think it is all William's fault. His father is old and nervous and William seems to bother him mighty easy. And William is liable to stand and knock on a stove or on the floor and this bothers his father who "don'ts" him too much. He always has been "don'ting" him since he could understand. And William doesn't pay him much attention. I have raised the girls and my husband has had the boys to raise. I remember when William was small he used to run out with boys and play and not come back for hours. And I wanted to go get him, but my husband said "boys will be boys" and to let him handle him. But he couldn't do anything with him or didn't. And now the other boy is getting so he stays out too, since he has been carrying papers. I think the trouble with William is probably because of the bad boys he knew when he was carrying papers for the Y. (newspaper). There are a bunch of boys that stayed around waiting for papers and they cursed and were bad in all sorts of ways. William picked up cursing from them, and now he curses a great deal, especially when he gets mad. And they may have got him into trouble about staying out so much when he ought to be home. He is not at all the same boy since the time I speak of. He has sold papers for the X. (paper) since that time, but he didn't pick up anything bad there and he didn't get into trouble either. His open struggles with his father are all since that time. He has always played with boys. Nothing unusual about staying off by himself. He used to play ball and everything like that. Of course, he doesn't get much chance to play when he is working right along, but he still has some he likes to play with. But there is no one in this neighborhood he likes so very well. We haven't been here very long. And I don't like this neighborhood either. We had a nice place on S. Avenue. But my husband swopped and got this place. I was sick at the time with rheumatism and sure was disappointed to see this. The other property was assessed at thirty-five hundred dollars. But everyone that moved into the other neighborhood were negroes. And we moved out. It doesn't seem like people stay around where negroes live in the neighborhood.

William's birth was normal and he sat alone at about five or six months. He was slow walking, as I remember, but not much. And there was nothing remarkable about his talking. About the time he was eight or nine years old he began to make toy airplanes. First they were out of pasteboard, and later out of wood. And later he began to make radios. We didn't know he could do anything like that until he had made about a half dozen sets. He would build them in cigar boxes. We had one ourselves for a time and you could hear over it quite well. He used to stay up most of the night working on them. But he gets plenty of sleep now. He goes to bed about nine or ten and gets up about five or sometimes five-thirty. And he eats everything pretty well. I don't know of any special preferences for food. He has had catarrh almost all his life. I have it myself and have had for a long time. The only other member of the family to have it is the older girl, who has tonsils and adenoids also that are bad but she won't have them out. She is just like William was in this case but he used to have terrible earaches also. He had them pretty often, and would walk the floor and scream with them. But they have been better lately, and he is better every way since the operation

at Vanderbilt. He says he feels better than he ever has before. He didn't want to go to the hospital. We didn't know he was going. He never tells us anything. And I can't tell now if he hears any better, because he doesn't always answer me when I speak, as it is.

We can't control him very well. In fact, he is just here and does about as he pleases. He likes me better than anyone here, though he is not mad at anyone but his father. He likes the girl he hit better than any others of his sisters or his brothers. He has no workshop now and that is mostly because he has no tools and can't get any. He invented or tried to invent an air-lock, or something like that. He used to sit and talk to me about it by the hour and I wouldn't know any more when he finished than when he began. He has talked about his ideas like that ever since he was eight or nine. But we don't understand very well what it all is and his father won't listen to him at all.

He has had the ordinary children's diseases, whooping cough, chicken-pox, measles and all that, but nothing serious except catarrh. Dr. Copeland, who writes for the newspaper, says catarrh leads to T. B. Is that so? There were no people in either my husband's or my own family that did anything important with machinery or even were interested in it very much. I was eighteen years old at the time of my marriage and have been married twenty-two years.

William is very nervous. He has been for a long time. It may have something to do with his spells of temper. He drinks all the coffee he is allowed, sometimes two or three cups at both breakfast and supper. And he smokes a lot of cigarettes. He brought home ten packages one week-end and they didn't last through the week. He may still smoke that much.

He got along all right at school, for he always brought home good cards. But I don't see how he did it, because he never brought home any books. And he used to play hookey some times. He only went seven times to school in two weeks at one time. He was getting along fine in school, was in the eighth grade, I think, but it was so far to school that he quit and went to work. We wanted him to go on further but he didn't want to. And ever since he has been supporting himself as best he could, though the money he pays me does not even take care of his lunches.

Investigator's second impression of the boy. - This interview (conducted at the X. Bottling Plant where he had procured a job) was for only a few minutes, the boy being off at that time for lunch, and the investigator endeavored merely to keep rapport by inquiring about his work, and about his workshop at home, his present interests, and to clear up the business about the truck trips to Murfreesboro.

The boy was dressed in overalls and had evidently been doing a good half day's work. He was as clean as his work permits, but no cleaner than would be expected in such a place. His hearing has improved quite noticeably, and he speaks more clearly, not so much like he has a bad cold all the time.

The investigator noted that his teeth were poorly cared for, being coated with tartar and very dirty. And a number of the teeth have grown crooked so that his mouth makes a very bad appearance. The cut on his hand was wrapped in soiled bandages, but is healing satisfactorily. It doesn't bother him in the least.

Second interview with boy. I think my hearing has improved some (this was after his operation) but not as much as I hope it will. My head feels better than it has for some time. I like my work all right. I have been running a bottling machine but they are getting another person to do that. I have been riding on the truck with the driver to Murfreesboro this week. They have some more machinery in the plant there and it is different from this here. I have had one raise from six dollars to nine dollars since I have been here and I was promised another one but don't know when it will come nor for how much. The boss thinks he will keep me.

I have learned to drive a gear-shift car. I knew how before but hadn't had any experience. But now I can do it all right. You went out home yesterday. I have a sort of a shop in one of the houses on the back part of the lot, but I don't have much time to do anything like that now. And I haven't many tools either. But I would like for you to come out to see them. I will be at home Sunday. I'm getting along at home all right now. The trouble before was just that I didn't have a job. I went to D. School. The teacher's name was Miss Houston. They wanted me to keep on going to school but I didn't want to. I had got about all I could get.

Observations on the boy's home. - At another time the investigator paid a visit to the boy's home, and was invited in. The exterior of the house belies the interior. The part of the interior of the house seen by the investigator included a bedroom, and the living room. The furnishings in the living room were rather good, as compared with the homes of most Juvenile Court cases. There was an excellent rug on the varnished floor. A piano graced this room, and a nicely upholstered couch. There was a library table, and an up-to-date floor lamp. Two nice pictures -- landscapes -- were on the walls. In one corner was an old-fashioned set of shelves, a real antique, and it held the family books, including a set of popular encyclopedias, the two volume set of Our Islands and Their People, and some others, which, while not comprising a very large array, nevertheless are much more than the average family of delinquents can boast. The wall paper in the house was rather new and on the whole the house gave a very favorable impression. The bedroom exhibited some substantial furniture, dresser, bed and chairs, being noticeable. The bed had not been made, though the interview took place at two o'clock. The appearance of Mrs. Patterson and of Marian (the young sister) was not prepossessing either.

Second interview with the mother. - I spoke to Mr. Harding about William's coming home after he quit work and he must have said something to William about it; for he has been coming straight home for the last few days, and right after work. I was sort of afraid William would get to gambling. I think gambling is worse than almost anything a boy can do. And William has mentioned once or twice about a negro that works at the bottling plant that wins things by

gambling. I tried to impress on him that that was all right but that negroes were not to be associated with, that they were different people and that he ought not to have anything to do with them.

I was eighteen when I married. I was visiting my cousin in Nashville and didn't want to return to school back in Z. County. I met Mr. Patterson who was then forty-three and married him. He had been living by himself for about three years but decided he wanted to get married. But he didn't know how well off he was, and I didn't know how well off I was either. No one ever does realize it until they have lost it. Oh, we have done pretty well. We have been happy enough together, but gradually we have lost what he had and are not getting along so well. We settled on S. Avenue after marriage, and we lived in the same place for over twenty-one years, it would have been twenty-two years in July this year. I never did know anything about moving and just never did any of it. The reason we moved was the negroes. We were the last white family in the whole block. So we swopped our place for this one. We had a mortgage on the other place for \$3500 and on this there is a mortgage of \$750. Mr. Patterson still has some property over on S. Avenue. It is rented by negroes, all except the store we used to run, but which we sold not so long ago, during the last year. Mr. Patterson has a hard time collecting his rent and his old grocery bills. He only collected one dollar last week. If Nell and William had not been working, I don't know what we would have done. Mr. Patterson spends most of his time over in the neighborhood of S. Avenue, trying to collect his old debts. But he never will get most of the money. He must have about a hundred thousand dollars out in debts of grocery bills and all that. All sorts of boarding houses and restaurants and all that sort of thing used to get stuff from us.

I don't know how much education Mr. Patterson had. He has told me but I don't remember now. He can read and do arithmetic and write, but he and I used to write so fast in the store that it was hard to read. He can't be beat at arithmetic. I went through the eighth grade before I quit school. We married in July 1906 and I went to work in the store right away. I never had any other sort of job at all. By the time I was twenty-five I had five children. I don't want my girls to marry yet. I married too young. It is much better to enjoy life as long as you can. Better wait and marry when you are beginning to get old and ugly. Mr. Patterson tries to tell the girls different, but I know this is right. And my girls are not interested in boys at all. That suits me fine.

My parents and Mr. Patterson's folks were all farmers. His people lived in D. County. I don't know much about them. There was nothing queer about any of them, except one of his cousin's children was crazy. I thought maybe William in his spells of temper was going crazy and would be like this other person, but I suppose it was just temper. There wasn't anything the matter on my side either. No divorce or crime or any other trouble like you mentioned. My father was a lot older than my mother, about thirty years. And my mother married at about seventeen. Sort of like me. Mother had nine daughters, and no boys. All her children were daughters. And she sure is crazy about my boys. She is here now. She often is

here for a month or so at a time. My father died when I was about eight years old and mother now just lives around with her daughters. I have a married sister here in Nashville and another who is an invalid and lives on E. Avenue. They visit us often. The invalid sister lived with us most of the winter.

My husband doesn't have any occupation now. He spends his time trying to collect money. He averages about twenty dollars a month. Nell, the only girl that works gives about four or five dollars a week, and William two dollars. But we don't have to pay rent. The negroes that live in our houses do not seem to think they have to pay any rent, that we always have the houses left after they have to get out. But taxes and repairs eat up what does come and that mighty fast. We have never had to get help from anyone as yet. We always manage to get by somehow, but we had to depend on Nell and William for help the last two weeks.

No other people live with us and never have. We have always been just to ourselves. We don't know any families in this neighborhood except the Carters who live the second door up. And we have never had trouble with the neighbors anywhere we have ever lived. We just let them alone and they can't bother us. I always did hate to have people bothering me. If they got into trouble with me, they would have to come in my house to start it, and maybe then I would go out the back door. I don't even let the children play with the other children here unless I can watch them every minute.

We would have birthday celebrations if we had money, but we don't have anything like that now. And we don't have grace or family prayers. With a bunch of noisy children you can't do anything like that at all. The racket is something fearful when they get together.

I get along fine with Mr. Patterson. We never have quarrels. All his folks are easy-going and so is he. He never did say a curse word and always keeps his temper. The only time he ever got mad was once in the store when William was doing some knocking, making something. And Mr. Patterson and I were waiting on some customers. William was making so much noise that Mr. Patterson picked up a board and hit him with it, to make him shut up. But my side of the family is bad about temper. There is no trouble between my family except with William and his father. They tease Theodore a lot by calling him sister and making like he is a girl. But they don't tease William for he will curse back at them. He was teased a lot about a girl he had a few years ago, when he was working for the Light and Power Company. This girl used to write him letters, and his boss down there found it out and teased him so much that William quit his job. I don't think William was ever very interested in girls. And he never did handle himself much like you ask about. The children get along together all right. The others leave William alone mostly. He has a temper and he uses bad language. But I don't think he hates any of them.

Nell was troubled with climbing stairs and she finally had to quit going to high school on account of this. She wouldn't go to Central High, and Hume Fogg had too many steps. So she stopped after the ninth grade. She finished the eighth at fifteen. Iona

finished the eighth grade at fourteen, and she stopped too after the ninth grade. Nell wishes now she hadn't stopped. They both got along all right in school. Nell had the trouble with tonsils, and adenoids and ears like William did. Nell and Iona read quite a bit around home here. I got some books for them to read, sort of an encyclopedia. William reads some too but not so much.

Tillie is only nine but she is in the 4B grade and Vera is in the 4C, though, two years older. Vera was the one who has adenoids and tonsils. She had a hard time learning arithmetic. The teacher said she would be all right when the operation was over, but I don't think it has made any difference in her. She can hear better but can't learn any better.

William has never finished fixing up his shop since he has been over here. He says he is too tired when he gets home from work to do any good there. He has a lot of junk out there and what tools he had, but he hasn't fixed up a light yet. He learned to drive the car all by himself. We didn't know he could until he just did. It was the same way about swimming. He learned that before we knew anything about his trying it. He used to go off, and we wouldn't know where he was at all. He could take the whole car to pieces and put it back again. He always has been good with his hands and with tools.

My husband never did get drunk but once. His father used to have corn whiskey back in the days when everyone made it, and one time Mr. Patterson when he was about sixteen got dead drunk of it. But he was cured by that.

Third interview with the boy. - (Telling about his childhood.) The newspaper boys had a sort of club, and they would whip new boys when they joined the bunch. These were the X (paper) boys. They did the same thing to me, but they didn't beat me much. I did just like the others when I got in. The reason they didn't beat me much was because I was bigger than most of them. That was all they did. They didn't have regular meetings or officers, or anything, except that most of them went to the Y.M.C.A. But I was in another club. I told you about the boys who would make little huts out of hogsheads that the A.B. Company boy brought us. You know, the boy whose daddy worked for the A.B. Company. We had a regular club with officers and initiation and all of that. I was the leader. We were a sort of a military club. I was called captain and I had a secretary. He was a little wizened boy about a year or so younger than I was but so little he looked like a runt. This was all when I was about seven years old. We had soldiers, and I appointed the leaders of the different groups of soldiers. One boy had two others under him to gather rocks. We had a fort; I planned it myself. It was on the top of a high hill, and we would gather rocks every day for our fights. There were other gangs out there but they were older than us. We sort of copied them. These other gangs were older but some of the boys were not any larger than I was. I have always been large for my age. We wouldn't bother them much, but we had rock fights with negro gangs sometimes, but usually it was just play fighting. We would cook out at the fort too. One boy's father was a baker and one's was a butcher and we had feasts as well as regular meals. We would play out there every day right

after school until dark. We had several names. One was the Tigers and there were some other names too. Our initiation was to swear to keep the rules of the club and to help the other members. And we would punish the ones who betrayed us by holding them and dropping egg in each eye and holding them until it dried. And we punished them by putting chewing gum in their hair. They couldn't be forgiven and back in good standing until they had been punished. One of the boys always tried to take the part of the traitors and to get us to leave them alone, but we always made them pay. We never did take any new members in after the first group. There were about a dozen of us. And they would move away and so finally there were not enough to keep the club together. And it just broke up that way. I was leader up until the last. We couldn't take any other boys in it because there were too many secrets. We never did any real meanness, and never got into trouble with the police. I never see any of these boys any more. None of them are my friends now. I didn't use force on them or anything like that, but I was the biggest. We had one boy in there about nine years old who could draw mighty well, all sorts of pretty pictures. I think he moved into Alabama. We would have votes to find out what we were going to do about everything that came up.

There is another bunch of boys that I run with now. We have been going together pretty much for several years. The boys in it live in all parts of Nashville, some in South, some in North and some in West Nashville, though we meet in Shelby Park mostly. We used to meet in South Park some time ago but not now. We don't have any regular club and we are not a gang. I am the only one in it that has ever been to the Juvenile Court. None of them ever pay any attention to the fact that I have been in trouble. We don't have any leader. Some one will suggest doing something, and if there is one who doesn't agree, he says so and we finally come to an agreement and then all do it together. I suggest sometimes and others do too. We sometimes do stunts in boats at Shelby Park, or play ball, or go to the railroad yards or over into South Nashville. Sunday we went over the bridge into South Nashville. There were about eight of us, but there are some more that we run with that were not with the bunch. We spent some of the time in Shelby Park also. We used to go swimming a lot down in the river near the City Hospital and I expect we will again this summer. We don't get out and get together so much in the winter but do a lot in the summer. Most of these boys have jobs, and most go to night school. They work as messenger boys, drive cars, and all sorts of things. Some of them own cars, one owns a Buick and two or three own Fords and we ride around a lot, sometimes one bunch will chase the other bunch. We never get into trouble either. But if one of us got into trouble, the others would stand behind him. When one of them is out of work now and he needs help, the others help him out. We don't have any officers and dues, but we just do things. I don't know just how we hold together, but we do. The little club of boys I told you about used to pay dues of a nickel a month. These boys don't bother with girls much. But we always do know where a boy is when he is not with the bunch. We all live in bunches so that most of the boys live near some other one of them and not much goes on we don't know about. I never cared anything about girls. I was playing the harp (the mouth organ) the other day and the first thing I knew one was standing there looking

at me. I gave the harp to another boy and left. She tried to get me to play some more, but I wouldn't. I don't like the way they paint their lips and act so queer, put on airs, and all that. I don't think I would like an old-fashioned girl either. I don't care anything about them at all and never did. One took hold of my arm not long ago and I just walked off and left her, though she tried to follow me. The other boys don't stay so shy of them, but they don't tease me about them. I never did have a girl.

There are not any real quarrels around home. Mama and daddy get into little fusses sometimes, but it doesn't amount to anything much. They get over them right away. And the rest of them don't fuss much either. I am not around there much and they don't fuss with me much. The two meals I eat are generally about seven in the morning and three or four in the afternoon. I got the idea from watching people who get too much to eat. They get sick easy. It is not just good to keep your stomach loaded up with too much food. I found out about that in my physiology at school. I never read Physical Culture magazine or any kind of health magazine. But I buy Popular Science Monthly and Popular Mechanics from the news-stands, about every month. Some of the boys I know eat four or five times a day. I generally never eat between meals. I think it is also not good to go to bed at night with a full stomach.

I don't know how I first got into trouble with daddy. He bothers too much about what I do and always has. He is nervous and I guess he don't manage to get over the things I do. He is old anyway. That trouble I got into with him, I didn't hit him, but he looked like he wanted to hit me mighty bad. I still think too much of him to hit him. I just held him and laid him on the bed. I didn't hurt him much, but he turned me over to the police anyway. I don't like any of my family very much. I don't think I would keep any of them with me if I had everything like I wanted it. Not a one of them that I love much. They don't tease me much around home. When I do something courteous the kids will chime in together and ask me where I learned that or who taught me that, or where did I learn manners. But they don't do it much. Mamma and Daddy guy me too. I don't tease them much. I sometimes do just like they do, but generally am not there very much and don't have much to do with them.

The trouble down at the bottling works that made me lose my job was with Jim Harding, Mr. Harding's son. Mr. Harding owns the place and I like him and Mrs. Harding all right. I think they are fine folks, but nobody likes their son. He is twenty-one and always into some trouble with someboyd around the plant. He calls himself the manager and bosses all the others around. I've seen him wallow a little fourteen-year-old boy all over the floor. After I saw that I made up my mind that I wouldn't let him do that to me. And the negro in there told him he better leave him alone. The trouble started with a trip to Murfreesboro. I had been driving down there on one truck with a man I have known for a long time but one time I went with Jim. When we got there I started carrying the cases off the truck but he didn't touch one. After a while I saw he wasn't going to help so I slowed down and didn't work so fast, but I hadn't stopped. He told me to get a hustle on. I told him I wasn't in a hurry and asked him if he wasn't going to help. He

said he wasn't and he would make me hurry and that he was the manager. I told him I wouldn't touch another case and he could just take them off himself, and I didn't touch any more. When the other truck came I helped with that and went back with the other man. I didn't go with Jim any more and none of the others wanted to. During the next three weeks he did several little things sort of sneaky toward me and finally he told Mrs. Harding I had called her a son-of-a---. But it wasn't so. I liked her and hadn't called her anything. So I followed him all over the place until I got him and I beat the hell out of him. And Mr. Harding told me he wouldn't need me any more. I didn't tell Mr. Harding what the trouble was. He knows that his son is not any good. Jim used to work in a bank and lost his job because he couldn't get along with people. But I just wouldn't take his lies off him or anybody else.

I don't come to town very often. I used to come to town every once in a while to a movie but I never did stop in town after work and loaf around. I don't go to movies much now. And I hardly ever come to town except to see my F. Club Sponsor or come to the Court. I like the open country best. I used to go walking by myself and examine snakes and flowers and birds and nests. I just try to find out something about anything I don't know anything about. I never did try to make collections of those things. I just did it because I liked the open.

I hardly every smoke any more. I never did inhale and never did smoke much. Sometimes I get a package of Cubebs and smoke them, but that is not so often. The boys in the gang all smoke more or less, some of them an awful lot. But I never did care much about it. I never consider myself in comparison with others. I don't try to measure whether I have more sense than other boys or anything like that. I just like to play with them. I am not so proud of myself. Once in a while I feel a little worried about my ears and the effect that they have on my understanding people. I sometimes don't understand what people say. Sometimes this was good down at the bottling plant for when Mr. Harding would ask where something was, the others would say they didn't know, but I wouldn't understand and might figure out what it was they wanted and remember where it was. But sometimes I couldn't figure out and it was bad. But it never bothered me much. I just wish I could hear a little better. My ears have had two discharges lately, or rather it was my right ear. I can't hear as well either but my nose feels all right and I can breathe through it now.

I used to play truant by spells. Sometimes I would go straight along without missing for several months and then again I might miss several days hand-running. I guess I averaged about one playing truant each week. Some of the boys would get me to go off swimming or to one of the parks, or we would hang around the railroad tracks. Mr. X. (the principal) used to whip me too much, I think. I never did do anything very bad. He used to whip me for playing truant too. I don't remember ever failing in manual training. I know that sometimes I wouldn't study much throughout the term and then study hard just before examinations. I used to always do that with arithmetic, because it was not interesting. Sometimes I guess I just didn't manage to get by. That is the only explanation I know of. I got some of my practice in drawing at manual training work in school but only

the position of the drawings to get in the different views. I remember when I was little I learned a lot from one of the men down at the Electric Company. He showed me the plans of the building they were putting up and I watched every day to see how the building fitted the plans. And I learned about machinery on my own, and not in school. I learned about reading partly before I got to school, and I got some spelling at school that I wouldn't have got anywhere else, and part of arithmetic and writing, but otherwise school didn't do me much good. I remember learning some other things outside of school also. I told you about learning telegraph code one time. I learned how to work the switches that give current to all of Nashville. That was down at the Electric plant. And I have learned some other things like that.

Impressions and observations on boy's former school. - The principal, Mr. X., is a kindly gentleman of about fifty-five and rather proud of his plant, which is an old structure, but well located in a high spot with a fine view of the city. The building is rather well-fitted for a school, in spite of being of the colonial type, with very high ceilings. The school has an enrollment of more than a thousand. The section is rather poor for the most part. The departments include Junior High School. The manual training shop and domestic art department are well equipped. Miss G. (the boy's former teacher) is Irish, rather sure of herself, having an air of bored tolerance, and superiority. She was rather easy to ask questions of, nevertheless. She is fairly young, around thirty, and probably can be very positive with her pupils.

Summary of the report on William's record card:

	3rd. T. 1926	4th T. 1926	2nd T. 1927	3rd T. 1927	4th T. 1927
English	fail	pass 63	fail	fail	7B fail
Arithmetic	fail	pass 65	fail	fail	7B fail
Literature	fail	pass 95	fail	pass 65	7A pass 51
History	pass 66	pass 72	fail	pass 71	8C pass 80
Man. Tr.	pass 78	fail	pass 88	---	---
Absent	8	5	5	4	12
Deportment	65	50	50	70	75

Interview with the principal of the boy's former school. - William Patterson was his name. He was here for about two years. I have known his father a number of years. The parents were married when the husband was old and the wife was young. The boy is now so young and the father so old that they can't get along very well together. I remember William was referred to me a great deal, and I had to punish him by whipping quite a few times. It was never for anything very much. I don't remember if William was interested in manual training or anything like that. And I don't know anything about his record. He was truant some but not so very much. He wasn't such a very bad boy, but just sort of lazy.

Interview with the boy's former teacher. - William was under me for three terms, but not all the time during his last year. He was sort of mixed up in his grades, part of his work in one grade and part in another. He was just one of those overgrown, dull boys, whose body

had grown too fast for his mind. He did the most childish things, punching the boys near him and teasing and being disorderly in lines. Just like a boy much younger and smaller. He was very restless in actions. All the time he was busy doing something, and was pretty noisy. I had to refer him to Mr. X. (the principal) a great deal. I don't know if he was punished. We just send out pupils to the principal with a reference and never know what happens to them. But I have often wanted to whip him myself. He was never discourteous to me, nor very hard to manage, but was always doing something and was dull and childish. He was deaf and couldn't hear well enough to know what I was saying all the time. I had to move him up on the front seat, but then he couldn't always hear me. It was hard on him and it isn't surprising that he wasn't very much interested in school. He never seemed to have studied. And he failed quite a bit. One term he did very good work for me. And he was always very good in literature. When he was interested he was all interest. He would jump up and answer the question. Lots of times he couldn't get the assignments because he couldn't hear. But he was dumb too. He must not have had more intelligence than a ten year old boy. But the trouble was not all his own fault. I did not have William on the playground, since I keep the cafeteria. And I don't know if he was very interested in mechanical things. I don't know whether he did good work in manual training or not. I don't remember about truancy. He probably was truant some. But I don't think he was very bad about it.

Observations on the boy's neighborhood. - The families live in a single-frame, one-story dwellings, which are poorly cared for. The streets are not well paved. However, one does not get the impression of physical deterioration as in slum areas. No interpenetration of races. The area is occupied entirely by white workingmen's families. There are no railroads or manufacturing plants in the vicinity. A few neighborhood stores are to be found on the principal thoroughfare of this section of the city. This thoroughfare is one of the boundaries of the neighborhood; for on the other side of this street (with car line) lives a class of people one notch higher than is to be found in the boy's neighborhood. The better neighborhood shows its higher economic status in its dwellings and physical features. On another side of the boy's neighborhood is likewise a residential section of higher economic status (well-paid, skilled workmen). A sort of ravine and bottom, unoccupied, bounds the neighborhood on the other two sides.

Spot maps reveal:

- 7 white male delinquents (3 years)
- 1 white female delinquent (3 years)
- 0 negro delinquents
- 5 white dependency cases (1 year)
- 0 negro dependency cases (1 year)
- 3 white v. d. cases (1 year)
- 2 negro v. d. cases (1 year)
- 2 churches

No other institutions or agencies

The natural boundaries inclose an area of about 1/16 square mile. Sparsely settled. Population density not given.

Physical Traits: Age, 15 years (exactly); weight, 130; ideal weight, 125 pounds; well developed and well nourished; no serious diseases in past; troubled with adenoids, bad hearing, and discharges from ears; adenoidectomy recently has improved condition of nasal passages and of ears.

Mental Capacity and Intelligence: C. A., 15 years; M. A. 13 years, 3 months; I. Q. 91; practically normal; special abilities, will-temperament, and affectivity not tested.

Developmental History: Normal, no serious diseases noted, besides trouble with tonsils, ears, and adenoids.

Habits: Eats two meals a day, none between meals, wholesome food, and plenty of it; sleeps about nine hours a night, sleeps by self, smokes but little, doesn't inhale, mostly "Cubebs"; elimination regular; no sex practices with girls, little masturbation; no dreams of importance; no nail biting.

Character and Disposition. - Self-confident in quiet way, difficult to control, stubborn, lazy unless allowed to follow his own bent, courteous but unpolished, mature in viewpoint, not light-hearted in actions, generally reflective, direct in thoughts, straight-forward, is noisy and disorderly at home, struggles with father, doesn't tease excessively, doesn't steal, generally peaceful, inclined to be selfish and self-centered, gives the impression of being studious and logically minded, claims he likes to find out about things.

School: Was in seventh and eighth grade when he stopped school last fall (12), careless of lessons except just before examinations; failed subjects often in last few years, but on occasion could pass all his work; often truant; something of a tease in school; liked by school-mates; didn't like any subjects but manual training and history; didn't like his teacher well nor the principal; blames his lack of interest and the dullness of the work for his failure at and withdrawal from school.

Participation and Social Status. - Stays home very little of his spare time; runs with group of boys about his own age, and ranges all over the central portion of the city as well as the East and South portions; seldom goes to picture show; reads scientific magazines chiefly; no trouble with neighbors, and doesn't hang around men; doesn't attend church; not liked by any of his family and only tolerates them because he can't get along without them; thinks they don't want him at home, and doesn't want to stay with them; helped in the support of the family when working; does little around home; lost his job because of trouble with his employer's son, both being somewhat in the wrong; status not high anywhere except with his close friends; has invented an air-lock for freight car doors which he wishes to patent.

Attitudes and Wishes. - Wants to get a job in a machine shop and go to night school; prefers this to attendance at a trade school; doesn't want to return to day school; wants to work out his ideas, as well as to run machinery; doesn't want to leave home right now, but does not

(12) In the upper grades in the school system of this city a pupil may fail to pass work in one subject but pass in others, so that he may have work in two different grades.

like any of his family well enough to live with them, if he could "run" the home; more antagonistic toward father than toward mother; sure of his own ability and of his ideas; likes his neighborhood well, having no desire to return to the former one; wants to be let alone by everyone; likes to study out new things.

The Family: No divorce or crime on either side of the family, one child of father's cousin reported as insane, no other defects in the family; mother's father was much older than her mother; family on both sides farmers; mother was member of large family, all girls; little known about father's family; a large family; wide difference in age between parents of boy, they married when father was forty-three and the mother eighteen; both lived on farm in their youth; have only moved once since they were married; this removal occurred within last year; father has no occupation but owns some property and collects rents, having but little to live on; father now getting old; mother worked in the father's grocery store after they were married, until the store was sold about two years ago; own home; pay cash for purchases; have nothing to do with neighbors in present neighborhood; home well cared-for, as are the girls of the family; family has almost no control over the boy; girls well supervised by mother; tensions between the family and the boy very pronounced; boy complains they want him to leave home; no other family tensions; older girls virtually support family; mother doesn't work; no help from any outside agency.

The Neighborhood. - Immediate neighborhood of laboring-class standing; homes and streets not well cared-for; some disorganization; no institutional centers or agencies nearby save park; no railroads or manufacturing plants close; boy ranges over area much wider than immediate neighborhood; immediate neighborhood shows low concentration of social problems.

Sociological Analysis

William is a boy who has grown apart from his family and has become estranged, although living at home. One cannot tell exactly whether his "unappreciated" personality traits caused the estrangement or whether the lack of responsive and sympathetic treatment on the part of the family created the breach. Probably both were cause and effect.

For one thing, the boy has met with laughs instead of encouragement from the family because of his inventiveness. He finally withdrew into his shell and now he never thinks out loud at home and never confides his secrets. And then he is a positive, persistent, somewhat stubborn and egocentric lad, and consequently, displays attitudes which probably irritate his parents and siblings. He even has a mild touch of diabolism about him as shown by his willful production of wireless disturbances to pester the neighborhood radio fans. And sociologically, diabolism tends to be a characteristic reaction assumed by estranged and outcast persons. However, his positiveness and egocentrism made it difficult for him to get along with people and difficult for people to get along with him. His loss of the job in the bottling works was clearly due to the fact that he felt he was being imposed on and in turn tried to impose himself on the manager's son.

His difficulty in breathing and hearing, due to "large masses of adenoid tissue", undoubtedly added to his irritability in the presence of others. Besides lack of appreciation and encouragement, his ear trouble particularly also helped to invert his attention on himself. Unfortunate it is that the pattern of inverted attention cannot be removed when the adenoid tissue is removed. The latter was cut out but the former will probably remain.

The boy has likewise grown beyond parental authority and control. The mother admits that he does as he pleases, never communicates his attentions or whereabouts to any of them; that she cannot do anything with him. And William knows that his father is old and that he himself is strong. He, therefore, "takes nothing" from his father, whom he likes none too well. The proceedings which precipitated his last appearance in court were composed of actual physical combat between father and son mixed with a good deal of temper and profanity on both sides.

~~William~~ is not really a delinquent boy. He is not disorderly or demoralized. He is rather on the "outs" with his family. His personality as it now stands makes it difficult for him to get along with people. He needs encouragement, appreciation, and praise. He also needs to have his ideas accepted. If he does not find the acceptance and response he requires, he may in the future turn into an extremely anti-social being.

Date Due

FEB 13 '45	JAN 8 1958	JUN 3 1958
NOV 15 '48	MAR 12 1958	MAR 9 '60
		APR 27 '60
DEC 15 '53		MAY 11 '60
APR 6 1954	APR 10 1958	JUN 1 '60
APR 6 1954		OCT 25 '61
MAY 28 1954	APR 30 1958	MAR 7 '62
MAR 31 1955	MAY 14 1958	APR 4 '62
MAR 14 1956	MAY 28 1958	MAY 16 '62
APR 23 1956	MAR 4 1959	JUN 6 '62
MAY 30 1956	MAY 11 1959	MAY 5 '65
MAY 30 1956	MAY 18 1959	OCT 29 '71
		JAN 13 '72
OCT 31 1956	MAR 18 1959	
OCT 31 1956	MAR 24 1959	
MAR 20 1957	APR 8 1959	
APR 3	APR 22 1959	
APR 16 1957	APR 22 1959	
APR 16 1957	APR 13 59	
	MAY 6 1959	

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AUTHOR
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Reckless, W.C.

TITLE

Six boys in trouble

DATE DUE

BORROWER'S NAME

MAR 4 1959 Susan Cart

MAR 11 1959 Olof Buehke

MAR 18 1959 John Be

MAR 1 1959

MAR 24 1959

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